

ANNOUNCING RUBY KEELER CONTEST WINNERS!

Modern Screen

36
JULY
CENTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE



HOW MUCH
MONEY HAVE

*the
Quints?*

Emilie

Yvonne

When you feel the desire to conquer..

.. then let your lips be
savagely red
warmly moist
tenderly soft



Let your lips be
savagely red . . . warmly moist like
dew . . . and tenderly soft . . . so soft that to
touch them is to forever surrender all desire for any
lips but yours! Nothing is so tempting as the pagan,
junglish reds of Savage Lipstick . . . and nothing is so sure
to conquer as lips that have the thrilling softness that
only this lipstick can give them. Savage is truly indel-
ible, too; it clings savagely as long as you wish your
lips to lure...and longer. None other is like Savage!

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH • JUNGLE

AT ALL TEN CENT STORES

20¢

SAVAGE

The highly indelible lipstick

Girl with Glamour

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

HERE'S loveliness and youth—a vision to stop and hold the admiring eye. And her smile, when you see it, *should* put a final, flashing highlight upon that youthful charm and loveliness.

But if it doesn't . . . if her smile reveals a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—how quickly that loveliness disappears!

**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
IS A SERIOUS WARNING**

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"—never dismiss as trifling that warning "tinge of pink." When you see it—see your dentist promptly. It can mean trouble—a serious

gum disorder. But usually it only means gums robbed of exercise and work—the victims of our modern soft foods—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Today dental science repeatedly stresses the threat to our gums of our modern soft food menus. Gums grow flabby and tender simply through lack of exercise. And modern dental practice turns naturally to Ipana and massage to supply the exercise they need—the stimulation they must have.

Ipana Tooth Paste is especially made to

benefit your gums as well as your teeth. Every

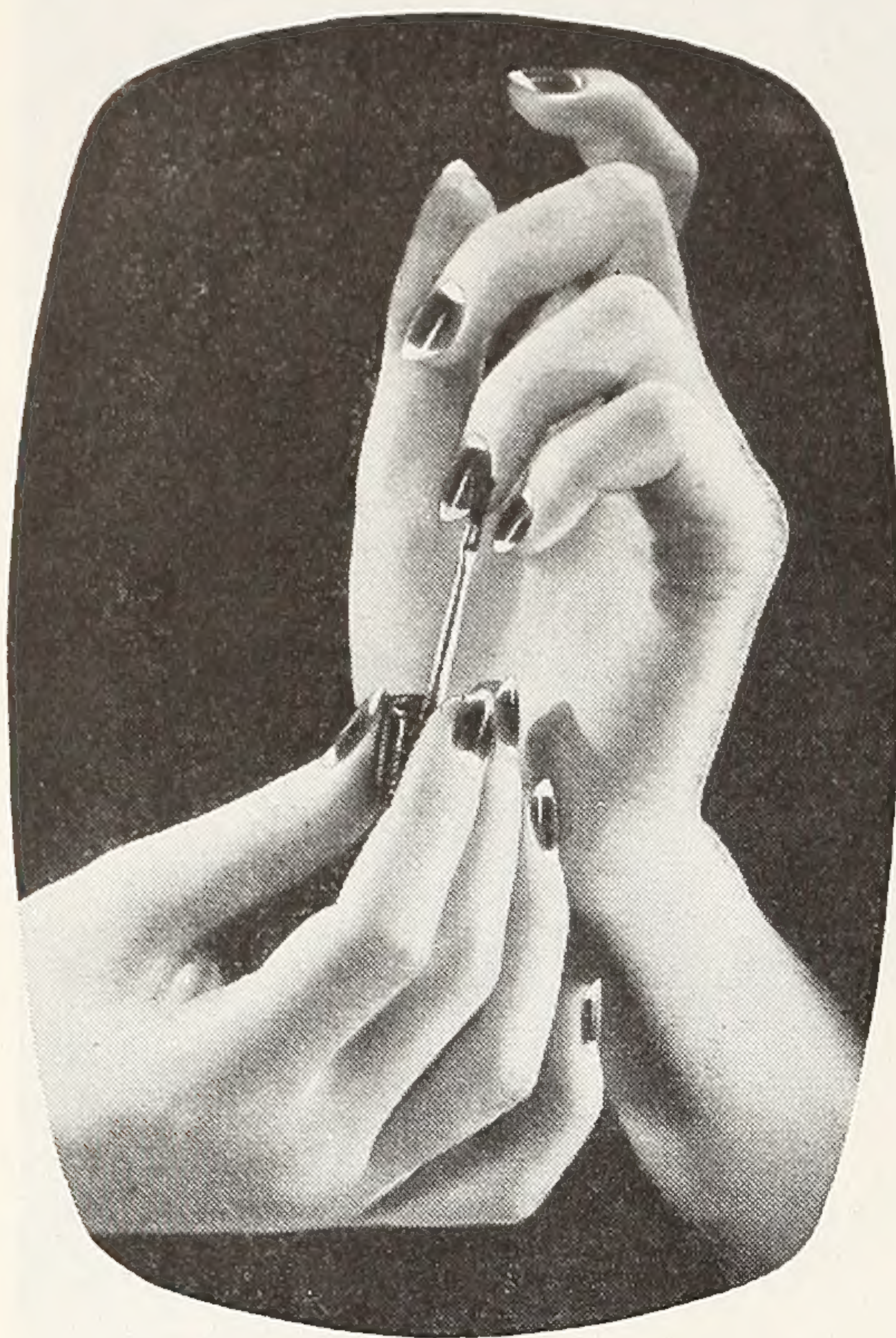
time you clean your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana briskly into your gums, with brush or fingertip. You'll feel them grow livelier, firmer, more resistant. New circulation brings them new life. They feel better. They look better.

Change today to this simple, easy routine. Give your gums the advantages of this better care. Keep "pink tooth brush" a stranger. Keep the really serious gum diseases far in the background. Build better oral health, find new beauty in your smile, make yourself a more attractive person—with Ipana and massage.



IPANA plus massage
is the dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.

You've never
worn a polish
like new **GLAZO**



Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

WITH this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.

The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new “misty” reds, and the latest additions to Glazo’s range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears *extra* days . . . its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there’s never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don’t deny your fingertips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.



modern screen

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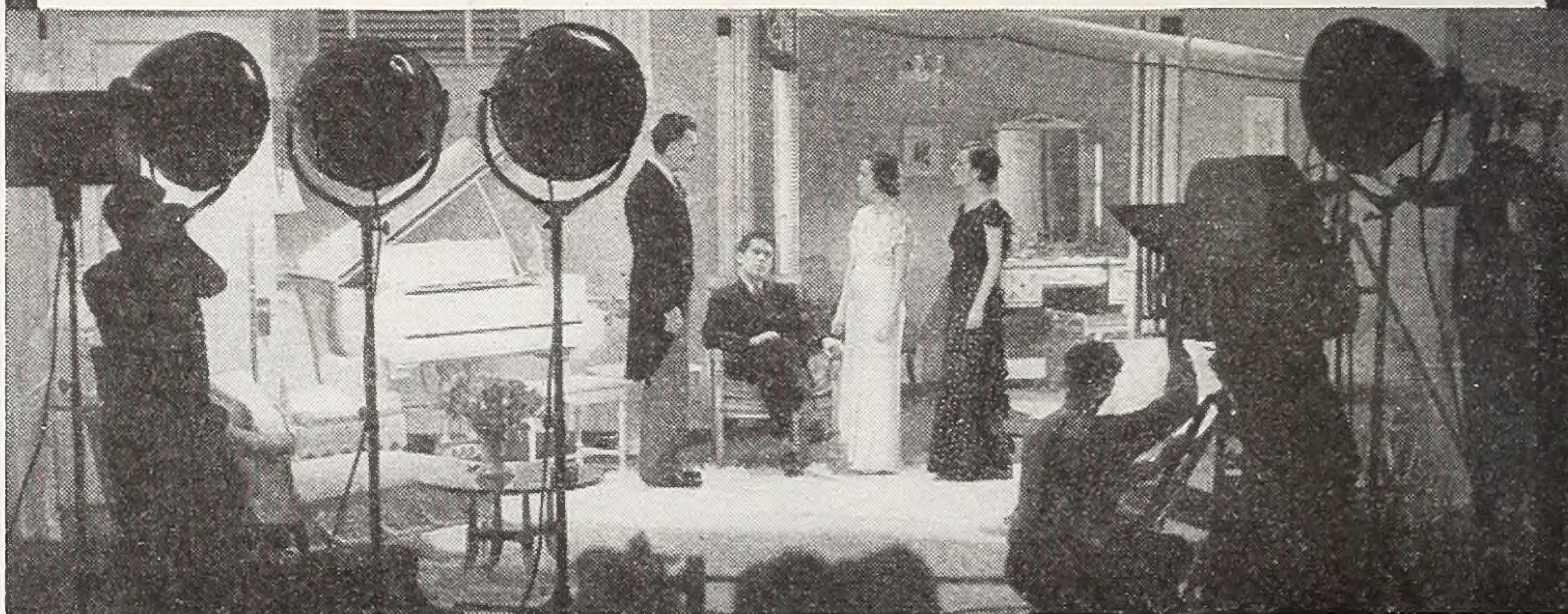
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The M-G-M Lion is the Symbol that signifies Joy on the Screen. Miss Entertainment picks Leo to ride to victory!



THE WINNER!

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER

We're taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He's had the best year of his career what with grand entertainments like "Mutiny on the Bounty", "China Seas", "Broadway Melody of '36", "A Night at the Opera", "Rose Marie" and all the other great M-G-M hits! And of course there's "The Great Ziegfeld", now playing in selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be shown otherwise this season.

But (*pardon his Southern accent*) Leo says: "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!" ... On this page is just part of the happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You'll find most of the screen's famed personalities and great talents on Leo's list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions that are now in the making and planned for months to come.

Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!



Norma Shearer



Joan Crawford



Greta Garbo



Clark Gable



William Powell



Myrna Loy



Jeanette MacDonald



Nelson Eddy



Luise Rainer



Jean Harlow



Wallace Beery



Robt. Montgomery



Eleanor Powell



Freddie Bartholomew



Robert Taylor



The Marx Brothers



Charles Laughton



Laurel & Hardy



Jackie Cooper



Lionel Barrymore



John Barrymore



Spencer Tracy

WATCH FOR THEM!

Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in "Romeo and Juliet"

Clark Gable
Jeanette MacDonald
in "San Francisco"

Jean Harlow
Franchot Tone in "Suzy"

Robert Montgomery
Myrna Loy
in "Love on the Run"

And M-G-M's Big Road Show
"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"

SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS

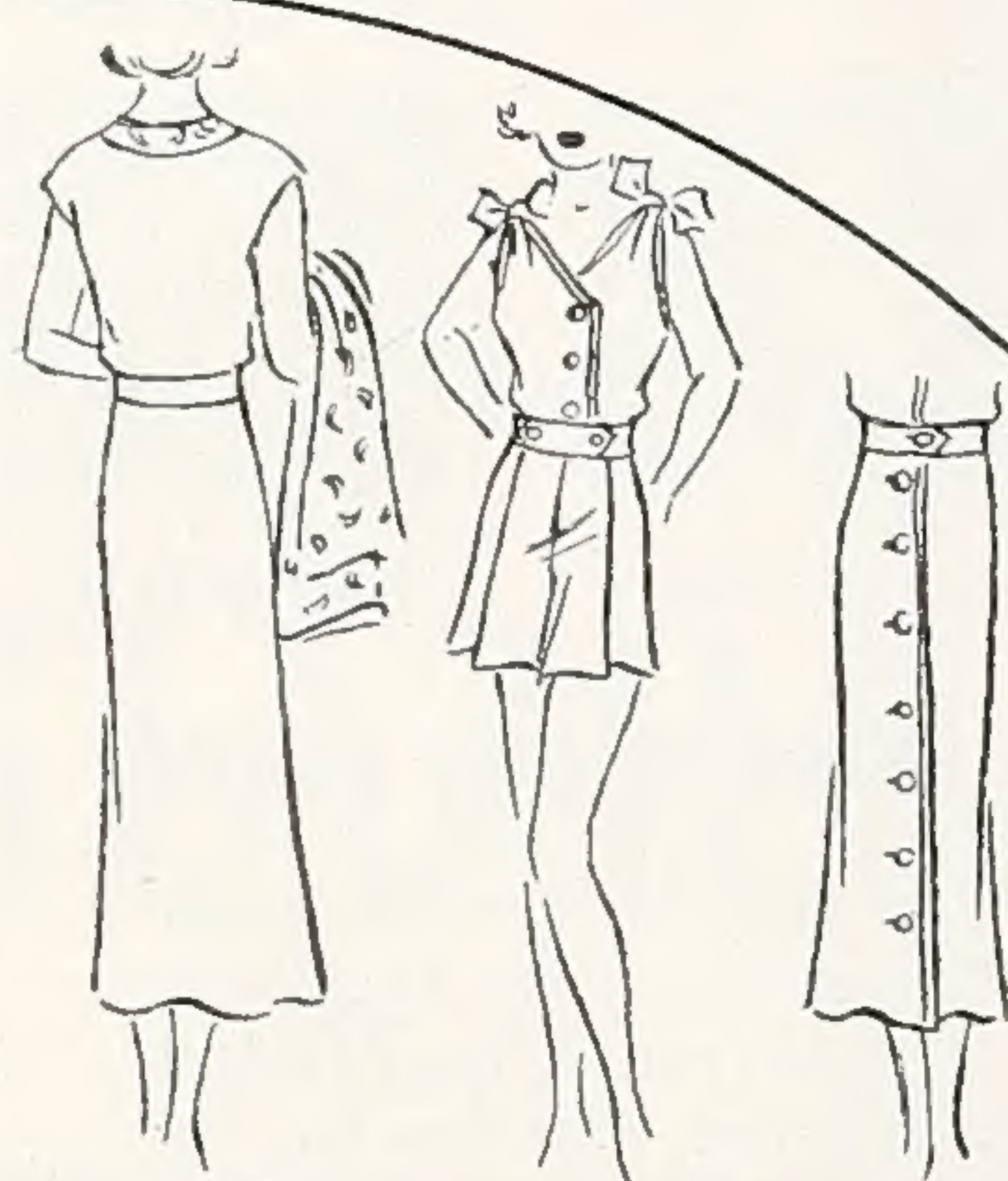
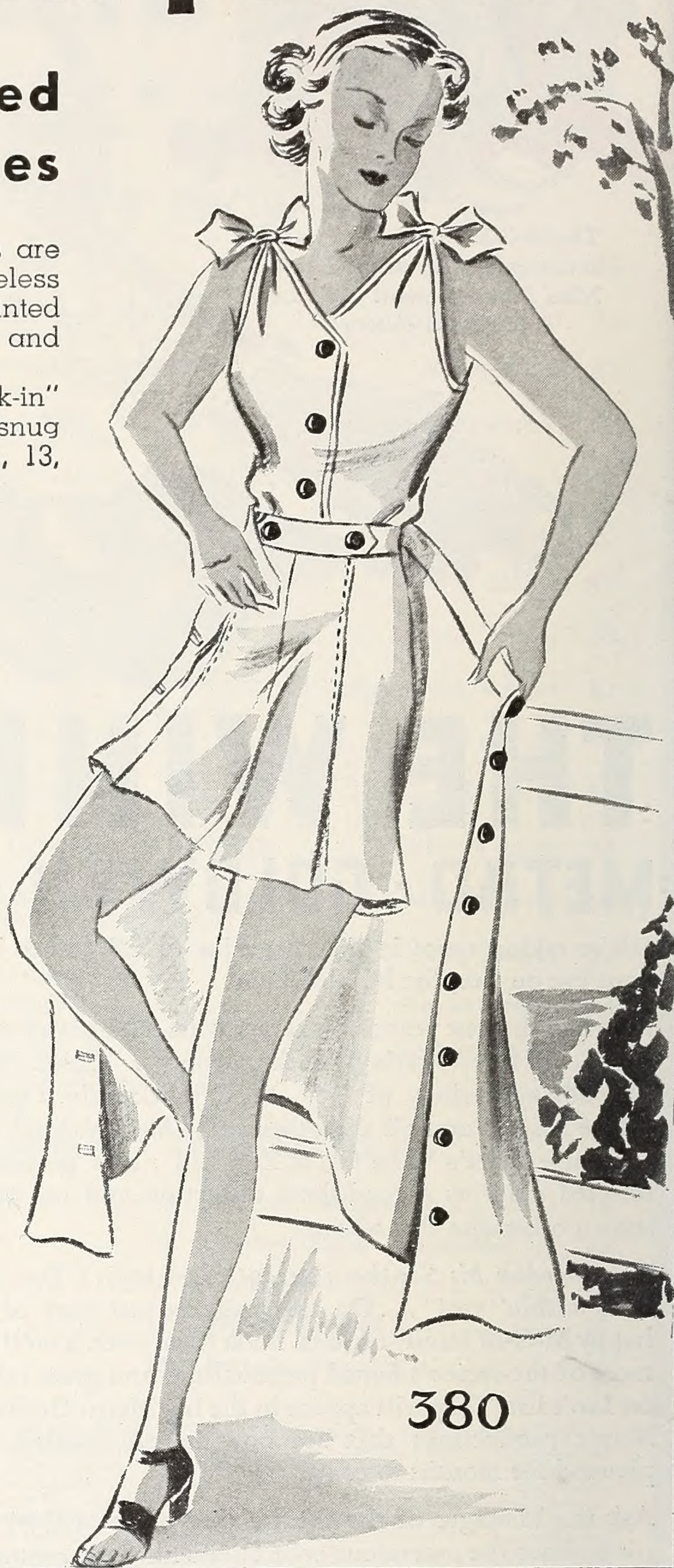
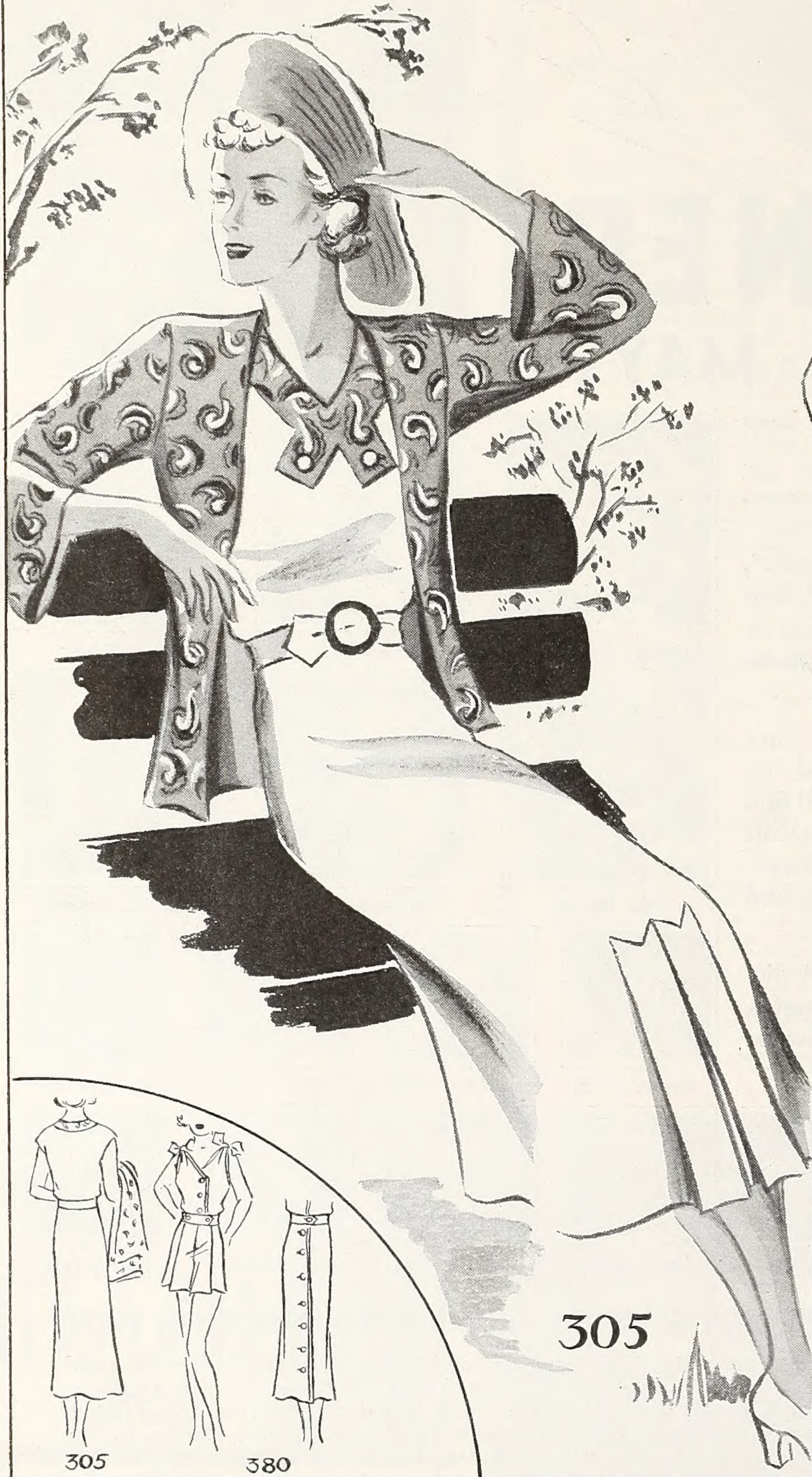
Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Jean Hersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.

modern screen patterns

Two smart styles designed for versatile summer uses

305—Gray and violet, two of this season's best colors are used for this jacket dress. Gray linen for the sleeveless dress with the neck banded in the violet and gray printed linen of the jacket. Sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust.

380—A pert sports outfit for juniors. The buttoned, "tuck-in" blouse tops pleated shorts, cleverly tucked to give a snug hipline. Over this buttons a matching skirt. Sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years.



305

380

305

380

MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am enclosing.....(in coin or United States stamps) for which please send me the following:

Pattern No..... Size.....

Pattern No..... Size.....

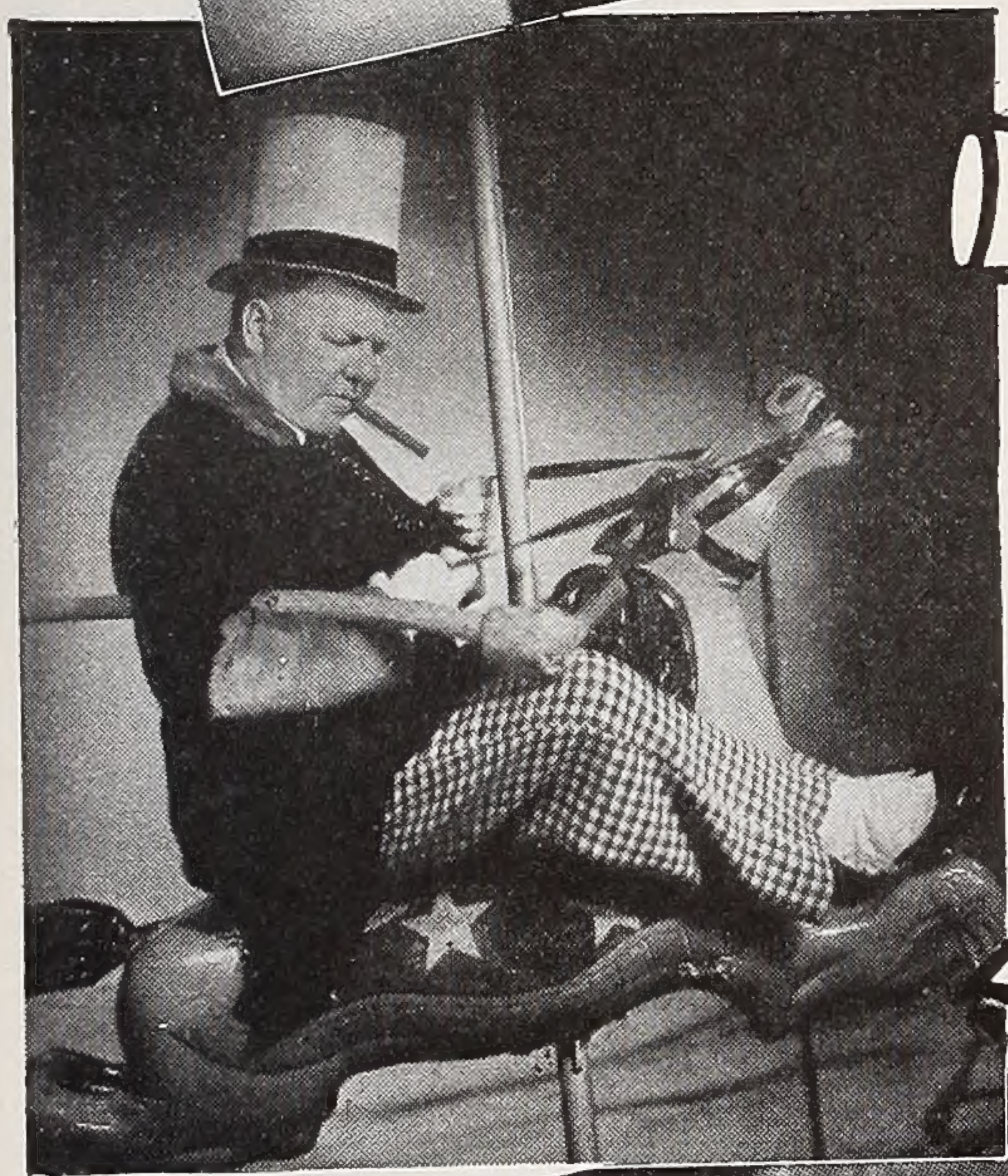
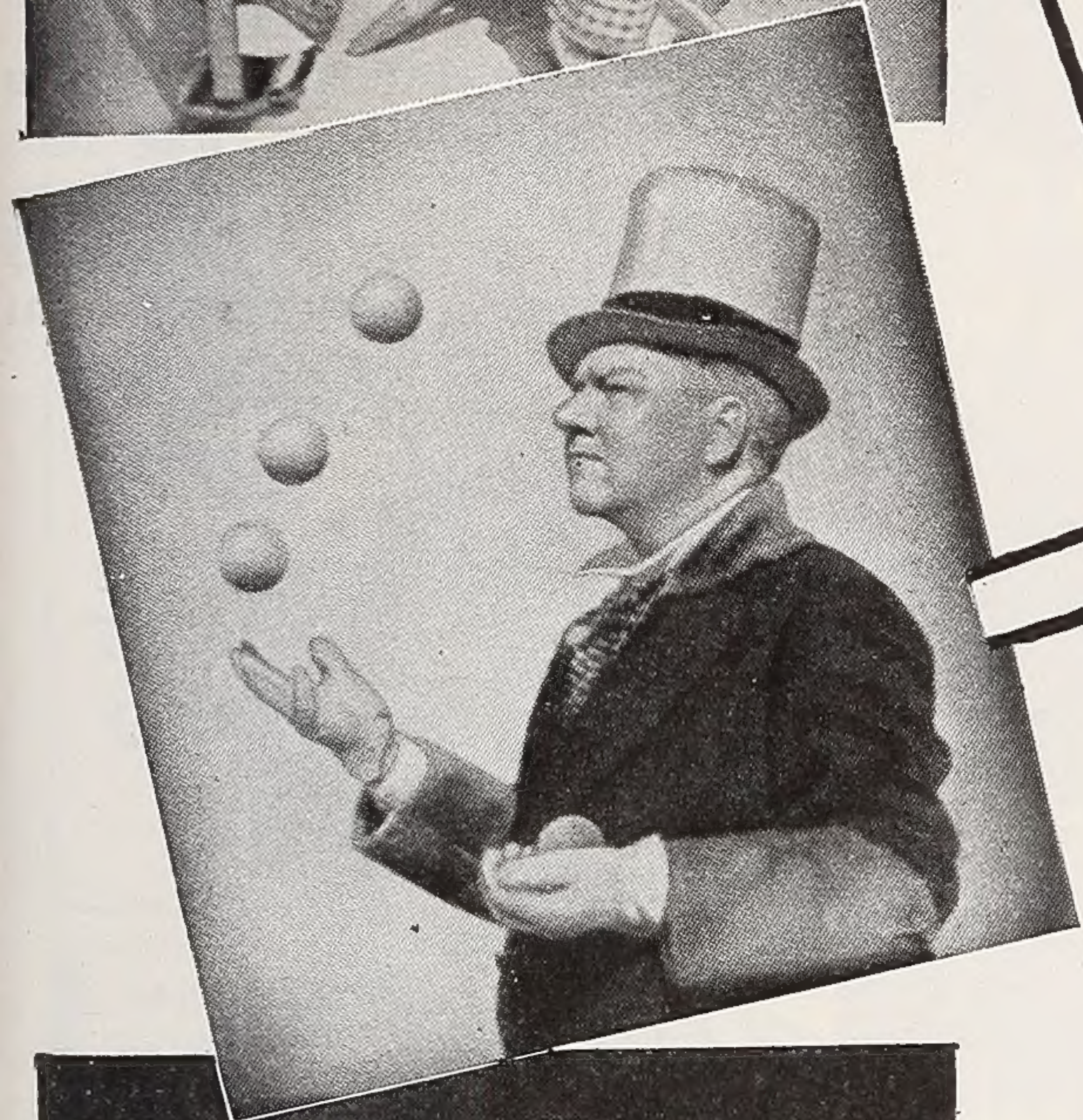
Do you want our new Summer Fashion Book?.....

Patterns are 15c each. Books 10c when ordered with pattern; 15c when ordered separately. Patterns are 20c if you live outside of the United States. Books 20c separately, 15c with pattern. No foreign or Canadian stamps accepted.

Name.....

Street Address

City and State..... (Please Print)



C
FIELDS

in

"POPPY"



PARAMOUNT brings you America's beloved comedian, **W. C. FIELDS**, as the one and only Professor Eustace McGargle in the musical comedy **"POPPY"** with Rochelle Hudson . . . Directed by A. Edward Sutherland



Dancing, singing and acting are the least of Shirley Temple's accomplishments. She's an all 'round athlete, and to prove it, Shirley showed us her own bag of outdoor tricks. First, there's her bike, which she rides like a whizz, thanks to her two doting brothers. Then Miss T. would have you know she's a runner-up in golfing matters, despite the sandtrap we caught her in! And croquet—Shirley pounds the stake down so it'll be there when she goes through all the wickets. Beaming broadly, our future Olympics champ gathers the tenpins for some bowling. And shades of kind Will Rogers, Shirley shows you she can twirl a lariat.

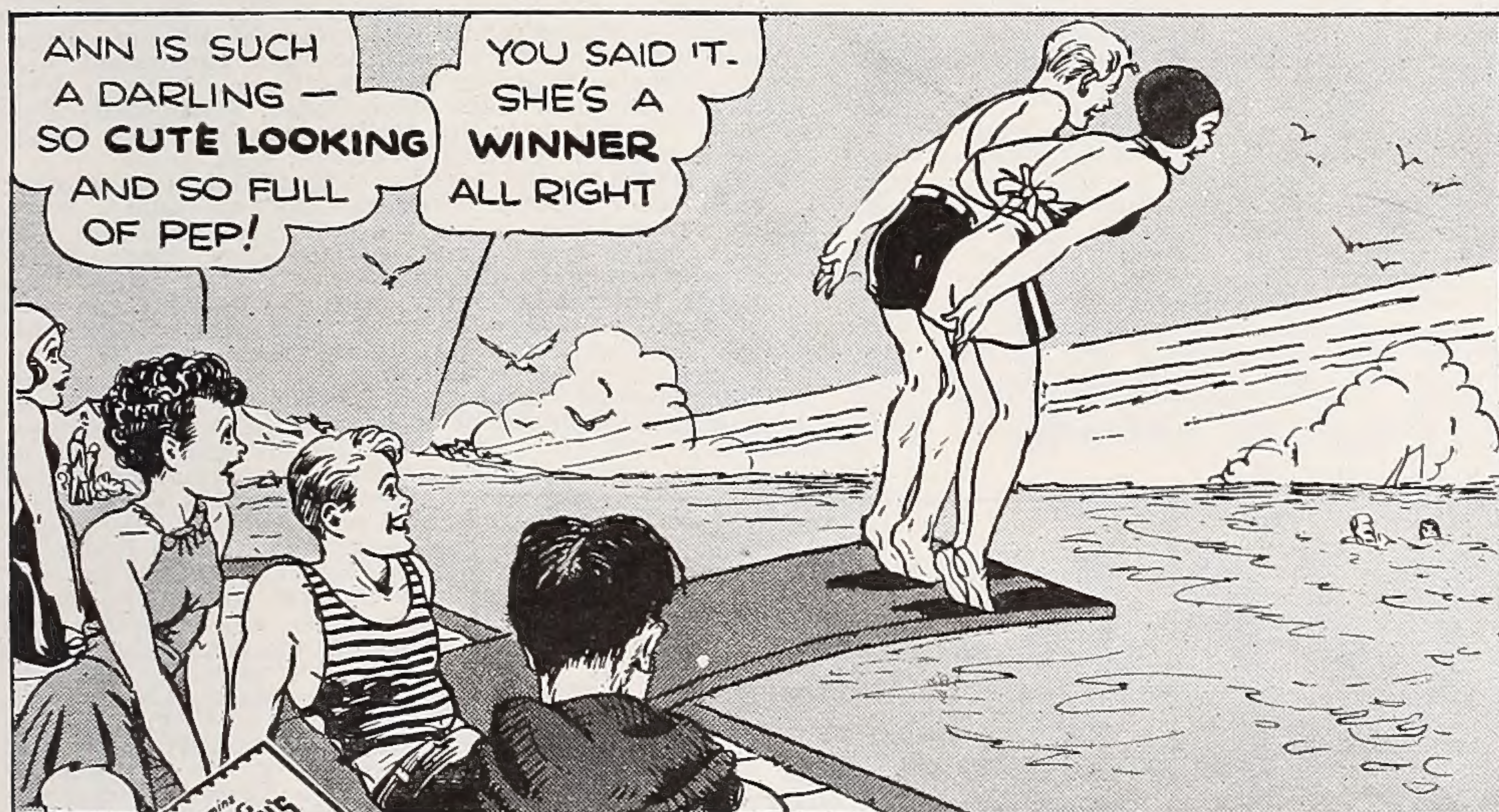
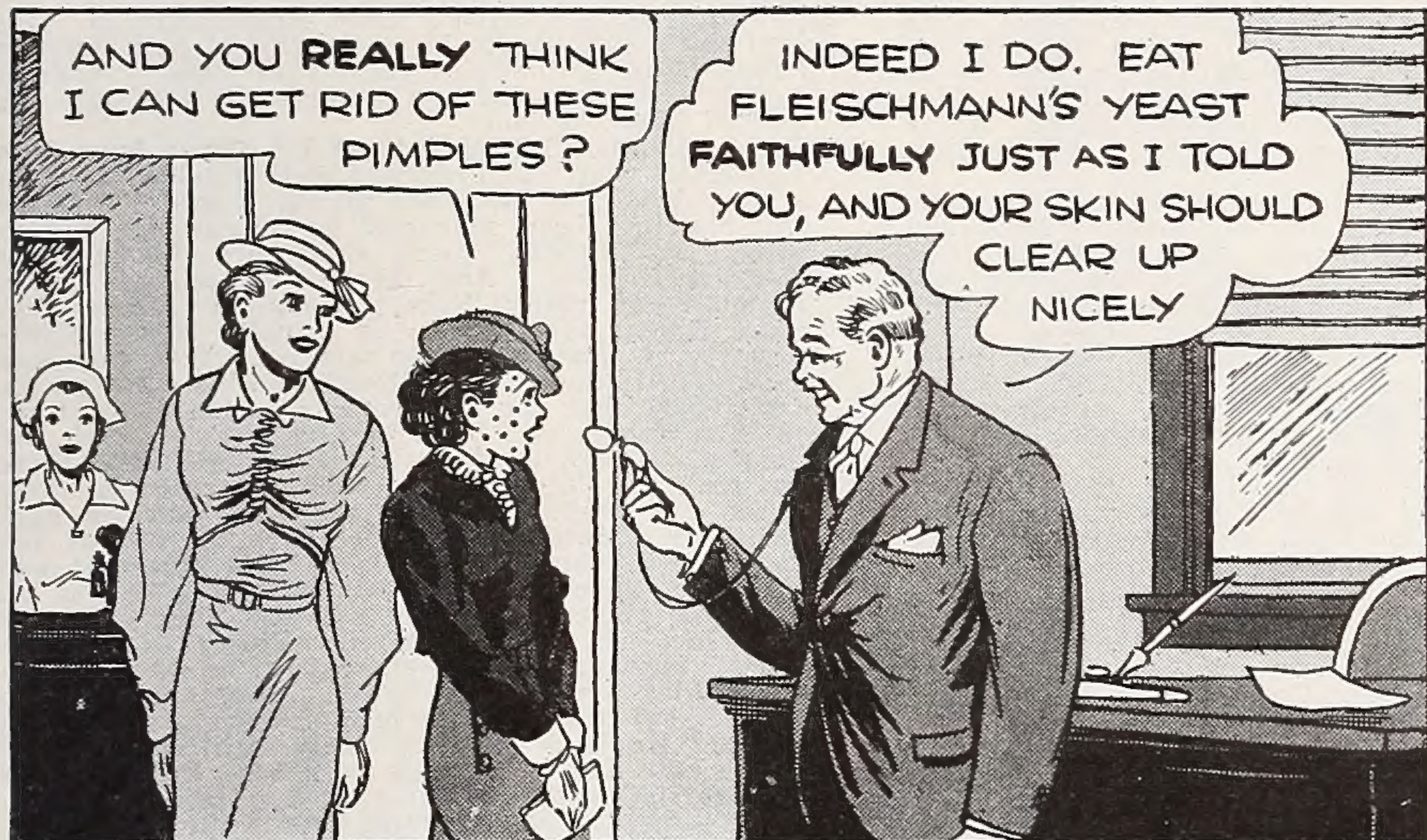


**summer's
the time
for fun..**



**I NEVER WANT TO SEE
ANOTHER SOUL AS
LONG AS I LIVE**

**HER
PIMPLY
SKIN
MADE ANN
FEEL
LIKE A
TOTAL
LOSS**



**—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

**Don't let Adolescent Pimples
spoil YOUR vacation plans**

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast **regularly**—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

Her Tennis Stroke is *Correctly Timed*



**—too bad her
laxative wasn't!**

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system—it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Question us—answers here—lotsa fun

NOTE: The following biographies are printed by popular demand. They are the ones most frequently requested during the last month by readers who have sent in the coupon at the end of the article. Each coupon has been tabulated, so if you have requested any of these, kindly consider yours automatically responsible.

FRED ASTAIRE—Fred and his sister, Adele, were practically born dancing. When they were only about 8 years old and still Fred and Adele Austerlitz, they were earning a tidy \$200.00 a week. Fred was born in Omaha, Neb., on November 26, 1900, and received his earlier education in private schools. Shortly after beginning their footlight careers, this young team became very popular. Three of their musical productions took the Astaires to London, where they became the rage both in society and the theatre world. There Adele met Lord Cavendish and retired in 1931 to marry him. This left Fred without a partner but, nothing daunted, he returned to America and continued to turn in hit performances in "The Bandwagon" and "The Gay Divorcee." He also appeared in these same shows in England. It was at this time that Phyllis Livingstone Potter, a society girl, became his wife. Fred's debut on the screen was anything but auspicious. His roles in "Dancing Lady" and "Flying Down to Rio" were both minor and unworthy of his talents. But a break finally came in the form of "The Gay Divorcee" and now the team of Astaire and Rogers ranks fourth in box-office popularity. Off the screen Fred has dark brown eyes and hair, likes tennis, golf and prize fights. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, and is very slender. In January he became the father of a boy, and report has it that he is the proverbial doting parent. After "Follow the Fleet" he and Ginger will be in "Never Gonna Dance." Write him at RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

EVELYN C., Waterbury, Conn.—Paulette Goddard, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in "Modern Times" and maybe his bride, is not French. She was born in Great Neck, L. I., N. Y. Ruby Keeler couldn't very well marry Dick Powell on account of she has been married to Al Jolson since 1928. (Where have you been?) Dick, however, is currently interested in Joan Blondell. During the World War Herbert Marshall served with the British Military Service. At Arras, in 1915, he was severely wounded in action, losing a leg, and was cited for bravery.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE—On April 23, Shirley Jane reached the ripe old age of 7 years. That day in 1929 at Santa Monica, Cal., was an auspicious one for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Temple. When she was only 3, she was sent to a dancing class and it was during one of these lessons that she was spotted by a talent scout. Rather reluctantly at first, her parents agreed to her playing in a series of 7 Baby Burlesk Comedies for Educational. Then Shirley played a small part in "Frolics of Youth," following which she went to Paramount for a brief role in Randy Scott's "To The Last Man." It was about this time that Fox decided the wee Temple child was just what they needed for the dancing and singing role in "Stand Up and Cheer." It was Shirley's first big assignment and she more than proved her worth. Result—she was signed to a contract and has appeared in the following pictures: "Now I'll Tell," "Change of Heart," "Little Miss Marker," "Baby Take a Bow," "Now and Forever," "Bright Eyes," "Little Colonel," "Our Little Girl," "Curley Top," "The Littlest Rebel" and "Captain January." You know as well as I do that her hair is blonde and delightfully curly and that her eyes are blue. She is getting along nicely in her studies under a tutor, and will soon be able to read her fan mail all by herself. Shirley hasn't any real hobbies yet, but she is very fond of pets and has almost enough to start a small zoo. Her two brothers, John and George, like to play with her and tease her, just like all older brothers do. Recently, Miss Temple completed "The Poor Little Rich Girl," which you will be seeing shortly. Write to her at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.

CHARLES NORTON, Dorchester, Mass.—Tom Brown was in "Annapolis Farewell," not Johnny Downs. The other academy picture in which Tom played was "Tom Brown of Culver," in 1932. His next picture will be "And Sudden Death," tentative title. Write him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

FRED MacMURRAY—Named for his father, a noted concert violinist, Fred was born in Kankakee, Ill., on August 30, 1908. When only 3 weeks old his parents moved to Beaver Dam, Wis., where their young son attended grade and high school. Fred also

went to high school in Madison, where he went in heavily for athletics. Ten letters proved his proficiency in football, baseball, track and basketball. Upon graduation he enrolled at Carroll College, Waukesha, Wis., for one year, earning his tuition by playing in orchestras. The next jump was to Chicago and a dance band in which Mr. MacMurray served both as a saxophonist and soloist. Then came Hollywood and a theatre band in which he also sang and played, sometimes making recordings. When the opportunity presented itself he took an extra role or two in the movies as a side issue. New York came next, with Fred among the California Collegians, a musical comedy stage band. In 1929 Fred was featured with this orchestra in a singing sketch with Libby Holman in "Three's a Crowd." For the next 5 years he stuck with this group and appeared regularly in New York's most popular night clubs. The band was booked for featured billing in Max Gordon's hit, "Roberta," where, in addition to his singing, MacMurray was understudy to the leading man. Paramount spotted him and in April, 1934, he was signed to a contract. Fred is 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 185 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. "13 Hours by Air" and "The Princess Comes Across" are his most recent films. P. S. You'll hear some of Fred's singing in this one. "The Texas Rangers" will be his next. Lilian Lamont is his best girl, and he certainly picked a pretty one. Write him at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

SANTINA MERANDINO, East Rutherford, N. J.—You win! Sid Silvers played the part of Jack Benny's side-kick in "Broadway Melody of 1936." Loretta Young is not married now, though she was once the wife of Grant Withers.

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY—A lot of you have been wondering what has happened to this splendid young actor. Well, he has been giving England a break and has just been scheduled to appear in "Everything Is Thunder" with Constance Bennett for Gaumont-British. And here's something funny. Douglass is really Robert Douglass Montgomery, while Robert Montgomery is actually Henry Montgomery, Jr., and they're no relation. Also, Douglass used to call himself Kent Douglas in his early screen days. Now that you are properly confused, we'll get on with the facts. Born in Los Angeles, Cal., on October 29, 1909, Douglass attended grade school there and later the Polytechnic elementary school in Pasadena. He graduated from the Los Angeles high school, and during his school days worked at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. His first part was given him when he was only 14, and when he was 16, Douglass played a leading role in "Desire Under the Elms" in San Francisco. Young Mr. Montgomery continued on the stage until he was cast opposite Joan Crawford in "Paid." Since then he has divided his time successfully between stage and screen. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 178 pounds and is very blonde with blue eyes. He is not married and swimming is his favorite sport. Write him at the Gaumont-British Studios, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12, England.

ANGELINE BUSCEMI, Pittston, Pa.—Here are the addresses you requested: Jimmie Ellison, Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Bob Steele, Supreme Pictures Corp., 1509 N. Vine St., Hollywood, Cal. Tom Tyler, RKO-Radio Studios, 780 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Dick Foran, Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

PHIL REGAN—Did you know that Phil is none other than the one-time "Singing Cop" of radio? Well, he was just that before the movies claimed him. He was really a cop, too, on the New York Police Force, and probably would be still if it hadn't been for that marvelous tenor voice of his. Phil was born in Brooklyn, May 28, 1908, and was so like his brother Jim it was hard to tell them apart. He attended parochial school and planned to be a policeman when he "grew up." This he did, even getting a promotion for capturing a murderer. A voice instructor heard Phil sing at an entertainment and encouraged him to train his voice, which he did. When Abe Lyman heard him he was invited to be "guest artist" on that orchestra leader's program in 1932, and shortly after was given a contract of his own singing with Guy Lombardo's band. Casting his eye Hollywoodward, he attained that desire, too, and appeared in his first picture in 1934. From cop to crooner in three short jumps. This young Irish-American is 5 feet 10 inches tall, has hazel eyes and black hair. He is interested in all outdoor sports. There is no Mrs. Phil Regan. "Laughing Irish Eyes" is his most recent picture. Write him at Republic Studios, 9336 West Washington Boulevard, Cul-

If you would like to see a brief synopsis of your favorite's life in this department, fill in and send us the coupon on page 11. General questions, of course, will also be answered here. Those asked most frequently and the most interesting ones receive first preference. And not too many at a time, please. Address: The information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

ver City, California.

RONALD COLMAN—Born in Richmond, Surrey, England, February 9, 1891, the son of Charles Colman, a non-professional. Ronald attended the Hadley School in Littlehampton, Sussex. When he was 16 his father died and the boy was forced to leave school, taking his first job with a steamship company as office boy at \$2.50 a week. He became a bookkeeper for that firm and later a junior accountant, being employed there for 5 years. During his school days Ronald had played in amateur theatricals, and continued them during this period. For physical diversion he joined the London Scottish Regiment, to which he belonged for 4 years. In September, 1914, as a private, he saw action in the World War, but was wounded by an exploding shell and was sent home to do clerical work. Mr. Colman's first appearance on the London stage was in 1916 in a small part, and his screen debut was made the same year in a two-reel comedy. In 1920 he came to America, finally getting a role on the stage in support of Robert Warwick and later with George Arliss in "The Green Goddess." Followed several other plays, then a screen contract. His first important picture was opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." Mr. Colman is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 158 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. His pet pastimes are tennis, motoring, reading and swimming. He is divorced from Thelma Ray. Fortunately for us, this sterling actor has been very busy in Hollywood of late. Having recently completed "Under Two Flags," he is now working in "Lost Horizon." His address is 20th Century-Fox Studios, Box 900, Beverly Hills, Cal.

ROBERT WHITE, Wilmington, Del.—We quite agree with you that color films are fast improving. There are several important technicolor pictures on the docket. The first is "The Dancing Pirate," with Steffi Duna and Charles Collins. The second is "The Garden of Allah," with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer, the third, "Ramona," with Loretta Young, and last but not least, Gary Cooper in the technicolor remake of "Beau Geste." You'd better accustom yourself to the rainbow flickers, because it's only a question of time before the black-and-whites will be as outdated as the silents of yesterday.

IRENE DUNNE—The role of Magnolia in "Show Boat" is one to which Miss Dunne is especially suited for two reasons. In the first place, she was the star of Ziegfeld's stage hit, "Show Boat," and secondly, she was born in Louisville, Ky., the daughter of Captain Joseph J. Dunne, a ship builder and owner of Ohio River steamboats. July 14, 1904, was her birthdate. Educated at the Loretta Academy in Louisville, then in a convent in St. Louis, she began her musical education there and later attended the Chicago College of Music. There she studied language, voice and music, graduating in 1926. Miss Dunne has a lyrical soprano voice and a singing record that includes prima donna roles in such stage successes as, "Sweetheart Time," "Irene" and "Clinging Vine," and was under contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company for one season. While appearing in "Irene" she was given a screen test and signed to a long term contract. Her film debut was made in "Leathernecking," followed by "Cimarron," in 1930 and 1931 respectively. Reading, dancing and golf comprise her diversions, and she is interested in the study of astronomy. Miss Dunne is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and is a brunette with blue-gray eyes. She has been the wife of Dr. Francis Griffin of New York since July 16, 1928. Write her at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., where she recently completed the aforementioned "Show Boat" with Allan Jones and Paul Robeson.

BING CROSBY—Did you know that "Bing" stands for Harry Lillis? Well, it does, and Harry Lillis Crosby was born in Tacoma, Wash., May 2, 1904. When H. L. was but a mite of a boy, the whole Crosby tribe transposed itself to Spokane, where Bing, his two sisters and four brothers received their earlier education. The nickname "Bing," by the way, is a hangover from the days when our hero used to play "Cowboys and Indians" and used his voice in noisy imitation of a gun. During his high school days Bing appeared in plays, but his family had a lawyer's future in mind for him and shipped him off to Gonzaga College. There he played a little football, but was principally interested in the glee club. With Al Rinker, another student, he organized a seven-piece orchestra which became very popular—so much so, in fact, that they decided to abandon law and enter the entertainment field. Through Rinker's sister they got an engagement in Los Angeles, after which they toured the Coast until Paul Whiteman adopted them and, with Harry Barris, formed that group known as the Rhythm Boys. They toured with Whiteman until 1930, when they went to California to appear in "The King of Jazz." The Rhythm Boys were engaged to sing at the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood; Bing started to make records which became best-sellers; then signed a radio contract—and after all that, a screen contract. Crooner Crosby is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light blue eyes and light brown hair. Dixie Lee is his wife and the mother of three-year-old Gary Evan Crosby and the two-year-old twins, Phillip Lang and Dennis Michael. Right now Bing is working on a "different" sort of picture (for him). It's called "Rhythm on the Range" and will smack of the wide open spaces and cowboys. Mr. Crosby can be reached at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Note: the usual charge for a star's photograph is 25 cents.

MARY WILSON, Hope, Ark.—The first moving picture with a plot was made in 1903 by Edwin S. Porter. It was "The Life of an American Fireman" and was such a success that Porter was fired with ambition to make a train story. The result was "The Great Train Robbery," one reel in length, with a sustained, suspended plot. It was a sensation, and the beginning of the "story picture" as we know it on the screen of today.

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
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"That Certain Something"— MEN ADORE IT!



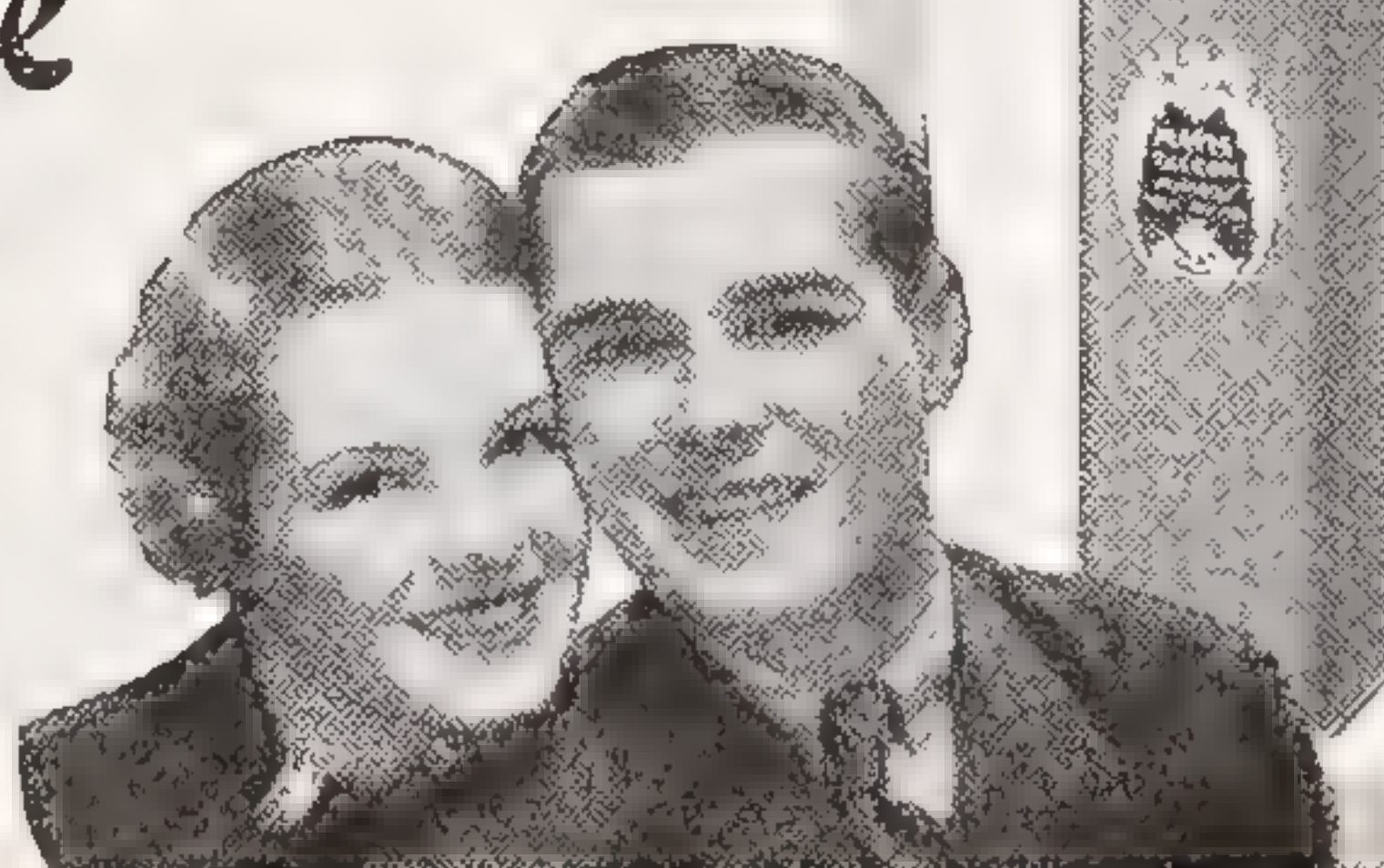
Be a charmer! . . . Before you dress
add this alluring all-over fragrance . . . MAVIS

The secret of fascinating French women—yours! . . . Be feminine! Clothe yourself in Mavis' garden-scented glamour. Men adore its fragrant Spring-like freshness—remember how it enhances your charm. Mavis does even more! . . . It absorbs body moisture, lowers skin temperature, helps you keep cool. So pure and soothing—Mavis protects

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MM-7

reviews



Above, Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan can be counted on for grand performances in "The Moon's Our Home." Next, William Powell and Jean Arthur in an exciting mystery yarn, "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford." Right, Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino in the comedy, "One Rainy Afternoon."

By Leo Townsend



★★★ The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger)

The presence of Margaret Sullavan in a picture practically guarantees it worth your time and money. In this particular case, she has transformed a too whimsical story into good entertainment. She is aided and abetted by Henry Fonda, who proves that he can look and act charming without a plow in sight. Here he is Anthony Amberton, alias John Smith, sophisticated author of adventure books. Finding the world is too much with him, he determines to take refuge on a New England farm, as does Cherry Chester, alias Sarah Brown, movie queen who wants to get far, far from the mad crowd. Cherry is subject to tantrums. One is never sure what she will do next, but can be sure it will be worse than expected. However, she meets her match in Anthony John and is surprised enough to marry him. The ceremony gives Miss Sullavan an excuse—not that she needs one—to throw the biggest tantrum of her career. Others in the cast who give top-notch performances are Charlie Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Margaret Hamilton and Beulah Bondi. It's a Faith Baldwin fantasy, made palatable by Dorothy Parker's dialogue and excellent acting.

Preview Postscript

Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda unwittingly knocked two experts out of jobs while working on this picture. The experts were ski-professionals, hired to teach the star and her leading man the fine points of the sport while on location in the High Sierras on the California-Nevada border. The experts were also to double for them in the long-shots, thereby avoiding accidents. But after a day's work Director Seiter sent the professionals back to Hollywood. "They kept falling down and getting tangled up in their skis, while Margaret and Hank performed like they'd been sailing down mountain sides all their lives," he explained. It seems that Miss Sullavan spent her school days in New England and Fonda learned the sport from Scandinavian aces while attending the University of Minnesota . . . One of the 25 costumes designed for Margaret Sullavan was locked in the safe at night, while armed guards kept an eagle eye on the star every moment that she wore the costume on the set. The outfit was covered with jewels and hung with silver fox furs. The fox heads had large diamonds for eyes. It was Miss S's pet antipathy, since she loathes any kind of costume except slacks and cotton shirt. On dress-up occasions she sometimes breaks down to the extent of donning a white crepe evening dress, of which she has fifteen, all made exactly alike. Funny gal, Mag Sullavan.



Allan Jones and Irene Dunne during a romantic moment from "Show Boat."

★★★ Show Boat (Universal)

This amiable musical can be classed with "The Great Ziegfeld." Paul Robeson's magnificent rendition of "Ol' Man River" and two songs, "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" and "Just My Bill," by Helen Morgan, are grand numbers. When Miss Morgan puts that tear in her voice you know that Hollywood has been neglecting one of the theatre's most compelling personalities. "Show Boat" is one of the better screen musicals with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones in the romantic leads and Charles Winninger and Helen Westley heading the supporting cast. Miss Dunne fills her assignment capably, and even manages to get into blackface and tear off a low-down shuffle or two. Good in the smaller roles are Donald Cook, J. Farrell MacDonald and Hattie McDaniels.
(Continued on page 14)



"Sons O' Guns," that gay comedy, featuring Joan Blondell and Joe E. Brown, is reviewed on page 104.

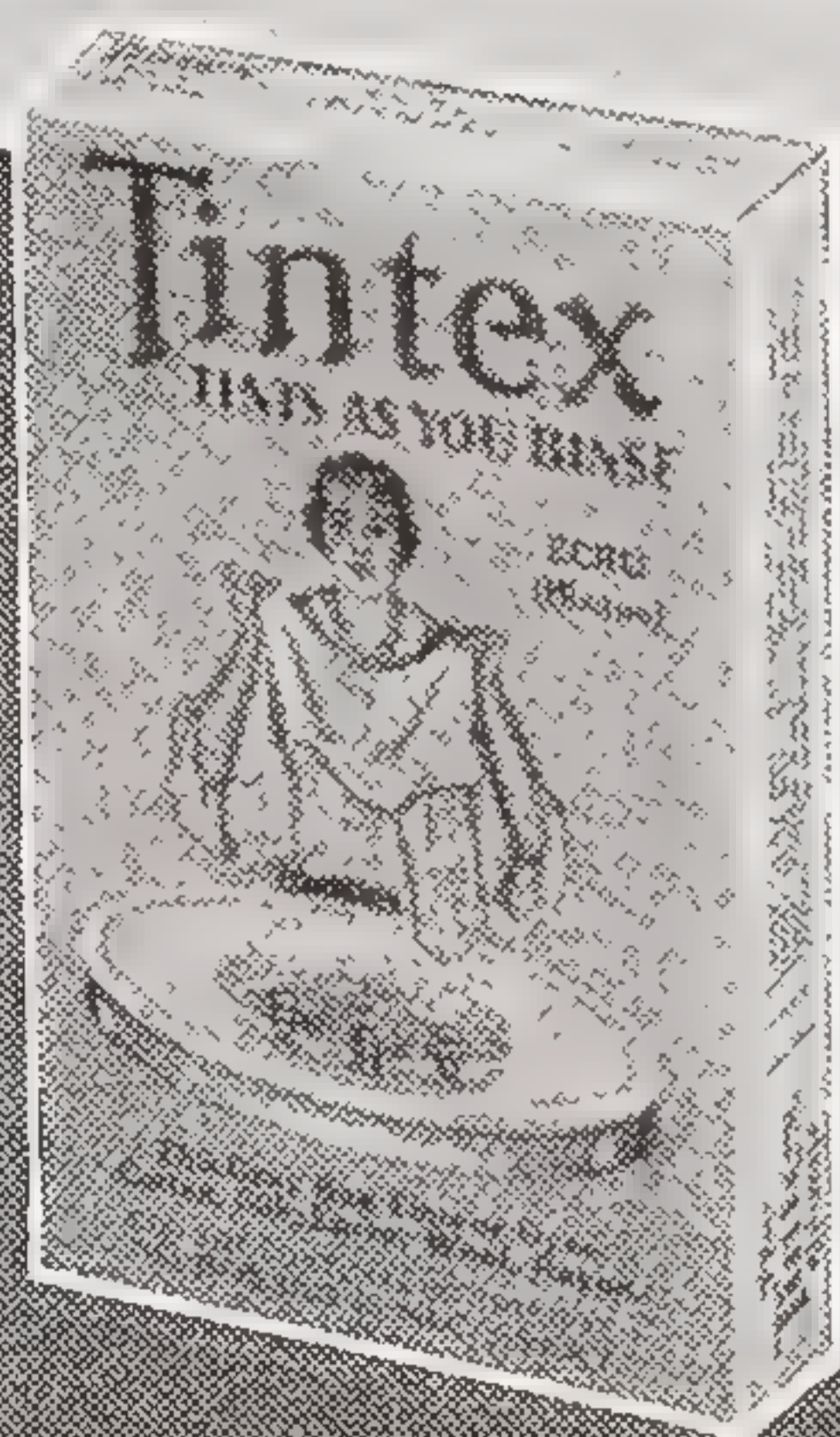
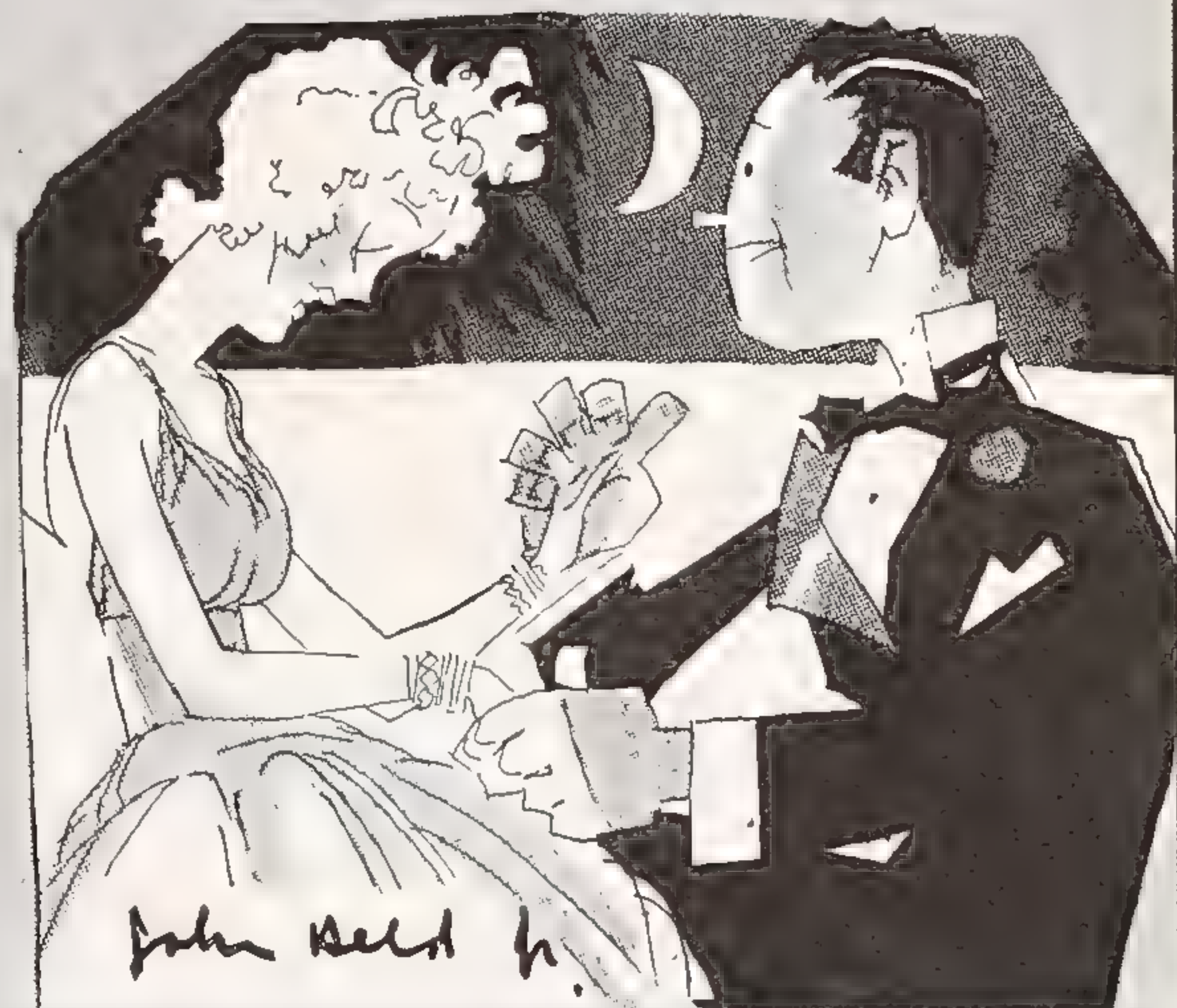
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Millie hasn't a lot of money. But she has a lot of sense. And so nothing is ever faded in her wardrobe. Everything is gay and fresh—in the newest Paris colors. Of course she uses Tintex!



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41 brilliant long-lasting colors. At all drug, notion and toilet goods counters.

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more reviews

Above, Gertrude Michael and Herbert Marshall in "Forgotten Faces." Above, right, Victor McLaglen, Claudette Colbert and Ronald Colman in "Under Two Flags." And, below, William Powell and Luise Rainer in that big hit, "The Great Ziegfeld."

(Continued from page 13)

★★★★ The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M)

The great and late Mr. Ziegfeld would no doubt heartily approve of this cinematic version of his life and times, for it contains everything that he himself held dear. It has opulence, tremendous production numbers, hundreds of pretty girls, and is decidedly lacking in humor. Running over three hours, it highlights the career of the great impresario from his early barn-storming days with Sandow, through the palmy period when "The Follies" made fortunes, to his death, a broken and rather pathetic old man. Injected into this are several production numbers which have the Ziegfeld touch administered by the bountiful hand of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Notable among them is Irving Berlin's "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," which has always been more or less a theme song for "The Follies." Ray Bolger stops the show in one spot with his stepping, and Fannie Brice would have done the same had the camera given her number more attention. Of the cast, Luise Rainer's "Anna Held" is by far the most memorable performance. William Powell is his usual suave self in the title role, Myrna Loy is a charming Billie Burke, Frank Morgan, as Ziegfeld's friendly rival, is richly comical and A. A. Trimble furnishes a breathtaking resemblance to the late Will Rogers. "The Great Ziegfeld" is a lavish, eye-filling musical.

Preview Postscript

M-G-M spread themselves to the extent of over a million dollars for this celluloider. Although the actual filming took only five months,

the idea had been brewing around Hollywood for several years. Several studios had an eye on the master showman's life for a film, but it took writer William Anthony McGuire to collect all the information, visualize the magnitude of the production, and get it all boiled down to scenario form. Billie Burke and daughter, Patricia, loaned a helping hand to the author many times . . . One of the most colossal jobs fell on the shoulders of Adrian, studio designer, and his corps of workers. Over a hundred extra seamstresses were hired to help out on the costumes, and for two months they worked in crews, day and night, sewing on the intricate and elaborate costumes. Thousands of yards of velvet, tulle, satin, chiffon and other materials were utilized for costumes and also stage settings. A carload of ostrich plumes was ordered from Australia for the production. The costumes didn't feel as beautiful as they looked, however. Luise Rainer swears she never drew a breath all the time she was on the set, due to iron stays which girded her waist. Virginia Bruce wore one costume with a glass head-piece weighting 22 pounds, and the train of her gown was wired so that it weighed 46 pounds. It took three men to carry her up the steps to pose in one scene. They were plenty of complaints from the Ziegfeld chorus girls, too.

★★★ Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox)

Repetition hasn't marred the charm of Ouida's beloved story of French Legion and this version tops the two previous pictures made in silent days. You couldn't ask for a more perfect Sergeant Victor

than Ronald Colman. He is every inch the English gentleman who has sought forgetfulness of an unhappy past in the daring life of a Legionnaire. Claudette Colbert's Cigarette benefits by Miss C's own French lineage. And Rosalind Russell makes the most of the sympathetic type of role not usually her lot. As for Victor MacLaglen, the hard-boiled Major Doyle, you don't need to hear more. He's tops! You probably know the exciting story set against the background of Africa at a time when France and England were the prey of the Arab chieftains. There's romance and fighting galore. All in all a swell evening's entertainment.

★★★ The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO-Radio)

It's good to see Bill Powell return to the sport of crime solving, even though in this case he acts more or less in an amateur capacity. Powell is Dr. Bradford, whose only connection with crime is that his ex-wife, Jean Arthur, is a writer of mystery yarns. She is also an inveterate collector of alimony, and in the interest of this lucrative hobby she moves in with a good doctor, just in time to get her ex-spouse mixed up in a lovely murder mystery. The crime involves the strange death of a jockey, the first of a series of mysterious killings. When Mr. Powell lends his talents to the solving of the crime he finds himself at the head of the list of suspects. Having a distinct aversion to being hanged, he goes after the thing in earnest and winds up, as you can well imagine, with the situation well in hand. Incidentally, he escapes his alimony payment by the simple expedient of re-marrying Miss Arthur. "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" is a fast-moving comedy-drama in the best "Thin Man" tradition, with Powell and Arthur keeping the piece in high gear throughout. In the supporting cast, there are good performances by Eric Blore, Jimmy Gleason, Robert Armstrong, Ralph Morgan, Lila Lee, Grant Mitchell and Erin O'Brien-Moore, whose work should entitle her to much better roles.

Preview Postscript

Jimmy Gleason was overjoyed at the prospect of playing detective in the same cast his wife, Lucille, was cast as a murder suspect. He says it gave him a chance to have the last word. Frank Morgan and Mrs. Gleason had one grand reunion the first day on the set. For they had not played together since 1918, when Morgan was the villain and Lucille the lady in distress in an intense mellerdrammer. . . . Among the better paid "extras" on this picture were ten black widow spiders. For three days' work they each received ten dollars. S. U. Allman is their manager. His ranch outside of Hollywood in the San Fernando valley is a paradise for reptiles, insects and weird animals, of every description. Allman hunts these out in deserted mines, out of the way places in desert and mountain, and caves all over the state. . . . That modernistic apartment was even more dazzling in real life. Designed by Van Nest Polglase and furnished by Darrell Silvera the whole apartment was built as a unit on one set, instead of scattering the various rooms in many different corners of the set. Brown, beige and silver was the color combination, and so enamored was Jean Arthur of it that she is having an apartment of her own decorated exactly the same way.

★★★ I Married a Doctor (Warners)

Based on Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" this film depicts just as aptly the disgreeable phases of the American small town. Therein lies our one objection to the picture. For it shows only the gossiping, narrow-minded tendencies of the small-towner, and none of the genuine neighborliness which can be found

(Continued on page 98)

New! "GLARE-PROOF" powder shades
Flatter you in glaring light!

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES



The full glare of the summer sun throws a hard light on your skin.



New "Sunlight" shades catch only the sun's softest rays—flatter you!

GONE are the old dark "sun-tan" powders! Pond's has brought out "Sunlight" shades—totally new in color—new in effect on your skin when you are out in the hard, blazing light of summer! "Sunlight" shades catch only the softest rays of the sun . . . Give you the flattering light of early spring sunshine itself! Soften your face. Lovely with lightest tan, deep tan, or no tan at all!



MONEY-BACK TRIAL—Try Pond's Sunlight shade (Light or Dark). If you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Pond's, Clinton, Conn.

2 Sunlight Shades—Light, Dark. Low Prices.
Glass jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

**Bette Davis, our
Modern Hostess,
presents her
tempting native
dishes**

**By Marjorie
Deen**

Bette and Barbara Davis, all set for their native New England Boiled Dinner, with an Indian Pudding to top it off.



new england favorites

IT HAS long been a cherished notion of mine that interviewers should form an association of their own whose purpose it would be to give ratings to those they have interviewed during the past twelve months. If such a scheme is ever adopted I shall be the first one to stand up and cast my vote for Bette Davis, giving her a four-star rating and the right to place after her name the initials P. S.—meaning Perfectly Swell. And she will have earned her rating in my opinion, not only because she is a regular person with no airs and with a keen sense of humor, but also because, from a cooking editor's standpoint, she is swell copy. Bette possesses a down-to-earth attitude on any subject which she bothers to talk about, and one of the things that I found she was willing to discuss with authority and enthusiasm was the justly famous dishes of New England.

This was grand news to me because Bette of all the Hollywood stars, is best qualified to hold forth on any question pertaining to New England—whether climate, customs or cuisine! For Miss Davis, you know, is a 100 per cent New Englander herself. She was born in Massachusetts (Lowell, to be exact), was brought up in and around Boston and spent several summers on Cape Cod.



The Cape, of course, was named for the fish that abound in the waters off the coast there—these same fish being prominently featured in several of the well-known dishes that originated in that part of the country. We will have occasion to refer to Cod again later on in this article.

One of the things that the Davis gal looked forward to most on her recent visit to the East, she told me, was the all-too-short visit she paid to Boston, where, as you can well imagine she was feted and made much of. And where, she also informed me, she was able to enjoy the native dishes for which she had become really "homesick."

I WANTED to see if they were really as grand as I used to think them," she told me. "And they were, there's no doubt about that. Somehow they never seem to taste quite the same to me any place else, even though I give our cook in Hollywood specific directions and old-time recipes to follow.

"I think my mistake lies in not hiring a Yankee cook," she continued, laughing, "but I keep on trying although foreign servants think me somewhat mad to want such basically simple, prosaic foods. Fortunately for me, my husband enjoys the same dishes. (Continued on page 72)

THE WINNERS OF RUBY KEELER'S CONTEST!

1st Prize—\$400.

Betty J. Cox,

1211 Brice Avenue, Lima, Ohio.

2nd Prize—\$250.

Agnes Specht,

Colonial Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio.

3rd Prize—\$200.

Helen Pickett,

189 Fifth St., N. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

4th Prize—\$150.

Mrs. O. M. Green,

702 Bernard St., Spokane, Washington.

5th Prize—Crosley Shelvador

Refrigerator

Ruby Cornelius,

1234 L. Street, Belleville, Kansas.

6th Prize—Crosley All Metal Tube

Console Radio

Mrs. Stewart Cuthbert,

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DINNER SETS TO:

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Haute, Indiana; Mildred Hundley, West Main
St., Manchester, Iowa; Mary C. Scott, 309 N.
Monastery Ave., Baltimore, Maryland and Sophia
F. Gray, 830 Bergen St., Gloucester City, N. J.

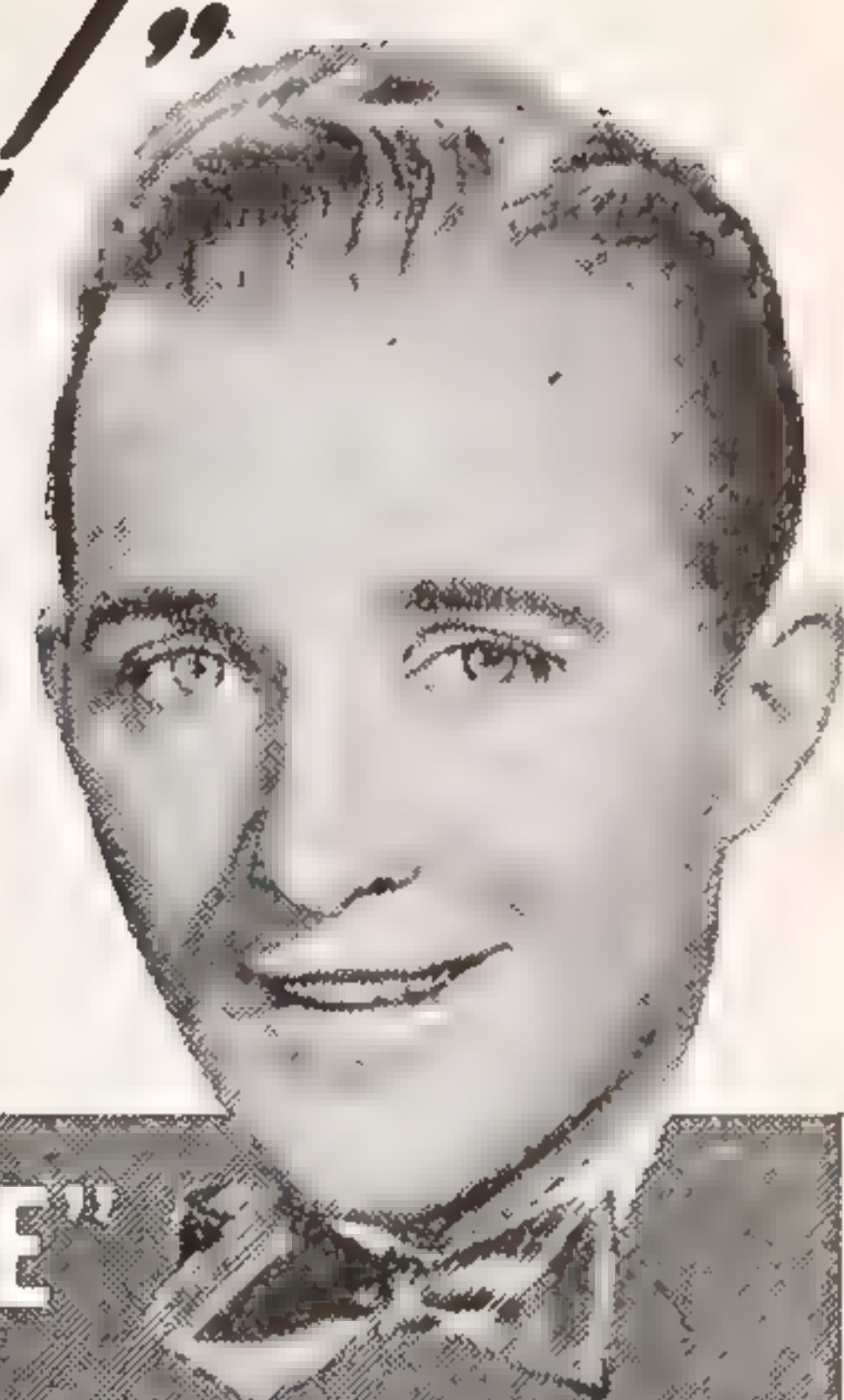
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Morningside, Milford, Conn.; Sara Saville, 1910
Fulton St., Apt. 1., San Francisco, Cal.; Tora
Lundberg, Martindale Depot, N. Y.; Mrs. J.
P. Guilford, 1234 K. Street, Lincoln, Nebraska;
Mildred A. Bradley, Box 62, Sheldonville, Mass.;
Louise Carey, 311 N. Vine St., Muncie, Ind.;
Frances M. Nieman, 2921 N. Melvina Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.; Gertrude C. Stahle, 932 Carteret
Ave., Trenton, N. J.; Mollie Wernick, 5122
Gainor Road, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. D. L.
Binga, 512 Comm. Merchants Bank Bldg., Peoria,
Ill.; Mrs. N. H. Neuman, 3321 Garland Avenue,
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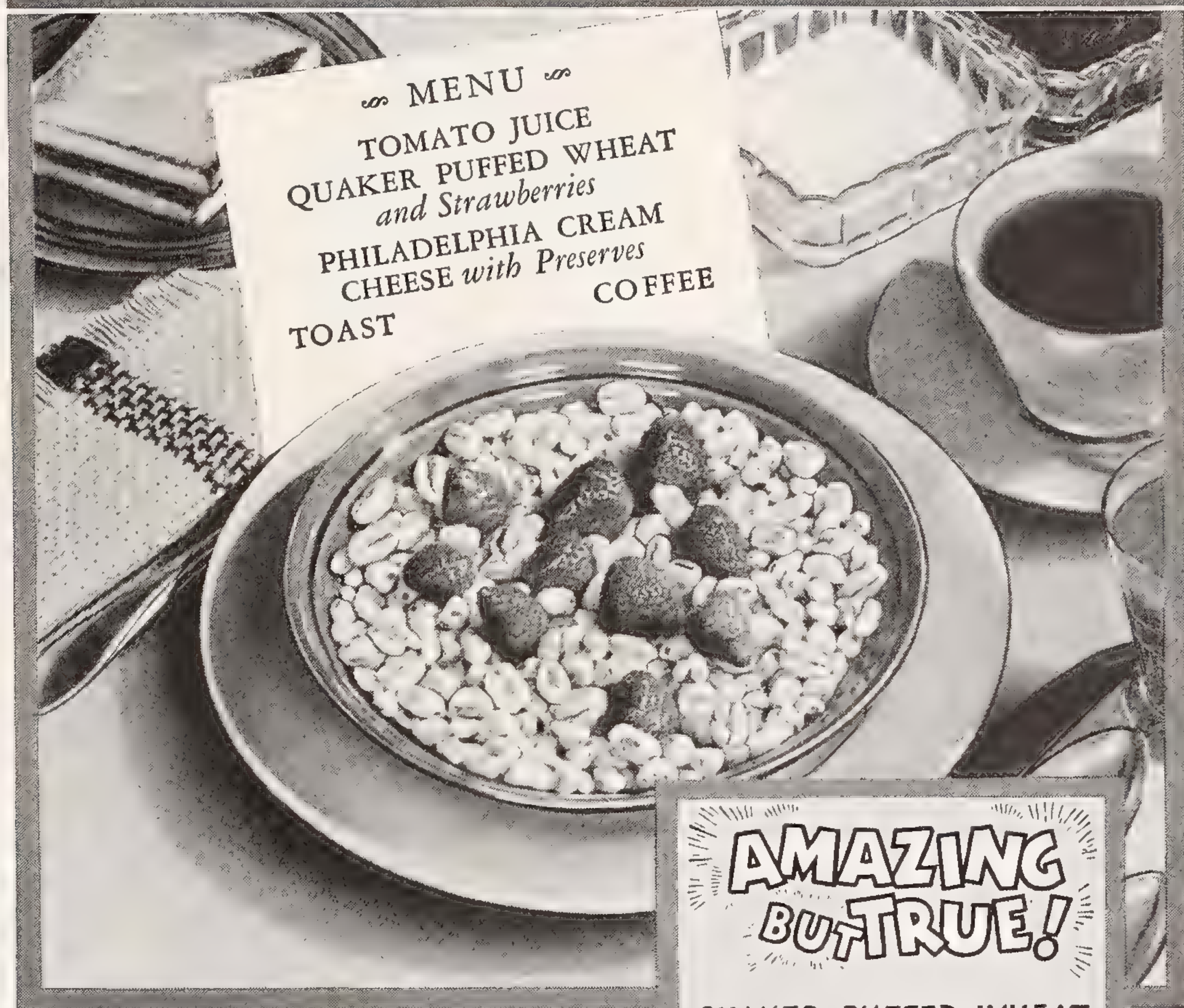
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Berkeley, Cal.; Robert Buffum, Summer Street,
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Joseph C. Martin, Box 94, Bismarck, N. D.;
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"Here's the
Breakfast I vote for!"
says
BING CROSBY



SEE BING CROSBY IN "RHYTHM ON THE RANGE"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



MENU
TOMATO JUICE
QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
and Strawberries
PHILADELPHIA CREAM
CHEESE with Preserves
TOAST COFFEE

AMAZING
BUT TRUE!

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT
IS SO DELICIOUS AND
CONFECTION-LIKE THAT
MANY DO NOT REALIZE
HOW IT RANKS IN
NOURISHMENT WITH SOLID
DINNER DISHES. LOOK:
HIGH IN FOOD ENERGY!

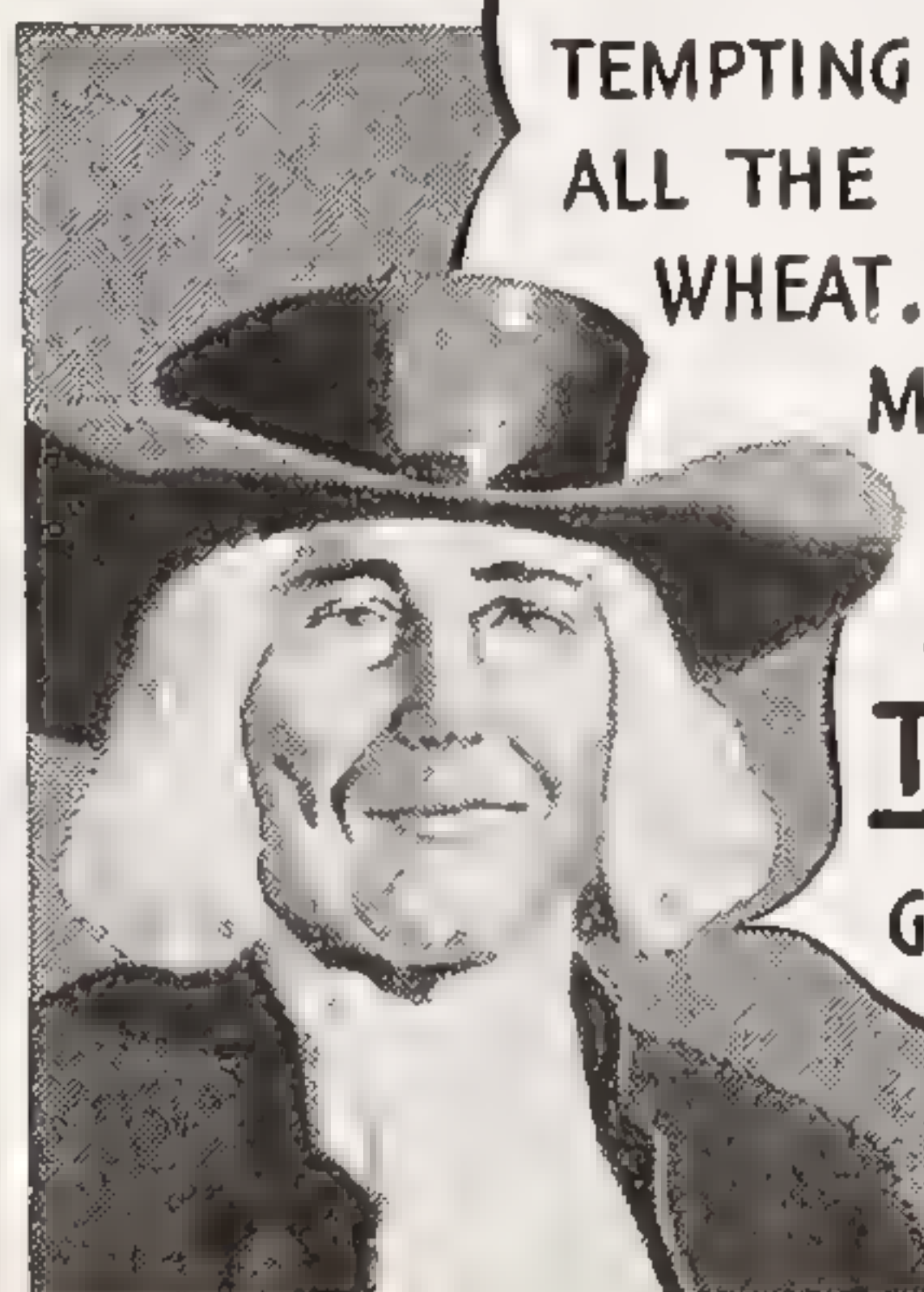


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POTATOES... 34.9 CALORIES PER OZ.
PUFFED
WHEAT... 106.0 CALORIES PER OZ.

BING CROSBY'S summer breakfast is
a grand take-off for hot sultry days.
First, appetizingly chilled tomato juice
... then a big bowl of double-crisped,
crunchy, ready-to-eat Quaker Puffed
Wheat with plenty of ripe red berries
... followed by Philadelphia cream
cheese, preserves and toast. What could
be more appealing to a lazy appetite!

Your grocer is featuring all the ingre-
dients you need to try BING CROSBY'S
favorite breakfast. Have it tomorrow
to start your day off right!

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT IS A LIGHT AND
TEMPTING SUMMER FOOD, YET IT HAS
ALL THE NUTRITION OF WHOLE
WHEAT. IT IS DOUBLE CRISPED TO
MAKE IT DOUBLY APPETIZ-
ING. LOOK FOR THE RED
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TRIPLE-SEALED TO
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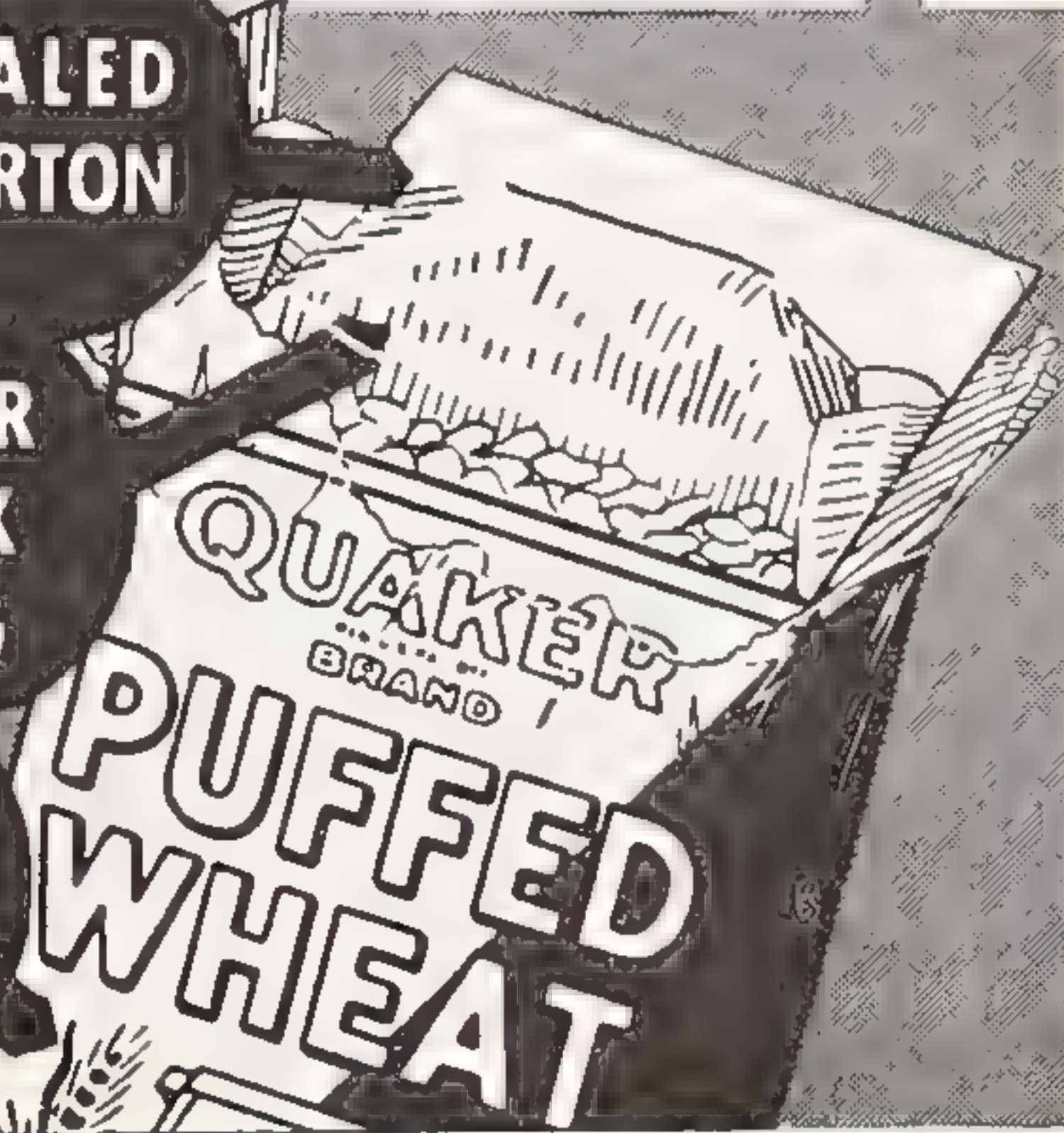


QUAKER PUFFED
WHEAT IS DELICIOUS
TOO. TRY IT!

SEALED
CARTON

INNER
WAX
BAG

OUTER
WAX
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NED WAYBURN'S

*Dancing Teachers
choose Nonspi*

TO BE SURE!



● Ned Wayburn's charming dancing teachers are careful in choosing a preparation to overcome under-arm moisture. They must keep themselves fresh through a strenuous evening, guard their frocks against under-arm stains...and yet use a deodorant that does not irritate their flawless skin.

They've found that when deodorants are used half-strength, they give only half-way results. So they choose Nonspi which can be used full strength, because:

1. *Nonspi has been pronounced entirely safe by highest medical authority.*
2. *Nonspi can be used full strength by women whose delicate skin forces them to use deodorants half-strength, with only half-way results.*
3. *Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days...and you can depend on it.*
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To be sure of protection...to be safe from skin irritation...insist on genuine Nonspi at all drug and department stores in the U.S.A. and Canada. It's 35c and 60c a bottle.



between you 'n' me

Your letter may win a prize. Write today!



An Iowa reader congratulates the producers of "The March of Time," the non-fiction branch of pictures.

\$5 PRIZE LETTER Glorified Newsreel

I want to say how thoroughly I enjoy "The March of Time." Last week I saw "Father Divine" of Harlem, which was presented with all the staccato, directness and verve of a short-short story.

It seems to me that its editors have certainly developed a technique for glorifying the newsreel. Instead of scattered, haphazard, fragmentary shots here and there, they confine themselves to several subjects which they develop interestingly and unusually. Their episodes show definite build-up, compactness, care in photography and sometimes sheer genius in composition. I like the narrator, too; his comments are dramatic, yet impartial.

"The March of Time" presents a valuable method for keeping up on the most colorful, flavorful monthly happenings, and I, for one, want to congratulate those responsible for a definite forward step in the non-fiction branch of moving pictures. —Mrs. Harry Godley, Davenport, Iowa.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER Why Producers Go Mad

Aren't movie stars funny? Just as soon as they make a big hit as a certain type—they want to change that type. Ginger Rogers, the super-perfect song-and-dance girl, yearns to play drah-ma. Aline MacMahon, who panicked us with her wise-cracking, hard-boiled roles, now accepts only dramatic parts, such as in "Kind Lady." Another little comedienne, Isabel Jewell, has turned tragedienne recently, much to the disappointment of many fans.

I suppose soon we'll hear that Nelson Eddy wants to become a tap-dancer, Charles Laughton will yearn to play juveniles, and Fred Astaire will burst forth with a yen to do "Hamlet."

What should you write about? Anything at all—the stars as you see them, why you like certain stars and dislike others, censorship, shorts, current trends in pictures, the latest picture you've seen and why you enjoyed it, the newest movie rave in your community—male and female. Get busy, for ten dollars in prizes are awarded each month for the six most interesting letters submitted—1st prize, \$5; five 2nd prize of \$1 each. Be sure to send your full name and address. Modern Screen reserves the right to publish letters in whole or in part. Address: Between You and Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Write your letter now!



Read a San Francisco reader's wise observations on stars eager to change their types.

A desire to achieve something entirely different from one's own particular style, is natural, but changing one's screen type is a sure-fire way of losing popularity. Think it over, Miss or Mr. Star!—Tona Swan, San Francisco, Calif.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER Thank You, Thank You

It is not a habit with me to invest my money in the purchase of any motion picture magazine, but it is a habit to get MODERN SCREEN even though it sometimes means going without a sandwich or walking instead of riding some distance, once a month. Why do I make this sacrifice?

Well, the movie world is the chief topic of conversation anywhere one goes today and your magazine is the most reliable source of obtaining that information. Its pictures are the best, posed or caught un-awares, your criticisms of the movies are very frank, your interviews are most amusing and direct. I enjoyed your recent feature on Maureen O'Sullivan because it took the usual paint off the star's



An' we don't wanna hear a word from anyone who doesn't agree with this Philadelphia gal!!!

public and private life and thoughts. Sylvia's contributions also remove that perfection so many stars claim. And Scotty's pictures certainly show some awful defects. That is what I like to know about the celebrities, not a lot of trash about this star's love life and that player's "mysterious glamor" (à la press agent), and thanks to MODERN SCREEN I am getting what I want.—Vanet Lindauer, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER Picture Spoilers

"Trailers" of pictures, flashed on the screens of our local movie emporiums the week before the entire picture is shown, are in my opinion "picture spoilers," instead of well-planned advertising that the exhibitors intend them to be.

How many times, finding myself unable to get laughs out of humorous pictures where mirth was intended, have I discovered the seeming stale humor due entirely to the fact that I had been "treated" to the humorous high-spots in the trailer that preceded it. Personally, as an adult movie fan, I've never enjoyed seeing a picture for the second time, and it is just this effect upon my enjoyment that the trailers, in their present form, have had.—Mrs. U. A. Stone, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER Stars' Alibis

"A much needed vacation," "Find a suitable story," "Time needed to make this production" . . . With excuses like these coming from our best loved stars, no wonder new faces are always being sought for the screen. Loss of popularity is nearly always attributed to "poor stories" and the "fickle public"—all of which may be true enough, but can we be expected to sit and wait until a player makes another picture when that wait extends from one year upward? I'm still waiting for Mary Pickford's promised movie; I'm trying to be patient while Ruth Chatterton finds a suitable story; and Norma Shearer has kept us on needles while she made "Romeo and Juliet."

Since we fans don't possess the traits of Tennyson's brook, it's rather difficult to expect us to wait when people like Irene Dunne make "The Magnificent Obsession" and Fred Astaire is giving us
(Continued on page 68)

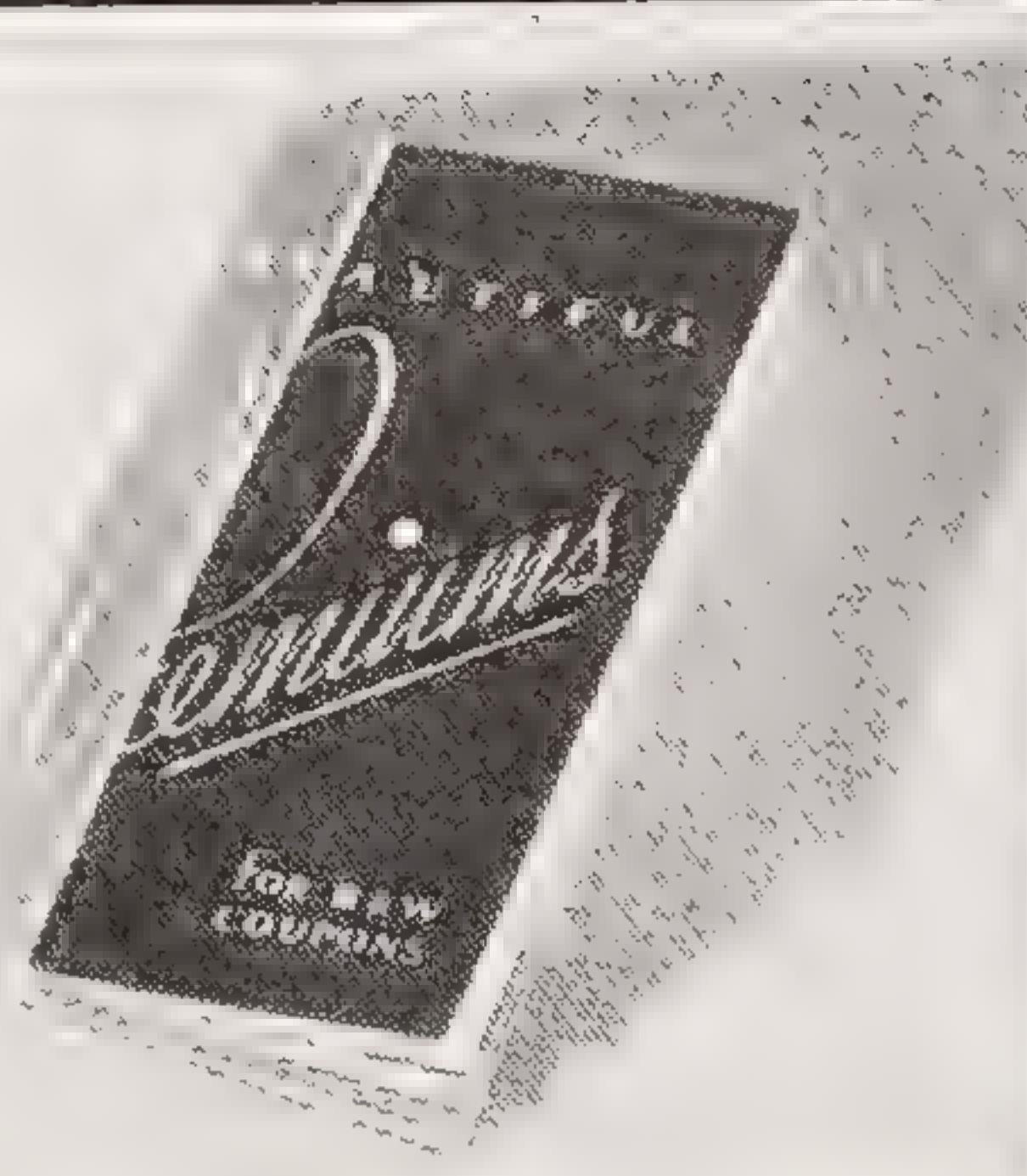
DIVE IN AND COOL OFF . . . We've managed to add just enough mild menthol to a blend of great tobaccos so that every refreshing puff is soothingly cool to hot throats. Get yourself a pack, save the valuable B & W coupon for attractive, nationally advertised merchandise (offer good in U. S. A. only). Forget the heat, dive into **KOOL**, come up smiling! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.



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RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

good boy - bad boy

**There's one of each in every
family and the Barrymores**

prove no exception

By Muriel Babcock

TO SKEPTICAL Hollywood's utter amazement, John Barrymore has picked up the role of Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet" and simply tossed it over his shoulder. He is magnificent in the part.

Of course, when you see the picture, Barrymore may not have the footage the brilliance of his performance would indicate. For after all Norma Shearer is the star of the film, and Leslie Howard is her Romeo and the cutter will probably bear this in mind.

Six months ago he had completed a thorough job of making a profound fool of himself. He had been the target for snickers and giggles in every section of the country. The ludicrous spectacle of the great and handsome John Barrymore chasing and then being chased by a girl young enough to be his granddaughter was a picture painted on the minds of practically everyone old enough to read.

After such a performance even from a Barrymore, Hollywood considered John through as a romantic idol of the screen.

Barrymore was also sick and tired. When he returned to Los Angeles after the Caliban-Ariel episode, he was so weak he had to hang on to the coat of a newspaper reporter while camera men took his picture. Bad Boy Barrymore, everybody reckoned, had at last reached the end of his rope.

BUT THEY reckoned without the Barrymore spirit and without the loyalty that exists in the family. They reckoned without Good Boy (how he hates to be so labeled) Lionel Barrymore, who emerged from his secluded life in Beverly Hills to

take the errant John in tow and put him back on his feet.

So the inside story of John's come-back is also a tale of Lionel's faith, loyalty and ingenuity in time of stress. It is also closely connected with Elaine (Ariel) Barrie, the young girl who chased him so wildly across the continent. But more of that later.

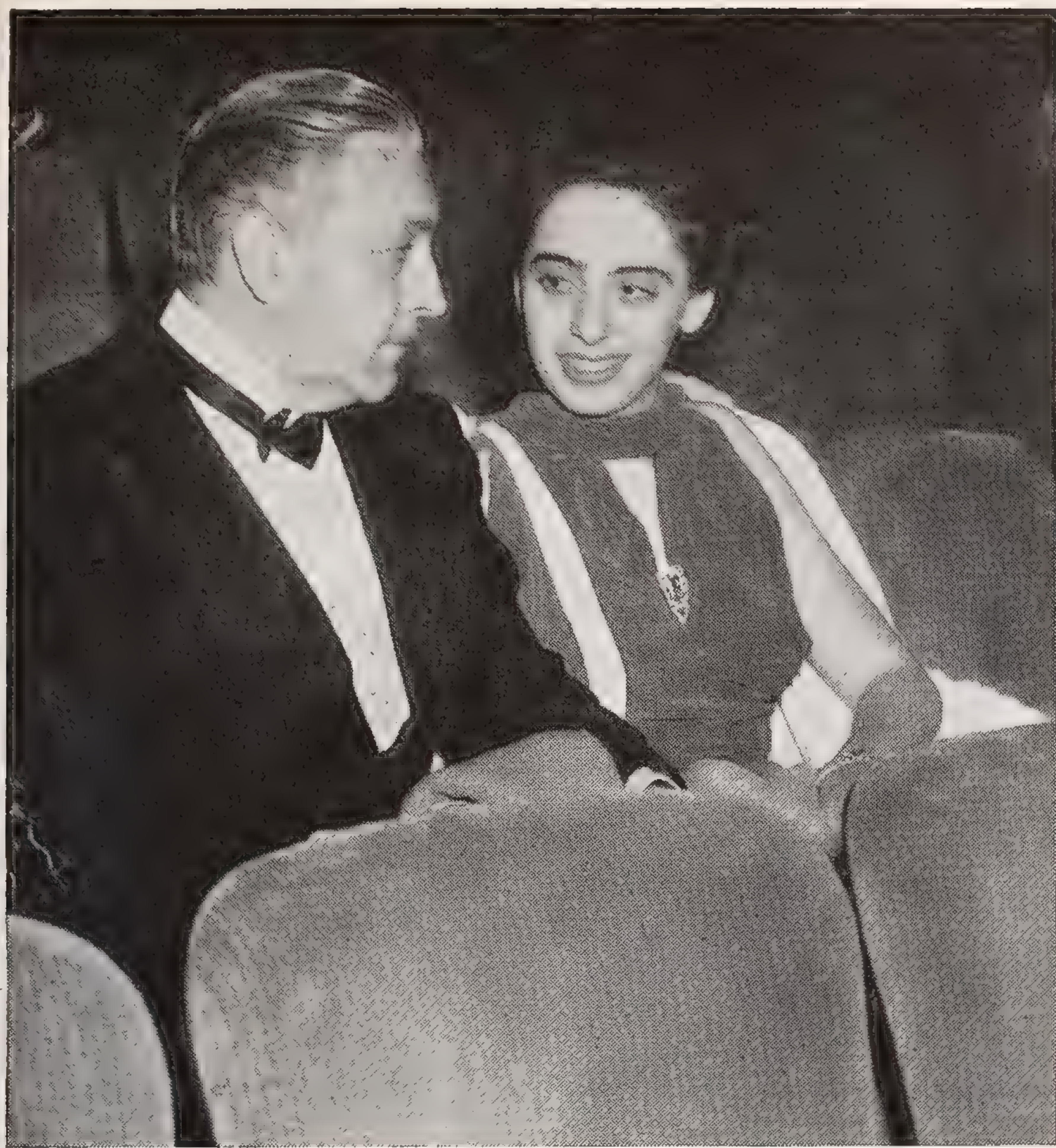
As John stumbled off the train that day in Los Angeles to be met by Lionel, a girl reporter inquired how he felt. "Madame," he replied, "that is none of your damned business."

"Here, here," quickly and diplomatically interposed Lionel, "that's no way to talk. These are the Los Angeles reporters. They are your friends."

With great dignity, John turned docilely to the young lady, gave her a pleasant pat and raised his beautiful left eyebrow in the

Lionel Barrymore is largely responsible for Brother John's come-back in "Romeo and Juliet."





Ariel
and
Caliban
at a
recent
concert.

Though she ran out on him once, Elaine Barrie still has a strange fascination for John Barrymore, and nothing seems to keep him from seeing her. They are constant companions at Hollywood social gatherings.

gesture he has used since he first found out how to charm women.

"Madame, I am sorry if I am rude," he said. "In answer to your question, I feel fine and am glad to be home again among my friends."

John had put himself in Brother Lionel's hands, for he knew he could trust everything to him.

WHICH GOES to prove that you can't write a story about one Barrymore boy without writing about the other, totally different as they may be—John, seething, restless, temperamental, unstable, spoiled, and Lionel, amiable, indifferent, stable, sweet-tempered and alive to responsibility. Bad Boy and Good Boy, but when a crisis comes they stick together.

The first thing Lionel did was to get John home, into a bath tub and into bed. Then he sent for a doctor, a nurse and Joe Rideaux, the trainer. And then I imagine, he told John simply and effectively and in the best Barrymore manner what he thought of him.

Well, you know that before John was completely on his feet, two things happened. He got an important job, that of Mercutio in "Romeo and Juliet," largely not only through the efforts of Lionel, but because Irving Thalberg believed in Lionel's assurances that John could make a

come-back in pictures.

The second important thing was that Ariel and her Mama arrived in town. To Lionel and the people who were working to restore John to a semblance of his former self, this looked like a major catastrophe. But, reader, confidentially, it has been a surprise boon and a blessing! Ariel and Mama worked right along the lines laid down by Lionel; they, too, have been keeping Jack away from the hectic night spots, have urged him to watch his diet and rest carefully. These last few months in Hollywood, they have been a good influence in Barrymore's life!

And I wouldn't be surprised if Miss Barrie, now that she has achieved a nice film contract, will make a place for herself in pictures. John has always insisted that the young lady had great talent and anyone can see she has great ambition and will follow through to a goal.

As a matter of fact, there is no predicting how this romantic chapter in the life of Handsome Jack will turn out. Ariel has still an indubitable fascination for her Caliban and nothing can keep him from seeing her. There are those who predict that he will eventually marry Elaine. That Mama Barrie, with this in mind, has insisted on being Mrs. Grundy in (Continued on page 92)

DIVE INTO CRISP, DELICIOUS
SHREDDED WHEAT—GET EXTRA
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It takes more than fresh air and exercise to splash your way to physical fitness. A sensible, nourishing diet is essential, too. And crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat gives you a good start. For Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat—a rich storehouse of vitamins, carbohydrates, mineral salts and proteins.



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WHEAT**



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showing the picture of
Niagara Falls and
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**A Product of
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

modern screen movie scoreboard

Picture and Producer	General Rating	Picture and Producer	General Rating	Picture and Producer	General Rating
*Absolute [Quiet (M-G-M).....	2★	Follow the Fleet (RKO).....	4★	A Message to Garcia (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Accent on Youth (Paramount).....	3★	*Forgotten Faces (Paramount).....	3★	Metropolitan (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Ah, Wilderness (M-G-M).....	4★	Freshman Love (Warners).....	2★	A Midsummer Night's Dream (Warners).....	5★
Alias Bulldog Drummond (GB).....	2★	Frisco Kid (Warners).....	3★	The Milky Way (Paramount).....	4★
Alias Mary Dow (Universal).....	2★	Front Page Woman (Warners).....	3★	Millions in the Air (Paramount).....	1★
Alice Adams (RKO).....	4★	The Garden Murder Case (M-G-M).....	2½★	Mississippi (Paramount).....	3★
Anna Karenina (M-G-M).....	4★	The Gay Deception (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Miss Pacific Fleet (Warners).....	1½★
The Amateur Gentleman (United Artists).....	2½★	Gentle Julia (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Mr. Cohen Takes a Walk (Warners).....	2½★
Annapolis Farewell (Paramount).....	2½★	The Ghost Goes West (United Artists).....	4★	Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (Columbia).....	4★
Annie Oakley (RKO).....	4★	Ginger (Fox).....	3★	Mister Hobo (GB).....	2★
Anything Goes (Paramount).....	3★	The Girl Friend (Columbia).....	1★	Modern Times (United Artists).....	4★
The Arizonian (RKO).....	3★	Give Us This Night (Paramount).....	1½★	Moonlight Murder (M-G-M).....	2½★
Bad Boy (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	The Golden Arrow (Warners).....	2½★	*The Moon's Our Home (Walter Wanger).....	3★
Barbary Coast (United Artists).....	3★	Goose and the Gander (First National).....	2★	The Morals of Marcus (GB).....	1★
Becky Sharp (RKO).....	3★	Grand Exit (Columbia).....	1★	*Murder by an Aristocrat (Warners).....	1★
Big [Brown Eyes] (Walter Wanger).....	1★	The Great Impersonation (Universal).....	2★	Murder Man (M-G-M).....	2★
*The Big Noise (Warners).....	1★	The Great Ziegfeld (M-G-M).....	4★	The Murder of Dr. Harrigan (First National).....	2★
The Bishop Misbehaves (M-G-M).....	3★	Hands Across the Table (Paramount).....	3★	Murder on the Bridle Path (RKO)-Radio.....	2★
The Bohemian Girl (M-G-M).....	2½★	Harmony Lane (Mascot).....	2★	The Music Goes 'Round (Columbia).....	2★
Boulder Dam (Warners).....	1★	Hell Ship Morgan (Columbia).....	2★	Music is Magic (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
Break of Hearts (RKO).....	3★	Here Comes Cookie (Paramount).....	3★	Muss 'Em Up (RKO).....	2★
The Bride Comes Home (Paramount).....	3★	Here Comes the Band (M-G-M).....	1★	Mutiny on the Bounty (M-G-M).....	4★
Brides Are Like That (First National).....	2½★	Here's to Romance (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Naughty Marietta (M-G-M).....	4★
Bright Lights (First National).....	3★	Hold 'Em Yale (Paramount).....	3★	Navy Wife (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Broadway Hostess (First National).....	1★	Hooray for Love (RKO).....	2★	New Adventures of Tarzan (Republic).....	1★
Broadway Melody of 1936 (M-G-M).....	4★	The House of a Thousand Candles (Republic).....	2★	Next Time We Love (Universal).....	3★
Call of the Wild (20th Century).....	3★	*Human Cargo (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	A Night at the Opera (M-G-M).....	4★
The Calling of Dan Matthews (Columbia).....	1★	I Dream Too Much (RKO).....	3★	No More Ladies (M-G-M).....	3★
Captain Blood (Warners).....	4★	I Found Stella Parish (Warners).....	2★	Old Curiosity Shop (BIP).....	2½★
Captain January (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	If You Could Only Cook (Columbia).....	4★	O'Malley of the Mounted (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Case of the Curious Bride (First National).....	3★	I Live for Love (Warners).....	2★	\$1000 a Minute (Republic).....	2★
The Case of the Lucky Legs (First National).....	2★	I Live My Life (M-G-M).....	2★	*One Rainy Afternoon.....	2★
Ceiling Zero (Warners).....	4★	I Married a Doctor (Warners).....	3★	One Way Ticket (Columbia).....	2½★
Charlie Chan at the Circus (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	The Informer (RKO).....	4★	Orchids to You (Fox).....	2★
Charlie Chan in Shanghai (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	In Person (RKO).....	2★	Paddy O'Day (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
Charlie Chan's Secret (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	The Invisible Ray (Universal).....	1½★	Page Miss Glory (Warners).....	3★
Chatterbox (RKO).....	2★	The Irish in Us (First National).....	3★	Panic on the Air (Columbia).....	2★
China Seas (M-G-M).....	4★	It Had to Happen (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Paris in Spring (Paramount).....	3★
Clive of India (20th Century).....	4★	It Happened in New York (Universal).....	3★	The Passing of the Third Floor Back (GB).....	3★
Colleen (Warners).....	3★	It's in the Air (M-G-M).....	2★	Peg of Old Drury (Paramount).....	3★
Collegiate (Paramount).....	2½★	Jalna (RKO).....	3★	The Perfect Gentleman (M-G-M).....	2★
Coronado (Paramount).....	1★	Java Head (First Division).....	2★	Personal Maid's Secret (Warners).....	2★
The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	King of Burlesque (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★	Peter Ibbetson (Paramount).....	3★
The Country Doctor (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	King of the Damned (GB).....	1½★	The Petrified Forest (Warners).....	4★
Crime and Punishment (Columbia).....	3★	King Solomon of Broadway (Universal).....	1★	Petticoat Fever (M-G-M).....	3★
The Crime of Dr. Crespi (John H. Auer).....	2★	Klondike Annie (Paramount).....	1★	Powdersmoke Range (RKO).....	2★
The Crusades (Paramount).....	4★	The Lady Consents (RKO).....	2★	The Preview Murder Mystery (Paramount).....	3★
Curly Top (Fox).....	3★	Lady of Secrets (Columbia).....	1★	Prisoner of Shark Island (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Dancing Feet (Republic).....	2★	Lady Tubbs (Universal).....	2★	Professional Soldier (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Dangerous (Warners).....	3½★	The Last Days of Pompeii (RKO).....	4★	The Public Menace (Columbia).....	1★
Dangerous Waters (Universal).....	2★	Last of the Pagans (M-G-M).....	2★	The Rainmakers (RKO).....	1★
Dante's Inferno (Fox).....	2★	The Last Outpost (Paramount).....	2★	The Raven (Universal).....	2★
The Dark Angel (Samuel Goldwyn).....	4★	Laughing Irish Eyes (Republic).....	1½★	Red Salute (Reliance-United Artists).....	2★
The Daring Young Man (Fox).....	2★	*The Law in Her Hands (First-National).....	2★	Remember Last Night? (Universal).....	2★
David Copperfield (M-G-M).....	5★	The Leathernecks Have Landed (Republic).....	3★	Rendezvous (M-G-M).....	3★
Desire (Paramount).....	4★	The Leavenworth Case (Republic).....	2★	The Return of Peter Grimm (RKO).....	3★
Diamond Jim (Universal).....	3★	Let 'Em Have It (United Artists).....	3★	Rhodes, the Diamond Master (GB).....	3★
Don't Bet on Blondes (Warners).....	2★	Let's Live Tonight (Columbia).....	2★	Riffraff (M-G-M).....	2½★
Don't Gamble with Love (Columbia).....	1½★	*Let's Sing Again (Sol Lesser).....	2★	Road Gang (Warners).....	2½★
Don't Get Personal (Universal).....	1★	Little Big Shot (Warners).....	2★	Robin Hood of El Dorado (M-G-M).....	2½★
Drift Fence (Paramount).....	2★	The Little Rebel (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Rose Marie (M-G-M).....	4★
Dr. Socrates (Warners).....	2★	Little Lord Fauntleroy (United Artists).....	4★	Rose of the Rancho (Paramount).....	2★
East of Java (Universal).....	2★	*Little Miss Nobody (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Seven Keys to Baldpate (RKO).....	2★
Escapade (M-G-M).....	3★	The Lone Wolf Returns (Columbia).....	2★	Shanghai (Paramount).....	2★
Escape Me Never (United Artists).....	3★	Love Before Breakfast (Universal).....	2½★	She (RKO).....	2★
Everybody's Old Man (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Love on a Bet (RKO).....	1½★	She Couldn't Take It (Columbia).....	2½★
Every Night at Eight (Paramount).....	2★	Loves of a Dictator (GB).....	3★	She Married Her Boss (Columbia).....	4★
Every Saturday Night (20th Century-Fox).....	2★	Mad Love (M-G-M).....	2★	Shipmates Forever (First National).....	3★
Exclusive Story (M-G-M).....	2½★	Magnificent Obsession (Universal).....	2½★	A Shot in the Dark (Chesterfield).....	2★
*The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (RKO-Radio).....	3★	Manhattan Moon (Universal).....	1★	*Show Boat (Universal).....	3★
Fang and Claw (RKO).....	2★	Man Hunt (Warners).....	2★	Show Them No Mercy (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Farmer in the Dell (RKO).....	1½★	Man of Iron (Warners).....	1★	Silly Billies (RKO).....	2★
The Farmer Takes a Wife (Fox).....	3★	The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	The Singing Kid (Warners).....	3★
A Feather in Her Hat (Columbia).....	2★	Mary Burns, Fugitive (Paramount).....	3★	Sky Parade (Paramount).....	2★
First a Girl (GB).....	2½★	The Melody Lingers On (United Artists).....	2★	Small Town Girl (M-G-M).....	3★
*The First Baby (20th Century-Fox).....	1★	Men of Tomorrow (London Films).....	1★	Smart Girl (Paramount).....	2★
The Flame Within (M-G-M).....	2★			Snowed Under (First National).....	2★

You'll find this chart simple to follow and a valuable guide in choosing film entertainment. Instead of giving you the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 5★, extraordinary; 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that Modern Screen ratings only are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.



Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray on the windy way to "A Princess Comes Across" set at Paramount.

Soak the Rich (Paramount).....	2½★
Song and Dance Man (20th Century-Fox).....	1★
Song of the Saddle (Warners).....	2★
*Sons O'Guns (Warners).....	3★
So Red the Rose (Paramount).....	3★
Special Agent (Warners).....	2★
Special Investigator (RKO).....	2★
Splendor (Samuel Goldwyn).....	2★
Steamboat Round the Bend (Fox).....	3★
The Story of Louis Pasteur (Warners).....	4★
Strike Me Pink (Samuel Goldwyn).....	3★
Sutter's Gold (Universal).....	2½★
Sylvia Scarlett (RKO).....	2½★
A Tale of Two Cities (M-G-M).....	5★
Thanks a Million (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
These Three (Samuel Goldwyn).....	4★
Things to Come (United Artists).....	3★
13 Hours by Air (Paramount).....	3★
The 39 Steps (GB).....	4★
This is the Life (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
The Three Godfathers (M-G-M).....	2★
Three Kids and a Queen (Universal).....	2★
Three Live Ghosts (M-G-M).....	2★
The Three Musketeers (RKO).....	3★
Thunder in the Night (Fox).....	2★
*Till We Meet Again (Paramount).....	2★
*Times Square Playboy (Warners).....	1★
To Beat the Band (RKO).....	2★
Too Tough to Kill (Columbia).....	1★
Top Hat (RKO).....	4★
Tough Guy (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (Paramount).....	2½★
Transatlantic Tunnel (GB).....	3★
Two in Revolt (RKO).....	2½
Two in the Dark (RKO).....	2½★
Two for Tonight (Paramount).....	1★
Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M).....	3★
The Voice of Bugle Ann (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Walking Dead (Warners).....	2★
Way Down East (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
We're Only Human (RKO).....	2★
Whipsaw (M-G-M).....	2½★
The Widow from Monte Carlo (Warners).....	2★
Wife vs Secretary (M-G-M).....	3★
The Witness Chair (RKO).....	2★
Woman Trap (Paramount).....	1½★
Your Uncle Dudley (20th Century-Fox).....	2★

PLAY MY GAME OF "POWDER SHADES"

See if the Shade You Are Using Is Really the Right One for You!

You're pretty sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're quite certain it's the right shade for you.

What would you say if you were to find out it was the wrong shade entirely for you? Don't be so sure that this isn't the case. As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, many women use the wrong shade of face powder entirely. The result is, they look years older than they really are.

The reason so many women use the wrong shade of face powder is that they select their shades on the wrong basis altogether. It's a mistake to select your shade of face powder according to your so-called "type." You are not a "type." You are an individual.

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There is only one way to tell your most becoming shade of face powder and that is to try on all five basic shades. Any other method is only theory and guess-work.

To make it simple and conclusive for you to ascertain your right shade of face powder, I have invented a game called: "Find Your Right Shade of Face Powder." It's as enlightening as it is fascinating. Here's all you need do: Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge. Take the five shades and sit down before your mirror. Start with the shade you think least suited to you and try that on. But don't stop at any one shade.

By *Lady Esther*

Go through all five and observe the effects in your mirror in each case.

You don't have to be any seer to recognize instantly that one of these five shades is more suited to you than any other. You will see immediately that one shade, more than any other, makes you look your youngest and most attractive. What that shade is, neither I nor anybody else, can tell you. You must see for yourself.

A Surprise May Be in Store for You!

Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you, the very one you would never think of using is actually your most becoming shade. Thousands of women have been amazed with the results of this test.

Decide today that you are not going to be in the dark any longer as to the shade of face powder you should use. Decide today that you are going to know once and for all which is your most becoming shade. Mail the coupon today and play the game that tells—my game of "face powder shades."

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (24)

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a deep secret about

Nelson

... which reveals the real reason for this star's over-night

By Faith Service

HERE IS an untold story of Nelson Eddy which there is no need to dramatize. The bare facts are rich enough to prove that men are, sometimes, like gods.

It's this: One of the major studios wanted Nelson Eddy for one of their outstanding musicals. And because they wanted him terribly, they offered him a king's ransom for two weeks of his time. His home studio agreed to the loaning of their star. They were, indeed, all for it, realizing the value and importance of the picture. Nelson loved the story and knew very well how many laurels it would add to the thick-foliaged crown he already wears. But—he had signed for his concert tour. In Spokane, Kansas City, Denver and in fifty other cities throughout the country, definite commitments had been made.

That would be easy, his associates argued. All he would have to do would be to pay a thousand here, two thousand there and the managers of the various local theatres would be handsomely reimbursed for their efforts. As for the public—they could have their tickets refunded at the box office and—Nelson would be free for the picture. And after the managers had been reimbursed, after subtracting what he would net from his concert tour from what he would make for his role on the screen, he



Learn why Nelson Eddy has won the hearts of millions.

would have an extra fortune in the bank. If he did not make the picture, but persisted in going on the tour, he would throw that fortune into the millstream of Quixoticism.

NELSON'S mother alone refrained from comment, save to say that she wanted Nelson to do what he felt it right to do.

Nelson Eddy lost the money. He did not cancel his concert tour. He did not make the picture.

Why?

I knew the facts and I faced Nelson with them as we sat and talked in his dressing-room. I said, "That's a lot of money to throw away."

Nelson replied, "That would have been a lot of friends to throw away, too. We can do some mathematical calculations, if you like. It might come to about \$1,500 the friend. I don't figure things that way. If I had cancelled my tour, people who had bought their tickets in good faith would have been let down. True, they could have got their money back, of course, but they, and I, would have lost something more precious than money.

"In one mid-Western city they are booked with a series of six concerts. They have used me as the key and people bought the series in order to catch my concert. They had to take a bigger house than the one originally planned for and are sold out. I take it that that means people want to see and hear me.

IT HAS been argued that these same people would just as soon see me and hear me in that motion picture. Perhaps. I haven't thought that aspect of the question through. Perhaps it is the still small voice of my natal New En-

Eddy

rise to film fame



His nation-wide concert tour over, Eddy is back in Hollywood ready to start work in a new movie musical.

gland which is doing my thinking for me. And anyway, I can't ask them all, individually, which or what they prefer. I only know that I committed myself to definite dates in certain cities and that people bought tickets with these commitments in mind. They knew, most of them, that they were going to see me and hear me in 'Rose Marie.' They still bought the tickets. Radio fans know that they are going to hear me over the air every now and again. The tickets were sold. There is something about a personal appearance which still means more to many people than the appearance of a shadow on the screen or a voice over the ether.

"Many of the managers have, in the past, been very kind to me. I could have reimbursed them financially, true, and still come out ahead. But how could I reimburse the people? Think of the work alone it would have meant to them! Thousands of them trudging down to the various (Continued on page 105)



If YOU ARE planning a motor trip, or a sojourn at the beach, be sure to take two or three packages of Linit with you for the Linit Beauty Bath instantly soothes a roughened or sunburned skin.



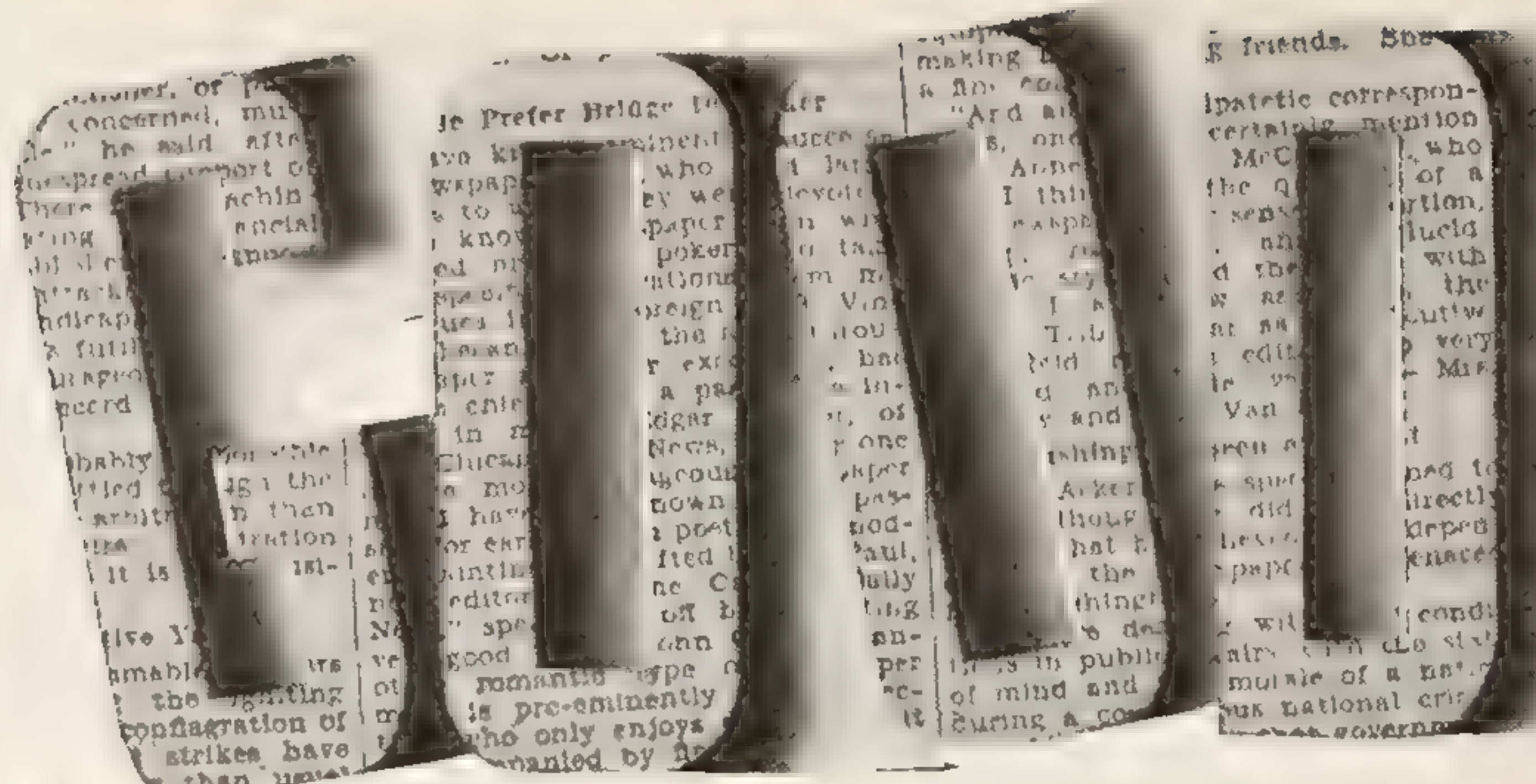
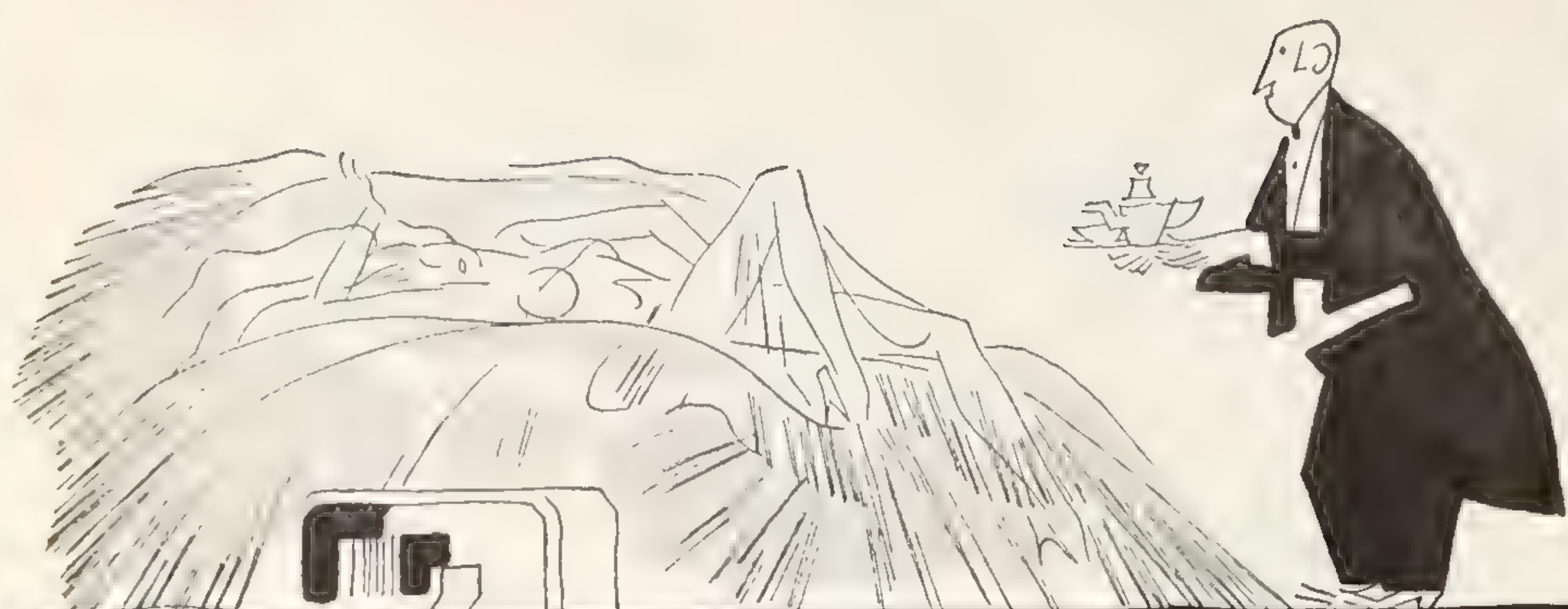
... AS A MOONLIT POOL

When you come in tired, dusty or sunburned—relax in a tepid bath with Linit dissolved in the water. The delightful effect is *instant*—almost magical. Fatigue is forgotten. The rough touch of the wind and burn of the sun is allayed by the soothing effect of this refreshing bath. After the Linit bath, your skin feels soft and smooth and there is no damp, sticky feeling to your body. Why not try the Linit Beauty Bath before retiring *tonight*? Notice what soothing relaxation it affords your entire body. LINIT is sold by your grocer.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package . . . recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.





Scotty sneaked up on the Fred Astaires at the circus—and were they surprised! Mrs. Astaire's son, Peter Potter, is the very interested young man.



They can't deny it's love! Merle Oberon and David Niven are a devoted duo, although they continue to claim that they are not engaged.

Premieres, parties and elephants! The prize Hollywood

Even with the Joan Blondell-Dick Powell romance rumors running rampant, it should be reported that Joan harbors no ill feelings toward her former spouse, George Barnes. When Joan's working, her daily routine includes morning coffee in her dressing-room for herself and all her pals. George, one of the ace cameramen at Joan's studio, is always on the guest list. Having coffee with one's former wife is probably a great convenience. She knows how many lumps you take.

Hearts Asunder Dept.: Bob Taylor, lunching alone at the Metro commissary. Irene Hervey passes his table, but neither speaks. Irene is followed by Allan Jones who stops a moment to talk to Bob. They inquire into each other's health. Both, it turns out, never felt better. And they didn't even mention

poor little Irene. Where's their chivalry?

The premiere of "The Great Ziegfeld," the first since Chaplin's "Modern Times," drew a hundred per cent turnout of the Hollywood lights, both Kleig and social. Some 10,000 citizens gathered 'round the entrance of the Carthay Circle to watch this favorite or that one step up to the lobby microphone to tell the audience just how much he or she was going to enjoy the picture. As an added touch, roses were given to each of the paying customers until the watching fans grew restless, stormed the flower department and walked away with the roses themselves. And in all the excitement Billie Burke, whom everyone was waiting to see, slipped in a side door completely unnoticed.

To top everything off, Bill Powell, the title role himself, didn't even show up at the premiere. It wasn't because he didn't want to—he simply couldn't make it. Seems Universal picked premiere night to start production on "My Man Godfrey," Bill's new picture. An exact report is that the Great Powell missed "The Great Ziegfeld" due to a pressing engagement in a setting marked "City Dump."

When you see "The Great Ziegfeld," a lot of you gals will want to know the identity of the handsome young gent in white tie and tails who "sang" "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody" (Allan Jones did the actual singing). The young man is Stanley Morner from Wisconsin, who studied opera for a number of years and is now under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And he probably likes

Scoop! Bill Powell hugs Jean Harlow publicly. A cozy pose at the Troc. Lili Damita and Marlene Dietrich at the airport to see friends off. Nifty-looking costumes, eh, wot?



Bob Burns, the Van Buren, Arkansas boy who made good on Bing Crosby's radio program, has just finished work on "Rhythm on the Range" with the same Mr. Crosby, and he's complaining. Bob signed up for the picture, he says, with the understanding that Bing was to handle all the romance. In the middle of the picture Bob found himself, much to his chagrin, forced to make love to a young lady. "It isn't that I mind kissing the girls," explains Mr. B. "It's just that it spoils my lip for bazooka playing."



Perhaps you didn't know that Marlene Dietrich, in addition to her other talents, is also the most beautiful mayor in the world. Marlene is Mayor of Allah City, and she rules a community of some 400 actors and technicians on location in the desert near Yuma, where they're making "Garden of Allah." Director Richard Boleslawski is chief of police, Basil Rathbone is sheriff, and Charles Boyer is "right hand man," whatever that is. Marlene turned out to be such a swell mayor that now she aspires to higher offices. How about Dietrich for president?



While we're on the subject of politics, it might be mentioned that Merle Oberon is a bit miffed because she isn't Mayor of Allah City. Merle demands a recount to the tune of \$125,000, for she claims she was promised the lead in the picture. When it was

handed to Dietrich, Miss Oberon is said to have suffered \$125,000 worth of humiliation. Other reports have it that Merle originally turned down the part, then later decided that what was good enough for Dietrich was just about right for Oberon.



Gastronomic Note: In one evening—in fact, at one sitting—at the Trocadero Oyster Bar, Kay Francis and her gentleman friend, Delmer Daves, consumed 96 clams. There is no particular reason for recording this feat, except that 96 is a lot of clams.



Dick Powell's throat trouble must have been a lot more serious than his producers thought, for they were forced to take him out of "Cain and Mabel" in which he was scheduled to co-star with Marion Davies. With his singing voice in delicate condition, Dick may have to fall back on his acting for a while. There are those who say that would be quite a fall, and there are those who say 'twouldn't.



Last month we detailed a Pinkerton man, three movie detectives and S. S. Van Dine, in a heavy black beard, to discover the brand of perfume used by Mae West. Innocent bystanders had told us Mae's particular preference bore a heavy bouquet which drove men mad and drugged Miss West's immediate vicinity



with the very richness of its presence. Four of our operatives, alas, never returned, but the fifth, a man with a wife and family, finally staggered in with a faint cry which must have been "Eureka." In other words, we have it on unimpeachable authority that Mae's choice is Sinless Passion.



The Most-Beautiful-Gesture-of-the-Month was that of Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles, who, about to take up separate abodes on a certain Friday, suddenly remembered they had invited guests to dinner on the following Monday. They separated on Tuesday. Moral: the show must go on. Or, don't plan too far ahead.



You probably know that Carole Lombard spent \$40 on a rattletrap car which

The Richard Dix's are hard-to-getters, too. But here they are at a premiere. And the young set is represented by Tom Brown with Mary Carlisle at a recent preview.



Photos by Scotty

she wrapped in red ribbon and presented to Clark Gable on Valentine's Day. It turned out to be a good investment, for Clark spent several hundred bucks getting the thing to move, and now guess who goes riding in it with him? Little Miss Lombard, of course. If she had known that in advance she'd have probably bought the guy a Packard.



More ornate than any of the scenery on Katharine Hepburn's "Mary of Scotland" set is a fancy portable dressing-room with peach satin upholstered walls. Everyone thought it was Hepburn's, until a little research developed that it belonged to Ginger Rogers. Ginger lent it to Florence Eldridge, whose "Queen Elizabeth" needed a setting slightly more regal than the ordinary dressing-room offers.



Hollywood night clubs are rapidly drawing most of the trade away from the Legion Stadium's Friday night fights. The bouts in the cover charge places are generally shorter, more exciting, and the talent is better. For instance, on one evening last month a Mr. Riskin socked a Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Riskin and Mr. Ruskin are both writers, and rumor has it that Mr. Ruskin went around telling people he was Mr. Riskin. The whole thing was sort of a gigantic typographical error, with Mr. Riskin victorious. If he fells Mr. Ruskin three times in a row he gets to be Mr. Riskin for keeps.

On the same fatal evening another one-round one-punch battle occurred, with Frank Woody, Helen Twelvetrees' estranged spouse, the winner. Seems Miss Twelvetrees was emerging from a night club with a Mr. Forest (no relation) when Mr. Woody stepped up and let him have it. If you were smart you could probably think up something screamingly funny about those three names, but if you're that smart you won't bother.



The price of home and fireside is high in Hollywood. Take the case of Frances Dee, for instance. She's happily married, as you know, to Joel McCrea. They have two children, two homes and a swell time together. She recently finished a picture, her first in quite a while, in which she worked for a salary not much more than half what she earned when she was single. Being married, according to the producers, takes away about fifty percent of a gal's glamor. Imagine looking at Frances and saying them words?



Last month we mentioned the fact that Joan Crawford, when she wasn't working, went in for two singing lessons a day. Joan is still serious about her music, and she harbors a desire to sing before an audience one day. Right now several of her friends say she has an excellent singing voice when she tries it out on people she knows, but before a crowd of strangers her throat muscles tighten and nothing happens. Nothing but fine old Crawford embarrassment.



Beautiful English Madeleine Carroll, here to make a picture, gets the rapt attention of Hollywood's chief beauer-of-beauts, George Brent.

Now that Carole Lombard and Bill Powell are making "My Man Godfrey" together at Universal, rumors are about that Carole may once more become Bill's off-screen leading lady. At the moment, though, there seems to be little foundation for the story. Carole and Bill remain pretty much interested in a Mr. Gable and a Miss Harlow, both of this city.



The latest Mayfair party lacked the gaiety and excitement of the preceding affair at which all the gals were required to dress in white. This time the ladies were asked to wear prints but didn't seem to have

(Continued on page 111)

the Mayfair ball

The sociable cinematown crowd turns out for the Mayfair "shindig." This time Joan Bennett was the hostess and asked the gals to dress in prints. Remember when Carole Lombard was hostess everyone was supposed to dress in white and there was that tidbit of excitement over La Shearer's wearing red? Well, anna-hoo, this time Miss MacDonald was one of the hold-outs.

Reading from left to right below, you see Kay Francis with her steady, Delmer Daves. Next, the Errol Flynn's (Lili Damita). Then a six-some with non-conforming Jeanette MacD., Anita Louise, Marion Nixon and gents, Gene Raymond with brother Bob Marlow, and Marion's spouse, Bill Seiter. Hostess Joan Bennett chats with husband Gene Markey.

Mary Brian and June Collyer, far right above, with Mary's romantic-attachment-of-the-month, Cary Grant, and Stu Erwin. And in the circle Scotty finds beautiful Virginia Bruce and Franchot Tone earnestly conversing.





PHOTOS BY
SCOTTY



the true love story of

You know these two people whose real romance is stranger than the plots of their pictures

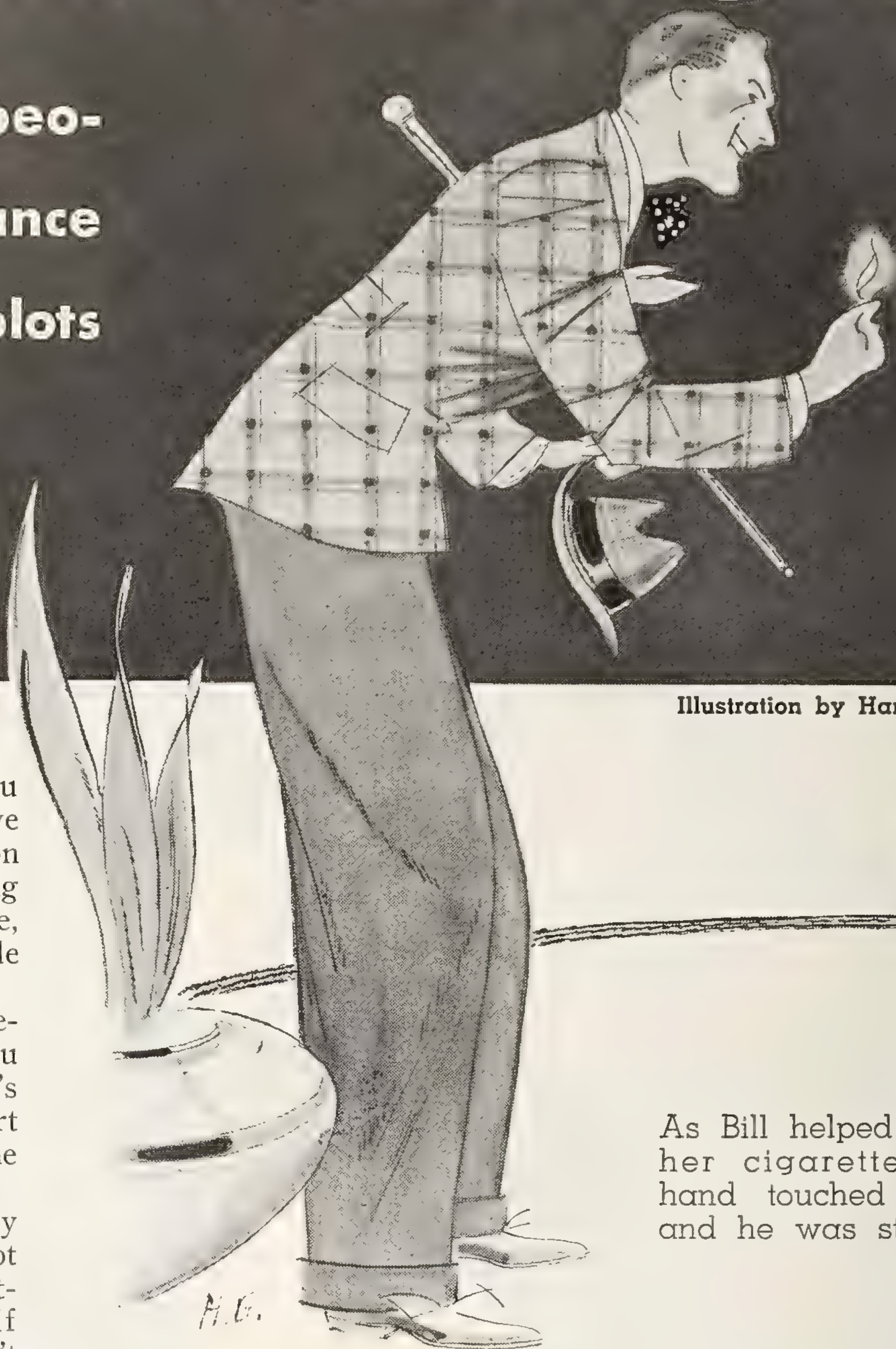


Illustration by Hamilton Greene

As Bill helped light her cigarette his hand touched hers and he was stirred.

IF I were to give you my true name, you wouldn't believe me. You wouldn't believe that the gay, carefree boy you've watched on the screen, the boy whose name goes up in big electric lights over your favorite picture house, hides heartbreak and sorrow behind his wide grin.

I'm supposed to be one of the screen's irresistible young lovers. Perhaps some of you even have said, watching me, "My but he's handsome! My, but his real life sweetheart must be proud of him!" If you have, then the joke is on me.

For the girl I loved in real life has calmly taken my heart and walked all over it. Not wantonly, perhaps, but cruelly and thoughtlessly just the same. She may do it again if I give her the chance. Perhaps you wouldn't believe that, either, for she looks so sweet and gentle on the screen.

Oh, yes, you've all seen her, too. She's a famous star herself. And her name isn't Mary Lee any more than mine is Bill White. But it's the story of Bill and Mary that I'm going to tell you, the years of it that have been hell and heaven and purgatory for me.

It all started four years ago in New York, when we were both nothing but stage-struck kids. In those days, no one had ever heard of either of us, except our own folks in our home towns, and the friends who'd rooted for us at high school plays. We hadn't even heard of one another.

That first season in New York was a pretty drab one for me. A cheap room in the theatrical boarding house. Cafeteria meals. Loneliness. Cooling my heels in managers' offices, day after day. Trying to persuade someone to give an eager boy with no professional training a part—any part—in any kind of play.

I was serving the apprenticeship all troupers must serve. I did get bit parts. But there was nothing glamorous about any of it. I just plodded along. Until, one day, Mary Lee walked into my life. Literally, she walked in. The door of a manager's waiting room opened for a slim blonde girl. From then on, in spite of the sorrow and the heartbreak her coming was to bring me, she

seemed to banish drabness from my life forever.

Mary carried glamor with her wherever she went. It did not matter that she was a small-town girl whom no one knew. It did not matter that she did not yet have gorgeous clothes to set off her beauty. She stood out. She had the kind of sparkle that you couldn't have hidden even with a mother hubbard and flat heels.

She walked in and even the hard-boiled receptionist, who could spot newcomers and discourage them faster than anyone I'd ever seen, smiled at her. "Stick around, kid. Even if the boss won't see you today it won't hurt him any to give you the once-over as he goes out. That's the only way to get on in this business." It didn't seem credible. Later, I was to realize things always worked out like that for Mary. People saw her, were charmed, and somehow pushed her upward.

HOW COULD you resist her? When she smiled, it was as if all of youth were smiling at you. Her wide grey eyes seemed to deepen, her curved mouth parted slightly, as if she were hungry for life. As if her white teeth, healthy like a young puppy's, wanted to bite into life and learn its taste.

I thought, as I watched her push open the little railing gate by the receptionist's desk, "I'd give anything to have

a famous movie star

If Cupid tricked you once,
would you be willing to
give love another chance?



her smile like that just for me." But all I could do was sit and stare admiringly. After a while I managed, "Won't you have a cigarette?" And wanted to shout hosannas when she accepted one.

Then, as I bent forward to light it for her, our hands touched. A swift hot current seemed to flow from her to me. I remember how I caught my breath sharply, audibly. I tried to search her eyes. Had she felt it too?

If she had, she gave no sign. I guess she was used, even then, to the instant homage of men. She just said, "A cigarette helps, doesn't it? Thanks." Then, "A gentleman in a theatrical office is quite a novelty."

We laughed. I wished she would go on and on talking to me in that soft Southern voice that was like a caress. I thought of questions to ask her that wouldn't sound impertinent. In the end, though I couldn't really afford it, I was asking her to Sardi's to lunch.

She accepted. She said lightly, "I was just trying to decide whether to have lunch or buy a pair of hose. I guess that settles it." Which gives you a clue to many things about Mary. To her startling frankness. The way she never bothers to camouflage her reasons for doing things.

I must say this for Mary. In all the time I've known her she has never once lied to me about her feelings.

But Mary, accustomed to the quick homage of men, merely said, "Thanks."

winter did I wait in the lobby of her hotel, an hour, two hours, only to discover that she had stood me up!

Sometimes I even saw her sail past me on the arm of another man! Perhaps you will say that my abject behavior warranted such treatment, that I invited it. But what else could I do? What stand could I take, I who had so little to offer this lovely girl?

I knew that if I tried to raise a fuss, she would simply say, "Well, Bill, if you don't like it you know what you can do." I knew that to raise a fuss would mean to lose Mary altogether. And I loved her so much I couldn't bear to lose her.

SO I was satisfied with crumbs. Oh, there were times when in my heart I rebelled. I made resolutions. I'd tell myself, "No man should put up with such treatment. Next time I see her I'll tell her we're through."

And for a while I really thought I meant it. I'd vow, I will get over this insane passion! Forget her. You could forget anything—anyone—in time. I'd bury myself in work. A man who wanted to get places had no time for women, anyway!

I told myself all this. And then I would see Mary. She would smile at me. She would put her cool slender fingers on my arm. She'd say, (Continued on page 106)

Always, her attitude has been, "This is the way I am. Take me or leave me. But don't, for heaven's sake, accuse me of pretending!"

Oh, no, she never pretended! But how many times, in the months that followed, did her frankness wound and torture me! For, of course, I did take her out again. Many times. I pleaded for dates whenever she would see me.

And Mary gave me dates. When other plans fell through, when evenings she had kept open till the last minute remained empty, she would accept my invitations. She did not always keep them. How often that

from 'met' to movies



The migration of opera songbirds to Hollywood still goes on, and there will soon have to be a society organized under some such name as "Sisters of the Met!" Five beautiful and talented former stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company are charter members.

Reading from left to right, above, you see: Marion Talley, who has lost pounds to become the svelte screen type. The lovely Grace Moore has the advantage of beating the others to the screen and having her public all set when the rest were hardly getting their camera angles. Below Marion, comes exciting Gladys Swarthout, returning to the screen with high hopes, after a short absence. Next is Mary Ellis, who has had the poor movie luck of Gladys, but also is a fine actress and singer. And last, Lily Pons, petite and charming with more pictures waiting.



Loretta Young

Everyone is glad to have Loretta back again, looking so well and so radiant. "The Unguarded Hour" proved a happy come-back role for her and now she is busily involved with Bob Taylor in making "Private Number." On its completion, she will do "Ramona," an all-color production. The two spotted gents at her feet are special fans!

Bob Montgomery

Bob may crave serious dramatic roles, but it seems to be his lot to continue entertaining us all in such gay comedies as "Petticoat Fever." He teams with Rosalind Russell next in "Suicide Club."





Fred Mac Murray **AND** Fay Wray

The genial Fred MacM. continues to be tops with his fans and the most sought after young gent by leading gals at his studio. He's doing "A Princess Comes Across" with Carole Lombard. As for Fay, after much junketing back and forth between Hollywood and England, she's landed here long enough to do "Roaming Lady," and sign a contract with Columbia.



Johnny Downs, Paulette Goddard

Smiling Mr. Downs, now busy with "The First Baby," is one of Hollywood's promising young chaps. As for Paulette, Charlie Chaplin has big screen plans for her after her swell work in "Modern Times." Paulette, her mother and Charlie have just returned from the Far East.



Lowdown on a Lady

**Is Irene Dunne just a bit
ritzy or merely very lonely
—or is she the good scout
her intimates claim?**

By Dorothy Spensley

IRENE DUNNE has a secret fear. She also has a dimpled chin, light auburn hair, a passion for baked potatoes (why, we'll tell you later), tiny feet, a new Holmby Hills house with four bedrooms, no swimming pool, no tennis court, a weakness for sports clothes, plaid coats, a German shepherd dog (named Colonel) with a sense of humor.

Colonel shares his mistress' sense of humor. Dunne (her middle name is Marie, and we'll bet you didn't know that) will never forget that time in Paris, on her honeymoon, when she ordered "spaghetti with meat sauce." *Garçon* brought her spaghetti, all right, with *mint* sauce! These crazy Americans, he probably thought. "Mint sauce!" giggled Dunne, telling it. "They thought I said 'meent' sauce." And Dunne with all those foreign languages at her disposal.

You don't get through the Chicago Conservatory of Music, in the rigorous training that she took, nor St. Louis' Loretta Academy, without a coating of French, Spanish, and German. What good is voice training if you can't warble in at least four languages?

Another sample of the Dunne humor occurred when her publicity office, with heartfelt wishes, sent her a huge bouquet of flowers to commemorate her birthday.

It arrived on July 18th. Her birthday falls on December 20th. Universal Studio's biography sets it at December 8th. The biographers had better get together on our heroine's natal day.

Anyway, her publicity office cornered her and she confessed that her birthday didn't fall on July 18th. They were apologetic. With those qualities of the gentlewoman that set her apart from most Hollywood actresses, Dunne told them the flowers were most suitable. She was soon celebrating a wedding anniversary (which one, she didn't say) and she would save the blossoms for it.

Irene Dunne is a lady, no mistaking it. There are so few *bona fide* ladies in the film profession that she stands out like a beacon. She has good birth in her favor. She is a Kentuckian, and you know the far-famed reputation of the Southern women. When society's Elsa Maxwell, casting around for another front-page story, named Dunne as one of the contemporary world's ten greatest ladies, she merely smiled her short-upper-lipped smile. It was equivalent to the street's "So what?"

"Don't you ever tire of being set forth as an example



One of Irene's greatest joys has been the revival of her stage role in "Show Boat." Here she is with Allan Jones in the screen version.



Left above, Irene returning from a holiday with her husband, Dr. Griffin of New York.

of ladyhood in Hollywood?" we asked, a little wistfully. That day, Dunne was wearing turf green, a soft woolen dress, a modified Homburg hat. It set off her exquisite coloring, her light auburn hair, gray eyes.

"No," she answered, frankly. "There are a lot worse things than being considered a lady by Hollywood."

"What are they?" we countered.

"We won't go into that," she said with a grin.

DESPITE THE overwhelming handicap of being a lady in a town where personality, and not breeding, is of vital importance, Dunne has carved out a pretty niche for herself in films. She has made nineteen or twenty

films since her arrival in Hollywood in fatal 1929. At least one-third of them have been box-office record-breakers. Irene's films are steady money-makers. There's something comforting to a studio in a star like that.

Dunne is a strange mixture of extreme femininity and business ability. Until a year ago she was her own business manager. She arranged her own contracts, consulted with producers, dashed about from studio to studio for executive conferences, rejected parts and accepted them. It's

a seldom seen picture of Irene Dunne. She quit the role of off-screen business woman only when she realized that she was losing both time and energy in being what her friends told her was "terribly smart."

"It wasn't smartness. I was foolish. But I rather liked the novelty of being able to say that I arranged my own contracts and attended to my own business affairs," she said.

It probably was not only the novelty that appealed to her, but it was an expression of her independence and self-confidence, traits very strong in Irene Dunne, in an utterly feminine way. Besides, she was one of the few actresses in town who did handle (Continued on page 84)



The Dionnes are high-powered wage earners at two years, but they have responsibilities and expenses, even as you and I

HOW MUCH money altogether have Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie—those dark-eyed Dionnelles whose quintuplet role in "The Country Doctor" netted them fifty thousand dollars?

Ten thousand apiece, yes, that's the sum each of these "get-rich-quick" diminutive beauties received. And for what? Rehearsing, acting, saying lines? Not at all. Simply for each being herself in a thirty-eight minute daily workout—a "playout" it was, really—over the very brief period of six days.

Ten thousand dollars for two hundred and twenty-eight minutes or three and four-fifths hours of playing, laughing, toddling, cutting quintuplet capers, pulling quintuplet antics—easy money that, wasn't it?

Very easy. But these incredible babies who, on May 28th, 1936, celebrated their second birthday, are used to making money easily.

So easily that today their collective fortune, entirely self-earned, has been variously estimated at from two to three hundred thousand dollars, a hundred and twenty thousand of which is said to be invested in Government bonds.

But supposing, conservatively, that the quint's fortune is two, and not three, hundred thousand. That would mean, wouldn't it, that each baby in her own right is worth forty thousand dollars? And forty thousand at six per cent interest—let's do a little more figuring—is two hundred dollars a month, isn't it? An income not to be sneezed at even by grown-ups who start from scratch to earn their own livings.

From their cradles, though, from their incu-

Left above, Emilie, Marie, Annette and Yvonne inspect a camera with Nurse Leroux. Cecile has her own fun at a distance! And below, the jolly quintet with Dr. Dafoe.



how much money

By

J e a n n e

d'Albret

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have the quintts?



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bators rather, these amazing, premature babies born of parents who had been very hard hit by the depression, revealed themselves as potential earners as a quintuplet gold mine, if only death didn't claim them. And the struggle they had at first, with the physical odds all stacked against them! What chance had they, frailest of the frail, unless the "survival of the fittest" law could be made non-operable in their case? Only a ghost of a chance, certainly, since no other quints, of whom there was any record, ever had survived. So how could these just-barely-alive French-Canadian quintuplets achieve the impossible?

How? Everybody asked that question.

JUST THE same, the French-Canadian babies, who seem to have a way of springing surprises, aided and abetted by loving and scientific care, astounded a waiting and incredulous world by achieving the impossible. They lived and thus established a quintuplet precedent and made history.

All of which showed right then and there that Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie were evidently born to be different. Different from all other quints, even.

But while making quintuplet history and waging that incubator battle against the Grim Reaper, the fragile Dionne demoiselles did another thing.

Quintish antics! Above, the five little rascals line up along the nursery wall. First comes Yvonne, a little weary of it all, then Annette with a rag doll, Emilie singing to a trumpet, Cecile with blocks and Marie bent in a courteous bow to the cameraman! And left, below, with Dr. Dafoe. Can you name them? No? Well, we'll show you up! Far left, Marie, next is Annette with Yvonne in back, Emilie doing a diving act and behind her, Cecile.

They won for themselves an enormous and sympathetic public and actually laid the foundation for their fortune. For their public of men, women and children, who anxiously waited for newspaper bulletins and radio reports of the newest "world's wonder," soon wanted to see pictures of the little objects of their sympathy.

So quintuplet pictures there were. Pictures galore, bought and handsomely paid for, thanks to the business acumen of the little ones' guardians, by news and pictorial agencies which in turn sold them to papers, magazines and periodicals everywhere.

The world became quint-conscious and quint fans. Captivated by their bewitching quintuplet likenesses, the public clamored for more pictures and still more. Supply kept pace with demand. Money poured in and it soon became obvious that the "spotlight babies" about whom reams and reams were being written, had struck it rich.

AND THE syndicated pictures, which are still going strong, are only one source of the growing revenue.

Other important sources are, and these are not all-inclusive:

1. Advertising endorsements of certain foods on which the little two-year-olds have thrived and grown healthily and prettily plump, and of nursery supplies in the Dafoe Hospital, home of the babies.
2. Colored quint pictures, framed and unframed.
3. 1936 quintuplet calendars.
4. Quintuplet dolls, purchased by the hundreds of thousands for little girl "quint fans."
5. Newsreel motion picture contracts.
6. And last but far from least, the fifty-thousand-dollar contract for appearance in "The Country Doctor," the feature-length picture in which the starlets made such a hit that their public became even more adoring.

The rave notices the critics gave them, too! Which means, of course, that the quints will play many return engagements.

But getting back to money—since money does talk—how much will this constellation (*Continued on page 70*)

gene. marry ? well-

Raymond answers this much-asked question definitely

MARRIAGE is not for me—yet,” said Gene Raymond. “Staying single is the easiest thing I do. The reason being that I want to stay single. It has been said that a man can have anything he wants if he wants it badly enough. Well, I want to stay single badly enough.

“Please,” laughed Gene, “please don’t get the idea that I’m having a terrible time dodging matrimony. It’s not a case of S.R.O. or anything like that. I haven’t had to erect any barriers or dig a moat around the old homestead in Beverly Hills. I haven’t had to go into seclusion or wear a black beard in order to avert a trip up the smilaxed aisle. Staying single happens to be a passion with me and I haven’t had to overcome any violent prejudices against it. Besides, I have defenses against the too-lovely ladies who might well prove devastating to the unarmed.”

All of which sounds very discouraging for Dora Cupid. For there are only about three eligible bachelors in all the Hollywoods—Gene, Nelson Eddy, Dick Powell . . . And these three have to “do” all the Janet Gaynors, Jeanette MacDonalds, Betty Furnesses and others in town.

Gene is seen dining and dancing with Janet Gaynor now and again. He is at once reported to be engaged to her. Gene is seen here and there with Jeanette MacDonald. And the press dish up a romance between Gene and Jeanette. Wherever Gene is seen, whomsoever he is with, is good for at least two paragraphs in any man’s column. The same is true of Nelson Eddy and Dick Powell. Nothing ever really happens. But you can’t blame the press—the drought in bachelors being what it is.

AND IF Gene is to be believed nothing matrimonial will happen, so far as he is concerned, for some time to come. And I believe that he is to be believed. For this young man says what he means and means what he says. His youthful blondness is misleading, for when you sit and talk with him, face to face, you realize that his mouth can become a straight, rather grim line of determination. His blue eyes can become as hard as agates. There is nothing soft, nothing of the parlor esthete about this muscular young man who wants to play Sabatini roles. You have the feeling that while the

female of the species may be more deadly than the male, few femmes can be as determined as this male.

“I started on the stage,” Gene told me, as we lunched at the Vendome, “at the ripe old age of five. I attended the Children’s Professional School. I was on the stage for keeps, because my mother had decided that I ‘had talent’ and because the stage was where I wanted to be. (Continued on page 88)



By Gladys

Hall

Gene Raymond gives you his recipe for staying out of love.

not subject to change

By Franc Dillon

Luise Rainer's shy manner is a grand smoke screen

LUISE RAINER does exactly as she pleases: She isn't troubled with inhibitions, with wondering what people will say, or think, or do. She goes calmly about her business and without being selfish, without hurting anyone else, she gets her own way and manages to make everyone like it, which is art in a big way.

She has violated every rule of the game, as Hollywood plays it, by refusing to go to Hollywood parties or to give them. She is never seen in a Hollywood night club or on parade at an opening night. She has not changed one bit from the shy little Viennese star who arrived here a year ago, although during that time she has become a ranking motion picture favorite on the merits of her work in one picture, "Escapade." Since then she has been awarded two of the most sought after roles of the year—in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Good Earth." She insists upon remaining a simple, natural person and I don't think any amount of success will ever change her.

"Why should I change?" she asks wonderingly. "I was a star when I came here. I'm no different."

Of course, it would never occur to Hollywood to think that to be a Max Reinhardt star in Europe is just as great an achievement as to be an American mo-

tion picture star in Hollywood.

When a new star comes to Hollywood, he or she is immediately put on trial by the newspaper and magazine writers, and it is an accepted fact that the publicity department of the studio is the barometer indicating the star's popularity. If the new star is willing to cooperate with the publicity department, grant interviews frequently and cheerfully, then she is sure to be popular.

But Luise had interview trouble from the very beginning. She emerged from sessions with writers a nervous wreck, on one occasion she stalked out of the room, leaving the writer behind and declaring she would not be asked any more stupid questions.

Ordinarily, when a star refuses to grant interviews to the press, it is just too bad. The star is said to have "gone high hat," to be temperamental and hard to handle. But not Luise. Her limited knowledge of English made it difficult to answer rapidly-fired questions. I became resigned to never seeing her off the screen.

Then, on the set where she was working in "The Good Earth," I "accidentally" met her. I was told if I made her feel comfortable, she might talk. Appar-



Luise with Johnnie whom she declares is, "A Bill Powell among dogs"—and that's tops!

for her amazing independence and individuality

ently I reminded her of an old shoe, for she talked.

Walking across the studio lot with her was as exciting as a Sunday at Coney Island. She asked questions about everything from American politics to the newest dance steps.

Finding her such a friendly little person it was a temptation to interrupt her with some bright question, but the only interruptions in her steady flow of conversation were when she, without stopping for breath or turning her head, sang out in her guttural English: "Coom, Johnnie!"

JOHNNIE, her beady-eyed Scottie, who is her constant companion, followed her haphazardly at a distance of a hundred yards or so. Paying not the slightest attention to her repeated commands, he proceeded to gather the news from post to bush, risking his little neck a dozen times as he zigzagged across the street. He dodged the endless flow of studio traffic and eventually, arrived at Miss Rainer's destination with a look that said plainly enough: "Well, I got here, didn't I?"

Even on the set, where dogs are not allowed, Johnnie is always with his mistress and, although it is a rare occasion that he considers it important to obey her com-

mands, he seems to realize that the sound stage is different. He never makes a sound.

Miss Rainer is a lone wolf among the other players at the studio, yet those who work with her, and her directors, swear by her. Her few friends are principally among the foreign writers, directors, musicians and artists. There is no visiting back and forth in dressing rooms between her and the other feminine stars at the studio.

She has never heard of that old maxim: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." Her rule is: "When in Hollywood, or any place else, just be Rainer." She doesn't object to Hollywood, she ignores it, and lives in a little world of her own—in Hollywood but not of it.

Because they are truthful and natural and do not try to flatter her, she prefers dogs and children to the picture crowd. Recently, she heard of a party being given by a friend for her small boy and she asked if she might attend. Of all the children, Luise had the best time. She entered into the spirit of the games and when they needed a donkey so they could play the game of pinning on its tail, she offered to draw one for them.

"We can't tell which end to (Continued on page 75)

Below, Powell denies he'll marry soon, but he escorts Joan Blondell everywhere.



Above, Dick and Marion Davies in costume for "Hearts Divided."

...close-up of

I USED to dislike Dick Powell. It wasn't just that I lacked admiration for his acting, and thought him stuffy and shallow and sort of namby-pamby. I disliked him violently. I thought that he was cocky, flippant, insufferably conceited.

But that was before I knew Dick as a personality, as a friend, as a human being. That was before I knew his seeming conceit masked a painful self-consciousness—before I knew the real Dick Powell, you see.

And because I want you to know the real Dick Powell, I'm going to tell you about the incident of my "conversion," as one might call it . . . of how Dick Powell, in one gesture, removed my stubborn prejudices.

It was backstage one Friday evening after a broadcast. Despite my acquaintance with the members of the dramatic cast and orchestra, I was, after all, a non-performer, and I felt as out of place and unwelcome as an autograph hound. I retired to the darkest corner of the stage to remain out of the way until the producer, my host, should be ready to depart for dinner.

Suddenly, a tall figure stood before me and an outstretched arm proffered a drink. The tall figure began to talk, and it talked on and on, but I didn't hear a word. I was too grateful for the company and the loss of my silly sense of conspicuousness to hear a word of Dick Powell's chatting—and too busy wondering at a "conceited" person's doing a thing like that, noticing an insignificant girl's loneliness, being gracious and hospitable. And then I realized that I had misjudged Dick Powell and he wasn't snooty or conceited at all. I decided that he must have suffered loneliness and self-consciousness in his life, too, else he would not have noticed another

person's discomfort.

That sort of incident isn't considered news. It has no publicity value. No editor would consider it a story. It isn't dramatic, nor sensational. 'It wasn't a difficult feat—merely carrying a drink across a stage to a stranger. But it told a lot about the fellow who did it. And it turned my dislike into gratitude.

Since that Friday evening, I've found out lots of things about Dick Powell—from his secretary, from his voice teacher, from the cast and staff of the radio program, from executives and stage hands on the Warner Brothers' lot—and though none of those things may be termed sensational, they're mighty human little anecdotes, and they reveal their subject to be what every showman hopes to be—"regular."

FOR INSTANCE, there's the way he treats his employees. Look at Elmer, his Swedish butler. Elmer wears a perpetual grin, and when I presumed to ask the reason one day, he replied:

"Und vy not—in a house vere dere's always much moosic and laughing and no bawlings out?"

And look at his hospitality. I remember one Sunday, when his house was swarming with guests, the mother of one of his carpenters dropped in with a cake of her own baking. She started to retreat shyly, but Dick insisted on presenting his celebrated guests to her, escorting her from one group to another, his arm about her waist, and her son's praises on his lips.

Or watch him on his way to the set in the mornings. Dick is probably the most popular fellow at the studio: he's certainly the most "hello'd" (Continued on page 86)



Dick and Joan Blondell will team up on the screen, too, in "Stage Struck."

dick

In which
the high-
lights of
Mr. Powell's
character
are revealed

By Erma
Taylor



Drawing by
Jim Kelly

should a woman tell her past ?

LIKE a lot of swell things that happen, the way I got this story was an accident. And Gertrude Michael was sort of anxious that I explain about it, because she doesn't want you to get the idea that she sets herself up as a prophetess or a feminine "Voice of Experience" with a Southern accent.

She probably could be both of these things because, down in Talladega, Alabama, where she was born, she used to preach sermons from the pulpit of the church. Little Gertrude, at the age of fourteen, all done up in flowing white chiffon and with an angelic smile, would pinch hit for the minister, when he was on his vacation. Everyone said she was a whizz.

But that's beside the point because Gertrude and I were talking about fan mail. She casually mentioned that, since she plays the worldly, sophisticated, take-life-in-your-hands-and-wring-it-dry sort of woman on the screen, girls are begging her to solve their emotional problems.

She commented on the fact that people often confuse the real personality of a player with her screen characterizations. So women

seem to feel that, because she is invariably the "other woman" on the screen, she must be the "other woman" in real life.

"I honestly wish," she told me, "that I had time to sit down and answer every letter. I think that would be grand."

I asked her what the most persistent question was.

"I get a variety of questions," Gertrude went on, "but the problem that seems to trouble the greatest number of girls is that ancient one, 'Should a woman tell her past?'

You know what it means—when a girl really falls in love and is going to marry, yet there have been other men in her life—so she wants to know if she

By

Katherine

Albert



John Boles,
who recently
appeared in
"A Message
to Garcia."

**John Boles and
Gertrude Michael
answer this vital
question, but they
certainly don't
seem to agree!**

Gertrude Michael's career took a lift with her recent grand work in "Till We Meet Again" with Herbert Marshall.



should be utterly honest with her future husband or let him think he's the first man she's ever loved.

IT WAS then I had the idea of letting her answer that question for everybody right here, not only for the girls who write to her but to all the girls who are confronted with that problem now or will be, perhaps, one day.

So Gertrude, who is one of the most regular, most honest and really swellest gals in Hollywood, pushed her mop of light brown hair off her forehead and settled down into the corner of her big divan before the fire.

"It's a subject on which I do have opinions, a subject about which I feel very keenly." She has a natural, lush sort of enthusiasm that takes your breath away.

"I don't know," she went on, "I may be all wrong, but it certainly seems to me that, if you can't be honest with a man, you shouldn't marry him. If you don't feel, after you've known him for a while, that there's nothing he wouldn't understand, that he wouldn't forgive every mistake you've ever made and that he wouldn't trust you—then, really, is he worthy of your love?"

"It's hard for a woman to lay her heart wide open to the man she loves. It's much easier, right at the beginning, not to tell, because the telling is so difficult, because it takes so much courage.

"But difficult as it is—tell him everything. Nothing built on a lie is good. And *not* telling is just as much a lie as actually inventing a fabrication. It's a tough assignment, but it will make life so much easier later on.

"Here's how it works—both ways. If you are not perfectly honest, if you just let things slide along, it may seem as if you are getting along fine and everything is okay. Then an old beau happens to be passing through your town. Maybe out of curiosity to see what sort of man you've married, maybe out of spite or maybe just to make a friendly gesture, he rings you up and wants to drop around to see you and your new husband.

"Well, how are you going to explain that? You can toss it off with, 'An old friend, dear.' But if it's as casual as all that, how come you haven't mentioned his name before? And when he does arrive, aren't you going to be most unnatural? Aren't you going to be terribly afraid that he'll say some innocent thing to give your husband a more intimate picture than just the words 'an old friend' paint?"

"So immediately you've built up a situation which is going to be difficult to clear up after he's gone. You've started something that may wreck all the happiness you thought you had.

"If you aren't honest, you live in fear every minute. An enemy of yours may feel it her 'duty' to gossip about you. That puts your husband in an ambiguous sort of position. What is he to say? Rise to your defense, of course, so heatedly that he gets himself laughed at behind his back. But if he's in on the 'secret,' too, *he* can laugh it off. He can stop the gossip by showing her that you and he have a perfect understanding.

"It's playing fair with a (Continued on page 82)



Clever and interesting, Myrna Loy could keep a home running and maintain professional work, too, but . . .



Rosalind Russell stays free of all but the most casual friendships, so marriage seems a long way off.

THE LONELY ladies of Hollywood! The lovely lonely ladies of Hollywood—wealthy and famous, alluring and glamorous, garbed in exquisite creations and costly tailoring, decked with jewels and wrapped in furs. Their homes built from custom-made blueprints, the furnishings bearing the expensive touch of the interior decorator, the very food they eat prepared by superior culinary artists from hand-picked groceries. So many of these ladies are living mateless and alone—childless, loveless, spinster lives. Or else they are wasting their emotional substance on flirtations with this man and that, on gossiped-about intrigues with Mr. Doaks and Mr. Who'sthis, and nothing ever comes of it except more gossip, until people begin to say, "She's not so young as she used to be. She'd better make up her mind."

Perhaps you say, "So what? They've got everything else. If they remain single, it must be from choice." Perhaps you're right. But, as a one-time happy, one-time warrior puts it, "Let's look at the records."

The Hollywood old maid is different from the stock old

maid of fiction and the familiar character in the joke books who is always looking under the bed for her man. As stated before, the Hollywood old maid is beautiful and desirable in every way. And, furthermore, she may have been married at one time and been divorced, for the Hollywood girl often gets married as casually as the small town girl gets engaged. There's a rush of young love to the heart, the moon is very yellow and there's music somewhere in the distance, and the small town girl accepts the young man's proposal, his ring or his fraternity pin, and they're engaged for a week, when they quarrel and break it off. The Hollywood girl also succumbs to the sweet intoxication of the moon and the music, only she runs off to Yuma or somewhere and marries her beau. And in a week—or a month or less than a year—they, too, have a fight, but they must get a divorce. Certainly not as simple as giving back a frat pin and not as harmless a way of getting through emotional growing pains, but that's Hollywood.

Heading the list of Hollywood spinsters is Greta Garbo, who hasn't even one divorce to (Continued on page 78)

hollywood's



Garbo has been in love several times and on the verge of marriage twice, but she's still "Miss" Garbo.

Jeanette MacDonald seems to favor long engagements.

**Why are these stars,
desirable in every
way, unmarried?**

**By Mary
Mayes**



old maids

Below, Josephine and Pat O'Brien in "I Married a Doctor." Right, Anita Louise, James Townsend, Jo's husband, and the star, herself.



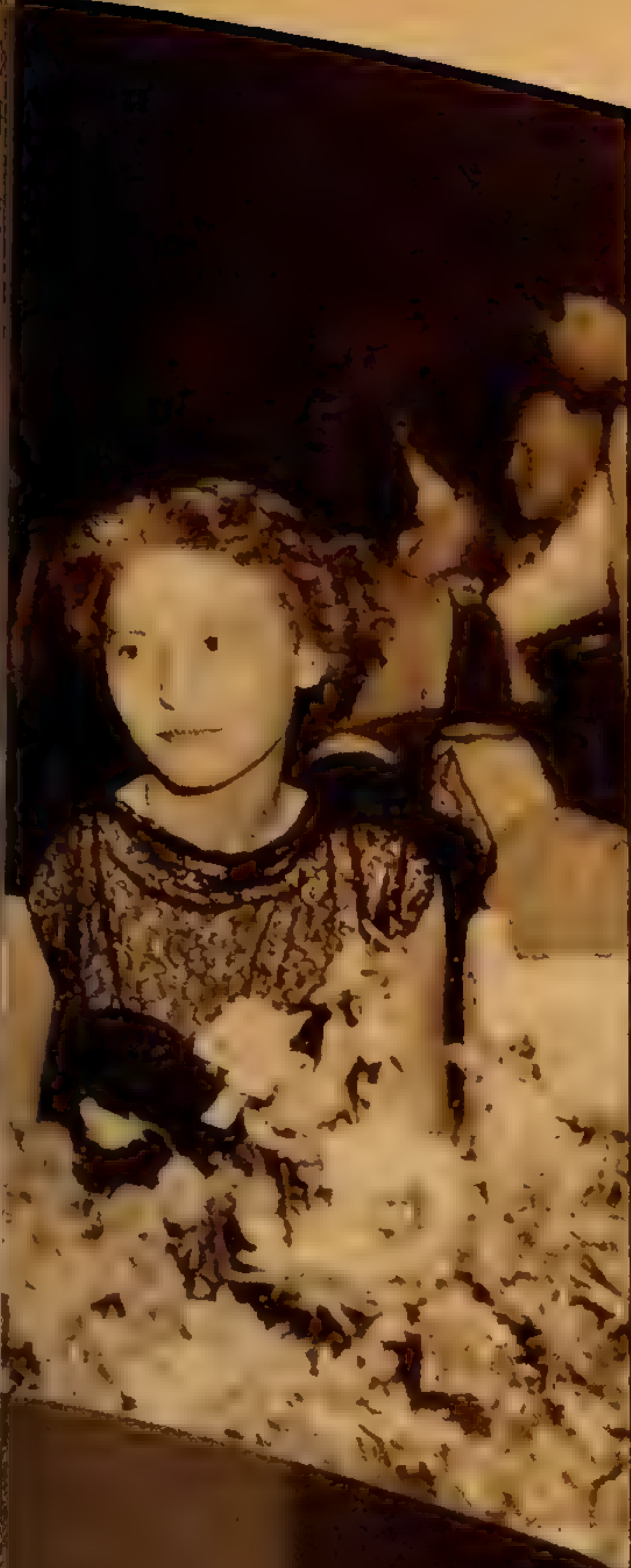
UNLIKE THE literarily famous Lorelei Lee, Fate didn't keep on happening to Josephine Hutchinson. Josephine took that gentleman by the collar and gently but firmly shoved him in the general direction for which she was headed. For, though this little lady is distinctly of the dainty, ultra-feminine type, her fragility definitely ends with her body. The Hutchinson mind is something else again—something determined to "get there" no matter how rocky the road or thorny the path.

While Miss Hutchinson was not literally born in a theatre trunk, her cradle was soon parked in a dressing-room. Several of them for that matter, in rapid succession, her temporary tenancy wholly depending upon the successful or otherwise at-the-moment theatrical engagement of her mother. Jo's mother is Leona Roberts and your mother, if she's been a theatre-goer for the last twenty years, is going to know her well.

"It's those early days," declares the late graduate of New York's Civic Repertory Theatre, "or rather the tender references to them, that makes me smile. *Why* they are constantly referred to as the 'good old days' is, to me, one of the major mysteries. Gas-lit dressing-rooms, dank theatres, salary merely the optimistic speculation of a player—well, I *could* go on! Isn't it strange how present day stars love to crawl into an armchair and reminisce about 'em? It's the distance that blurs the disappointments and summons a rosy glow."

Miss H. is red-headed and fragile looking—but what determination!

Josephine Hutchinson looks the fragile softie,
but in reality—well, you'll be surprised!



a mind of her own

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

And so, Miss Hutchinson, who made her greatest stage strides in "Peter Pan" and "Alice in Wonderland," isn't living in any world of fantasy *after* the curtain goes down. She is far too practical for that. Her career was cut out for her and her mother designed the pattern, years ago when she was six. She went to dancing school and studied music, not in the mode of other little girls, but as a definite stepping stone to a later theatrical career. She wasn't *asked* if she wanted to become an actress. She was told that she would be one. And it's fortunate that acting is the thing she would rather do than anything else in the world. If it were not, our guess is that when she became old enough to protest, she'd have cried out in favor of bookkeeping or manicuring or anything else that struck her fancy or ambition.

"Even the money evolved from movie-making," she says, "does not interest me particularly. I say 'even the money' because *that* to many people means a great deal. Have you ever noticed that some stars say that when they reach a certain monetary mark, they'll stop and do the things they really want to do? Well, when they reach that goal, they just sort of raise the ante and keep going. I'm going to make myself the exception that proves this rule. When I reach my goal—and it isn't a large one—I'm going to stop. I'll never stop acting, of course. I couldn't be happy without work, for I've always worked, but I'm going to do the plays I like and try to write a little and have the most marvelous garden in the world

—I know that may sound a bit on the saccharine side—but I am mad about flowers—and well just sorta live in general."

PERHAPS Josephine Hutchinson will actually stick to her resolution, for she is the girl with the four-picture-a-year contract. She would rather let the public see too little of her than too much. She realizes how easily we humans may become sated even with our idols. You've heard about the fickleness that Fame courts? So have we. So has Miss Hutchinson, and she has given the rumor an awful lot of serious thought.

Her "little girl" look is strongly belied by an almost masculine point of view. Her thinking is clear cut. There is nothing of the emotionally hysterical about her. She arrives at a decision after mentally debating both sides of the question, but when her mind is finally made up, she and the Rock of Gibraltar have at least one thing in common. Firmness.

Josephine doesn't go around calling the movies a fool-proof game. She knows what the producer is up against, what the director is forced to "take," how hard life can be for an agent. In fact, she has a thorough groundwork in the business as well as artistic end of acting.

"Jimmy Townsend's my husband. You knew that?" she asked. "He is one of the best players' representatives in the business and I occasionally hear of some of the ups and downs along that line from (Continued on page 77)

. . gary rescues a

Believe it or not, the age of chivalry is still upon us—with

A FORLORN young man in evening dress, hat parked back over hair that was straggling into his eyes, sat on a cracker box at the draftiest end of a Columbia Studio set. Outside was a steady drench of cold rain; inside, a pouring down of fog that smelled like rosin and choked just enough to remind one of the real McCoy, London version. It was ten o'clock on a dismal Saturday morning.

When asked what he was doing there, he took off his hat, scratched his head—you've seen the identical gesture dozens of times in his pictures—and murmured half under his breath, "I'm hanging around to see how they make pictures."

He was being sly, but his jesting words were un-

consciously reminiscent. Exactly ten years ago, that same young man had hung around Hollywood for months with the forlorn hope that his presence might some day be noticed. But he hadn't even had a tumble from Central Casting. One drizzly noon, he walked disconsolately down Sunset Boulevard, and having no better place to stop for his lunch, ate it behind a billboard very near the set where he was now playing the title role in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." A battered paper bag held the lunch—one solitary and generously rain-moistened bun!

"And what are you doing here?" asked this forlorn-looking young man, eyeing my notebook with suspicion.

"I've come to talk to you." I ventured not too hope-

Gary and Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and, left, with his lovely wife, Sandra.



damself in distress

the handsome Cooper featured as a modern Knight Gallant

fully, recalling that he was reputed to be long on silence and short on interviews!

"That's a tough assignment," he answered cautiously as we walked down the street and hesitated under a street lamp.

LET'S SEE," he said and hooked his finger around his nose, another gesture you're bound to recognize, "when a man meets a strange woman under a street lamp at ten in the morning, what does he talk about?" He looked down at his starched evening shirt front, somewhat abashed.

"Two studs missing," he sighed. "That's what always

happens when 'Cracker' isn't around to find them for me." Cracker Henderson is Gary's indispensable "Man Friday."

"I mean," he corrected, "that's what usually happens when a man finds himself in evening clothes at this hour of the morning. Well?" He looked appealingly.

"I'm a damsel in distress," I ventured, once again recalling that Longfellow Deeds, the small-town millionaire whom Gary was impersonating, had a complex about rescuing damsels in distress. And Gary had mentioned to someone that this screen character came closer to resembling his own than any other role he had ever played.

"A maiden in distress?" he repeated. Gary hesitated. "Let's have lunch," he countered. And five minutes later we were having it at a wall table.

Gary ordered chicken wings creole. "Because," he remarked ruefully, "they'll probably have a good time flying around the ball of sulphur fog that's lying in state at the top of my stomach.

"Every time I hear the phrase, 'a maiden in distress,' it recalls an incident in my childhood. It's a story I've never told before. Can you bear it?" Gary grinned.

IT HAPPENED in my 'way back' school days in Helena, Montana. The girls' gym class was having an exhibition. You know, something between Swedish dumbbell swinging and a Busby Berkeley routine. It was a big event. The whole school and all the fond parents were invited. The girls wore black balloon bloomers that ended below their (Continued on page 74)

If you saw Gary in "Desire," you know about his guitar.



By
Hilary
Lynn

in the bad old summer

WELL, CHILDREN, you have been working with Mama for a little over a year now. I've received letters from many of you, telling me that you are accomplishing, or have accomplished, results. Some of you have taken off the desired number of extra pounds. Others have worked off the spare tires, the pincushions on the hips, the extra chins. Many of you too-thin girls have built yourselves up to firm, rounded loveliness. And I'm tickled to death about it all.

But . . . heheheh! You just knew there was a "but" coming, didn't you? But—now comes that season of the year when a disease called "let-down-itis" attacks us all. The purpose of this article is to tell you how to keep from catching that disease and to prevent you from undoing all the good work you've accomplished.

Out in Hollywood, the land of sunshine and beautiful blondes, business has always boomed in the fall. Why? Because all the little cuties come a-running to me with such wails as: "Look at the weight I've put on! And I've been swimming every day, too." Or, "My skin is terrible—and my hair, oh!" The ones who had the sad tendency to put on weight would be fatter and vice versa.

It's the same all over the land. There are nice things about summer, like vacations and moonlight nights and the new man you meet at the country club. But when the thermometer goes up, the will power goes down and there are, besides, a hundred and one pitfalls which summer puts in the way of health and beauty.

WHERE ARE you going to be this summer? What are you going to be doing? Staying home, except for a month, maybe, at the beach or some other vacation spot? Travelling about? Visiting? Or must you work in an office, with only the allotted two weeks' vacation? You'll all have your problems, according to your hot weather plans. Decide upon a sensible routine to follow, as to diet and exercise, and stick to it as faithfully as possible. I know that, if you're visiting, you can't upset the household with demands for this and that. But, if you're trying to lose weight, you can

**"Do's and don't's" to keep your
complexion and figure lovely
when Old Sol smiles**

By
**Madame
Sylvia**



There is nothing the Hollywood gals don't know about care of the skin, hair and figure in summer. Left, Dolores Del Rio and Anita Louise, tennis advocates. Next, the sylph-like Betty Furness and Gladys Swarthout, who says, if you want body grace, swim.

time . .



Sylvia, Beauty Critic for Modern Screen, whose advice has helped the stars and readers alike.

Left, note the beret protecting June Travis' tresses. Next, golfers Wynne Gibson and Arline Judge.

avoid sauces and olive oil dressings and pass up the gooey desserts, can't you? If you are taking an automobile trip, it may be hard to find a meal that would win Sylvia's okay, but you can avoid foods which are wrong for you; you can buy fresh fruit and eat that; you can order soup and a salad rather than some mixed-up mess that looks so fetching on the bill of fare.

That's rule number one: eat regularly and as sanely as you can. Rule number two: keep up your exercises. Swimming and other sports are loads of fun, but they are not substitutes for corrective exercises.

And here are a few things which I most certainly do not want you to do:

1. Don't fall into the common idea that haphazard sandwiches, washed down with too much cold liquid, are sufficient

for summer lunches. Don't go without any lunch at all—that's worse. If you're reducing and obeying my orders—one liquid meal a day—lunch is a fine time to take that liquid nourishment. A bowl of soup, without crackers, please, if you're "thinning." A large beaker of tomato juice. Further along in this article, I'm giving you some hints about summer dishes which are delicious to eat, simple to prepare and darn good for you.

2. Avoid the alleged thirst-quenchers — beer, the various "ades," the soda pop and such. Once in a while, when social necessity makes it more pleasant to go in for these things, it's all right. But don't make a habit of them. If you want a cooling, thirst-quenching drink which isn't fattening, which won't insult your innards and make you swell up like a poisoned pup, try this: fill a tall glass with cracked ice, pour in a cup full of fresh raspberry juice, add the juice of half a lemon, stir thoroughly, and sip slowly. This really does relieve thirst, and is a "pep-er-up-er."

3. Beware of alcoholic stimulants. Of course, if you're reducing, they're out entirely. The rest of you, use your gumption in this matter. People have a notion that "a long tall drink" is just the thing on a hot summer day. Where the idea started that any kind of alcoholic drink could possibly be cooling, I don't know. Alcoholic drinks are, in one brief, dignified (*Continued on page 96*)

Paula Stone has perfect rhythm and coördination, and so can you, too.

it's not an act

By Ruth Rankin



A new portrait of Lederer as he appears in "One Rainy Afternoon."

Francis Lederer's case is unusual, which is why he is misunderstood in a town that demands the unusual

The idea is so new in our little village where everyone is insulated snugly in the cocoon of his own personal career, that it is even regarded with a tinge of suspicion! "What's the matter with the guy? World Peace and all that stuff? What business is it of his?"

To talk three hours with a celebrated actor, matinee idol and picture charmer, who is so concerned with the welfare of the rest of the world that he doesn't even put in a plug for his next picture, is a very startling experience. That, alone, would make him the Hollywood enigma-man. The name of the picture, by the way, is "One Rainy Afternoon," but he didn't tell me. Those things just get around.

HOLLYWOOD has found him "strange" because he doesn't conform. If you have a weakness for non-conformists, you ought to be crazy about Lederer. And you'll find yourself in a large company. As the world gets farther and farther away from the acceptance of ready-made opinion, the more it warms to the Lederers—and the Cagneys.

Lederer doesn't dart around in a pair of dark glasses and a self-conscious stride. Francis saunters down the street as if he lived in the place and liked it, and wanted to know what was going on in it and what people think. He stops at the corner and converses with a newsboy. Dropping in a soda fountain, he discusses things with the attendant. Up the street, he finds an old man or woman sunning on a bench. He sits down and draws them into a conversation. He has an open mind; he wants to know what people think and he likes to exchange ideas with them. Actors, as a class, generally do all their exchanging among each other. The man who goes outside the charmed circle to get a new idea now and then is, naturally, the conspicuous departure from the rule.

Lederer says any community (Continued on page 80)

FRANCIS LEDERER is truly a surprising young man. Latins, especially Latin actors, are supposed to be dreamy, velvet-eyed, patent-haired romantics with a guitar concealed somewhere about their persons. Isn't that the idea you had? When they run close to the American standard, they add perfume by the gallon and practically every moment in their life is a build-up for the big boudoir scene.

Well, Lederer's native Czecho-Slovakia is certainly a Latin country, but he is not like that at all. He makes you think of the Irish, honestly. Maybe there was an Irish invasion of Czecho-Slovakia years and years ago—haven't time to look it up. If there wasn't, I hope they don't sue. Anyway, Francis (bet nobody ever called him Frankie to his face) is a lot like Jimmy Cagney! All right, all right, now wait a minute. I don't mean they look alike. I mean they are alike in thought and action. They have a remarkable quality in common. The quality is altruism.

The altruistic trait is, unfortunately, not the dominant trait actuating Hollywood. A regard for, and an unselfish devotion to the interests of others does not greet you on every corner; any more than it does in other towns. So when you run into it, the collision is apt to be distinctly memorable.

luck smiles on ann

By Karen Hollis

WE CLIMBED into a taxi and there on the floor was a bright, new penny.

"Take it," said Ann Sothern. "It will bring you luck."

"But don't *you* want luck?" I asked aghast.

"Don't *you* think I have had enough for a while?"

And before I could hoot at her sly trick of answering a question with a question, she added quite earnestly, "Give me time to outgrow the opportunities I have already. When I need luck again, if I need it again, you can hand over the lucky piece."

I recalled then the remark she had made so positively a few minutes before as we were leaving the matinee where we had seen Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina."

"She gets great parts to play because everyone recognizes that she is capable of playing them. It wouldn't be good for any other actress to be given that part. It would be a calamity. Anyone with less skill, understanding, and experience than Helen Hayes would have played Victoria just as a domineering, disagreeable, plain old woman. But Hayes carried you right along with her—she made you feel that the course Victoria was taking was the only one she could take. And you can't fail to be moved by a person you know as well as Hayes makes you know Victoria."

And that, incidentally, is one of the few times

I have heard Ann Sothern speak with any vehemence. She is arch-mistress of pleasant, casual, and brief conversation. A tranquil, luxurious cat purring on the hearth. A girl who makes long silences amiable and friendly and natural.

"Don't you think I have been lucky?" Her flexible voice slips down to a blues-song tone when she abandons polite pleasantries.

WE AGREED that she had been. It was lucky that Sam Briskin, a producer who has great faith in her future, moved from Columbia to RKO-Radio just when her Columbia contract was expiring. She is with RKO now and a girl always gets better breaks away from the studio where she started. It was pure luck that she happened to go to a party one night back in 1929 where the late Florenz Ziegfeld was one of the guests. He watched her singing and dancing, holding the attention of a crowd of blasé professionals, and offered her a contract to come to New York and play second lead in "Smiles" with the late Marilyn Miller and a nice young dancer named Fred Astaire.

She hadn't wanted to go to that party. She was feeling blue as a month of rainy Mondays. Coming down from Seattle, where she had been attending the University of Washington, to visit her mother who was giving vocal lessons in Hollywood, she had been put (Continued on page 93)

But this Sothern girl isn't banking on the breaks



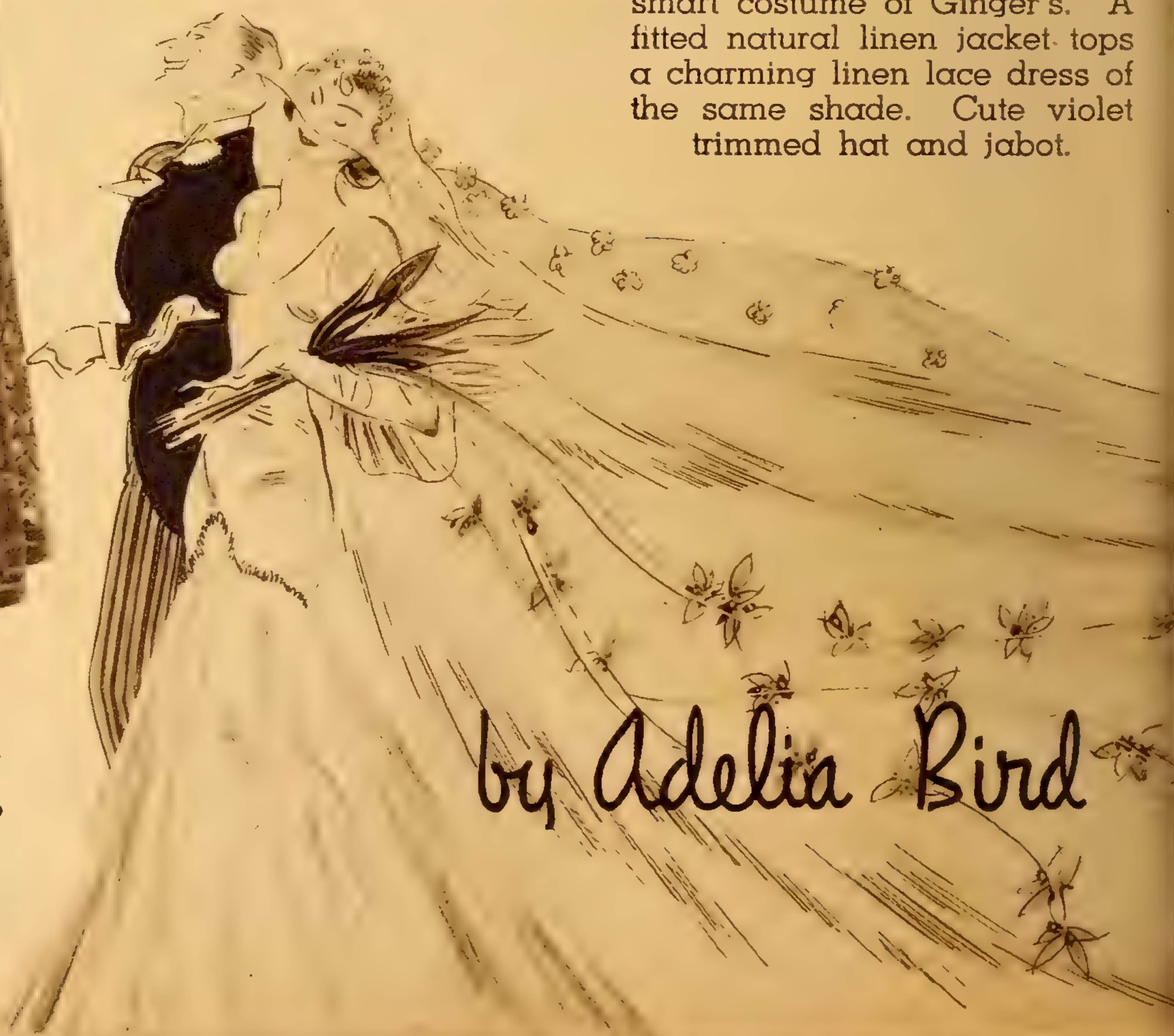
And the



Decoration by
Hamilton Greene



Left and above, two views of a smart costume of Ginger's. A fitted natural linen jacket tops a charming linen lace dress of the same shade. Cute violet trimmed hat and jabot.



by Adelia Bird

Ginger Rogers talks about weddings and selects new clothes

Bride Wore ...



Grand pajama suit for a bride is this one of Ginger's in white crepe and a paisley printed silk. The full length coat with wide lapels and revers of the print is new.



And for informal evenings, Ginger picks a dinner suit of sheerest blue wool. A gay print blouse is topped by a fitted but feminized jacket. You will like a shorter skirt.



And a cocktail dress in afternoon length of black silk lace. Tailored yet feminine looking, it has collar, revers and cuffs of white pique. Patent leather accessories.

WHEN YOU want really practical dope on weddings, go to a bride of a year or so before! She's the one who is an expert on fashion matters matrimonial. Her trousseau and wedding tips are no guesswork, they are based on actual experience and practical application.

And that's how we come to Ginger Rogers Ayres. Ginger was on a buying spree in New York, recently, before starting work on "Never Gonna Dance." I called her up for a date to talk clothes. She said that she was having a fitting that afternoon on some new things that she had selected and why wouldn't I come up to chat with her there? I said why not?

So, that afternoon, I hied myself up to one of the swankier shops on upper Fifth Avenue to meet Miss R., as planned. Somehow nothing seems to set the sales force of a shop in quite such a dither as does a Hollywood customer. Everyone was racing in and out of the fitting room with clothes flung over their arms. Ginger hardly would pull herself out of one dress before someone would hand her two more. In the center of all this hullabaloo

sat Ginger's mother and I, while Ginger whirled like a dervish in the center of the room, trying to see all angles of her slim form in the hectic procession of clothes.

I swear I don't see yet how she decided upon what she wanted. I had to keep my pencil firmly to a notebook in order to keep track of what she bought and what she rejected. The pictures she sent to me of her final choices made this whole story a lot simpler, I assure you.

Despite all this, Ginger and I managed a very helpful conversation. It went something like this:

"From your own wedding and trousseau, could you give some good sound tips as to what you think important?" I queried.

"Plenty," came briefly through a sleeve which, at that moment, was stalled over her mouth.

"How about breaking down?" I went on.

"Well, no girl needs a trousseau large enough to start a dress shop on," Ginger answered, peering in the mirror at the reflection of a lovely gray and brown evening gown. "What she needs is a well-rounded wardrobe, designed

for her personal wardrobe that have grand tips for brides!



Left to right, Pat Patterson wears a lovely mauve lace dress which would be perfect for a bridesmaid, even to the flowers pinned into the hair at front. And next to her you see the youthful wedding gown which Shirley Deane wears in "The First Baby." The tulle veil is young looking as is the charming ivory taffeta dress. And below, Anita Louise in a grand bridesmaid's hat of fine straw with veil and flowers.



to give her smartness without a too confusing and expensive array of costumes. I had such an informal honeymoon, what there was of it, that I can't elaborate on what I took away with me. I blush to think of Lew's and my most unconventional going-away outfits! Mine consisted of slacks, not very new, an old shirt, a leather jacket and a battered felt hat. Lew looked just as bad. And worse yet, we rattled off into the desert in an ancient car with our dog riding high on our camping equipment!

"Ours is an extreme example but if a girl is going to have a casual sort of wedding trip, she should prepare for it with old clothes, not elegant new ones that will look like old duds when she returns to civilization. If, however, she is going on a trip to some smart resort or some place that requires a frequent change of clothes, she should plan ahead for it. In general, I would say the following costumes would be right for any trip, almost anywhere. And they'll be perfect for her first year of married life, afterwards.

"First, a going-away suit. I like a tailored type with a very feminine blouse trimmed with, perhaps a lacy jabot or something. And a soft, feminine hat, like the cute flower-trimmed ones of this season. Then she should have one dinner suit, like this one which I am trying on now."

THE dinner suit is the one which you can see on page 65. Of sheerest wool in navy blue, it has a long narrow skirt with a very high waistline. The flower print blouse in navy, red and white, has "gay nineties" sleeves and a jabot front detail. Ginger asked the fitter to stiffen the shoulders with taffeta because she likes them to look "nice

and broad." She can stand this extra square breadth, where a shorter and less slender girl would have to shun it. Over the

skirt and blouse goes a short, fitted jacket of the wool. The lapels are wide and the shoulders are emphasized by more detailing. A tiny hat with a long veil tops this.

"Besides a dinner suit," Ginger continued, as she tried on another costume, "your bride should have a cocktail dress. This one I am buying is the sort I like because its shorter length makes it usable as an afternoon dress, too."

This dress is the simple, almost severely tailored black silk lace model on page 65. One-piece with a flared skirt, it is posed over a taffeta slip. The youthful collar, tailored jabot and cuffs on the short sleeves are of starched white pique. Two small pockets on the skirt can hardly be seen in the picture. A black patent leather belt is matched up with a bag and pumps.

Another lace dress, suitable for either afternoon or for cocktail wear, is the one on page 64. This, I think, was Ginger's pet of all the clothes she bought. It has that young dashing air she likes in both her personal and screen clothes. The dress is (Continued on page 90)

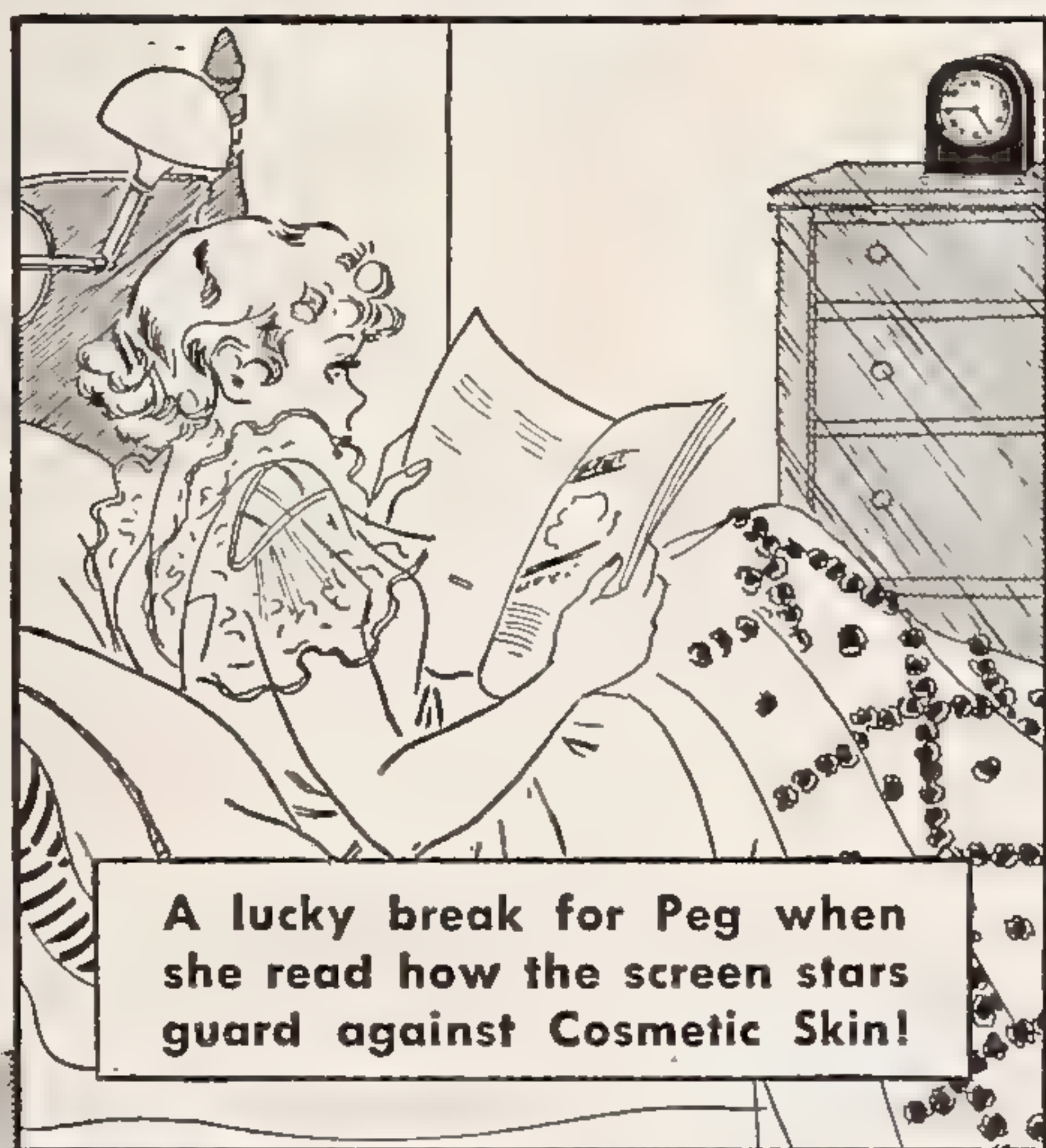
Here's JOAN BLONDELL

caring for a million-dollar skin



STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "COLLEEN"

Here's a girl like YOU who's learned Joan Blondell's beauty secret



**Use cosmetics all you wish
but don't risk Cosmetic Skin**

IT'S foolish for any girl to risk the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

Guard against this danger with Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes *thoroughly* every trace of dust,

dirt, stale powder and rouge. Don't take chances with dangerous *choked* pores! Cosmetic Skin develops *gradually*. To *protect* your skin, follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use pure, white Lux Toilet Soap. This care keeps million-dollar complexions flawless!



Doubly ATTRACTIVE!

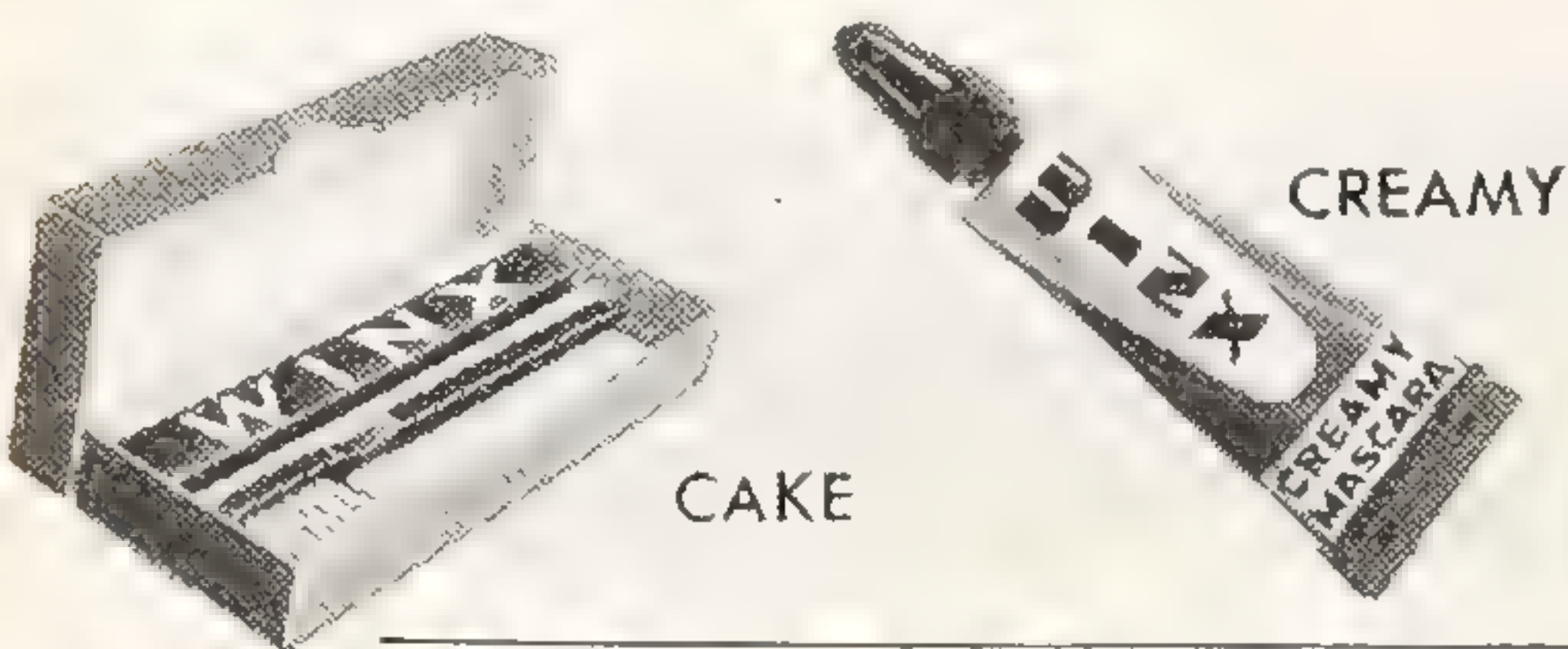
MEN find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easy it is to have long, lovely lashes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with WINX Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of WINX to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more lustrous . . . your eyes sparkle . . . your whole appearance seems improved.

Try WINX today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the new Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.



WINX

Eye Beautifiers

Between You 'n' Me

(Continued from page 19)

"Follow the Fleet," and Jeanette MacDonald is singing "Rose Marie" for us. Besides, Mickey Mouse is getting better and funnier every day.—S. K. Parkhurst, Seattle, Wash.

\$1 PRIZE LETTER

Talking Back

Did it never occur to Shirley Schottland, whose letter appeared in the May issue, that it is possible to enjoy both opera and other "good music" and also Victor Herbert's melodies or even ordinary jazz? All music, whether popular or classical, is universally loved. Music is an expression of the innermost soul of a people. In Europe it is and always has been the common herd of people who maintain the opera. One does not have to be a member of the "intelligentsia" to appreciate and enjoy classical music; one has to develop his taste, that's all. Everything worth while has to be worked for.

I should like anyone who is interested to try the following test: Select a record of any "popular" song and one of any classical selection. Play each ten times. You will find that at first you will like the jazz song very much and perhaps you will not like the classical piece at all, but by the tenth time each one is played, you will never want to hear the popular song again and the worth while music will be a constant source of pleasure for the rest of your life. Try it and see!

So here's to the first complete opera in the movies. I think it is a long way off, but I am eagerly awaiting it.—Jaquelin Nicholas, Lynchburg, Va.

The Fight's Still On

The reaction to Grand Opera expressed by Miss Schottland is natural in young people. Appreciation very often only comes after hearing various operas again and again. I suggest that she concentrate mostly on the orchestra, closely following the melodies. A great deal is missed by concentrating mostly on the voices.—Charles Wilhelm, Milwaukee, Wis. The vast success of the Saturday afternoon broadcasts of operas should be proof enough that there are vast thousands hungry for this sort of music. To me, Robert Montgomery, Gene Raymond, Jean Parker, Alice Faye, yes, even the holy Shearer with her silly giggle which exasperates me beyond all reason, are mostly impossible, but I concede anyone's right to see whom they want.—DBL, Baltimore, Md. There is a group of working people, not of the intelligentsia, who would welcome the advent of opera on the screen.—Edna Taylor, Battle Creek, Mich. Miss Schottland's attitude is un-American and inexcusable. All of us have our particular tastes in music, drama and the radio, but we have no right to insist that only our choice is superior. Why steal the other man's song? He may need it to cheer and inspire him along the way.—Edith Baxter, Wichita, Kan.

Portrait of Ginger

As well earned and deserved tribute after tribute pile up in favor of that delightfully fascinating little actress, Miss Ginger Rogers, I feel a glow of pride because she is my star and I glory in her glory.

To me she is everything that is worth while. She is sweet without being

saccharine, wholesome without being tiresome and withal the most beautiful and the most natural of the entire firmament of stars; and the glory of it is she is all of these off the screen as well as on.

I have had the pleasure of meeting her and the outstanding characteristic about her, that even seemed to make one forget her rare beauty and loveliness, was the innate kindness of heart and good fellowship that seemed to motivate everything she did and said. She seems to have that rare gift—a real desire to listen to others and forget herself, that seems almost too much to ask of even ordinary mortals to say nothing of what one might expect of Hollywood's loveliest young star. May her deserved glory last forever!—Gertrude Nataly, no address.

America's Boy Friend

That picture in the May MODERN SCREEN, showing Dick Powell fishing is one of the best I've seen of him. It proves that Dick is as good-looking in an unstudied snap as he is in posed photos. It gives a glimpse of Dick as he really is off screen—natural, fond of sport and with a glint of merriment in his eyes.

What's the matter with Warners that they put him in a production like "Colleen"? Let's see him in good stories, not necessarily musicals, but something with rhyme and reason. We liked him in "Happiness Ahead" and "Shipmates Forever." "Anchor Man," by Fanny Heaslip Lea, would suit him—even the description in the book fits him.—Ellen Barkuel, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Line or Two from Lots of Letters

Madge Evans' intelligence, ability and great physical beauty symbolize the perfect All-American Girl. "Lovers Courageous," "Dinner at Eight," "Transatlantic Tunnel," and "Exclusive Story" have proven that she is a real actress. Why bury her in unimportant roles?—Lorraine Mason, Vineland, N. J. Ever since I've been reading your "Reviews" and "Movie Scoreboard," I've enjoyed almost every movie which has been marked either "Good," "Very good," or "Extraordinary." With your helpful guidance, I don't have to go to the movies at random. The era when producers could pull the wool over the public's eyes with cheap junk is over.—F. Faenza, Passaic, N. J. Of late numerous articles have appeared concerning babies adopted by this and that movie couple, making much of the couple's yearning for a child of their own, and their delight in finding one to suit.

While I think it is wonderful to share one's name with a homeless little soul and I am happy for those little tots, it really makes me see the inside, for it seems to me that rather than boasting about the fact that they yearn for a baby of their own and adopt one (made-to-order), they should be ashamed to admit that they were afraid to have one of their own. Don't misunderstand—I am not advocating quintuplets or football elevens. After all, the most they adopt is one or two.

The idea may be commendable in its way, but here is one who can't make any great fuss over those couples. Give me the Norma and Irving Thalbergs every time—my hat is off to that couple, for they are real people.—Charlotte Bowden, Marblehead, Mass.



*Darling Mother—
I want you to have
one of these. It's just
a simple little snapshot
but it happens to be
the day Ken and I
became engaged. Funny
how a picture can mean
such a lot afterwards.*

OFTEN you don't realize how precious a snapshot is going to be. It can bring back the very feel of some day in the past—the thrill, the joy of some wonderful moment. Get your snapshots as you go along—and have them for keeps. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.



The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

How Much Money Have the Quints?

(Continued from page 46)

of baby stars be worth—say, five, ten, fifteen years from now?

No telling. The Dionnelles are such an incalculable, such an unpredictable little bunch. Moreover, children stars, like children prodigies frequently, as adults, fail to come up to expectations.

Of course, at this baby stage, no one can imagine Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie ever failing at any time or in any way, if only they remain strong and healthy. But as grown-ups—however brilliant, gifted, accomplished they may be—isn't it at least surmisable that one or more of the quints may break up the "quintuplet combine" by falling in love and getting married? What could be more natural?

For the next few years, however, if the children all live and stay in pictures, with their "box office draw," they should make barrels and barrels of money.

And what will they do with their always-mounting fortune? An easy question, that one? So easy, the answer to it is a foregone conclusion. For the babies' wise board of guardians undoubtedly will follow its present policy of investing the major portion of quintuplet revenue in safe and sane securities.

BUT of the uninvested revenue? Another easy question, since these amazing little "producers" and hand-over-fist-money-earners have, for a long time, been meeting a thousand-dollar-a-month pay roll. This pay roll is another conservative estimate, too, for there have been printed statements to the effect that fifteen hundred a month was the approximate figure.

However, let's stay conservative, and stick to the thousand. And by meeting this monthly pay roll Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie will continue to share their fortune with others.

And what do we mean by others? Let's just take a look at the list of people who draw salaries from this amount monthly. There's Dr. Dafoe, first and foremost; then the babies' father and mother, brothers and sisters; Mlle. Noel, Dafoe Hospital head nurse; Mlle. Leroux, assistant

nurse; Constables Burke and Cusson, hospital guards; Grace Demers, housekeeper and cook; Laura, a maid; also meals for the hospital personnel, electricity, drug store supplies and other requisites to maintenance of the hospital home.

SOME pay-roll, isn't it? And any two-year-olds who, out of their own earnings, can meet it, month in and month out, are some babies, aren't they?

But, for all their money-making ability and for all their fortune-sharing, will these same babies, as they grow older, be happy rich children? Or will they be five poor-little rich children whom money can never render happy?

Wards of the Crown, these quints have been called, and wards of the Province of Ontario they most certainly are—through passage of an Act of Parliament that made them Government charges—but that distinction, how will they like it later on?

And when they arrive at the age of reason, what will be their reaction to spotlight existence? Will they find in their lives as public figures, as world celebrities, that something is sadly missing?

That carefree, unself-conscious something which goes with being a normal child just like any other?

Or, to get closer to home, will the celebrities often wish they might change places with any one of their three older sisters, Rose, Therese, Pauline, all of whom are beautiful, bright and winsome?

Or, on the other hand, will Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie, because of their unusual birth, breeding and training—also, because of their fame and fortune—gradually develop a superiority complex that will cause them to look disdainfully down upon father, mother, sisters and brothers? Even upon their humble origins, perhaps?

And how will they, a quintet of girls, all the same age and all equally lovely, feel toward each other?

Interesting questions, psychologically, but questions, one and all, that only time can definitely answer.

She's a Champion
SWIMMER . . .

yet she TINTS
her own nails!



MANY hours spent in harsh water fails to detract from the gem-like loveliness of her fingertips—yet it took but five minutes to achieve this lasting perfection with F-O Manicure Preparations.

Women everywhere are partial to F-O polish because it does not peel or chip and its lovely lustre is a source of constant satisfaction. A variety of heavenly colors of creme or transparent polish provides a shade for every occasion. Then, too, you'll find F-O Oily Polish Remover a boon to brittle nails. Try the Five-Minute F-O Self Manicure today.



● F-O manicure preparations in liberal 10c packages at all ten-cent stores.

FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., ALBANY, N. Y.



Scotty snapped Director "Woody" Van Dyke, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy while they were chatting at the Girls' Soft Ball Games in the Loyola Stadium.



Photograph copyrighted by NEA Service Inc.

Five... "Going on Three"

The DIONNE QUINTUPLETS, now safely through their second year

SINCE the day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the only disinfectant used to help protect these famous babies from the dangers of Infection.

The very first registered nurse who reached the Dionne home, that exciting birthday morning in May 1934, had "Lysol" with her in her kit and went to work with it at once.

"Lysol" has been used in thousands and thousands of childbirth operations. For the danger of Infection is high in childbirth; and doctors and nurses know they need a safe, depend-

able germicide like "Lysol" to help protect both mother and child.

But here is a record for "Lysol" of extraordinary importance. Following the most dramatic childbirth in medical history... in the care of the most watched-over babies in the world... "Lysol" has played, and still plays, a vitally important part.

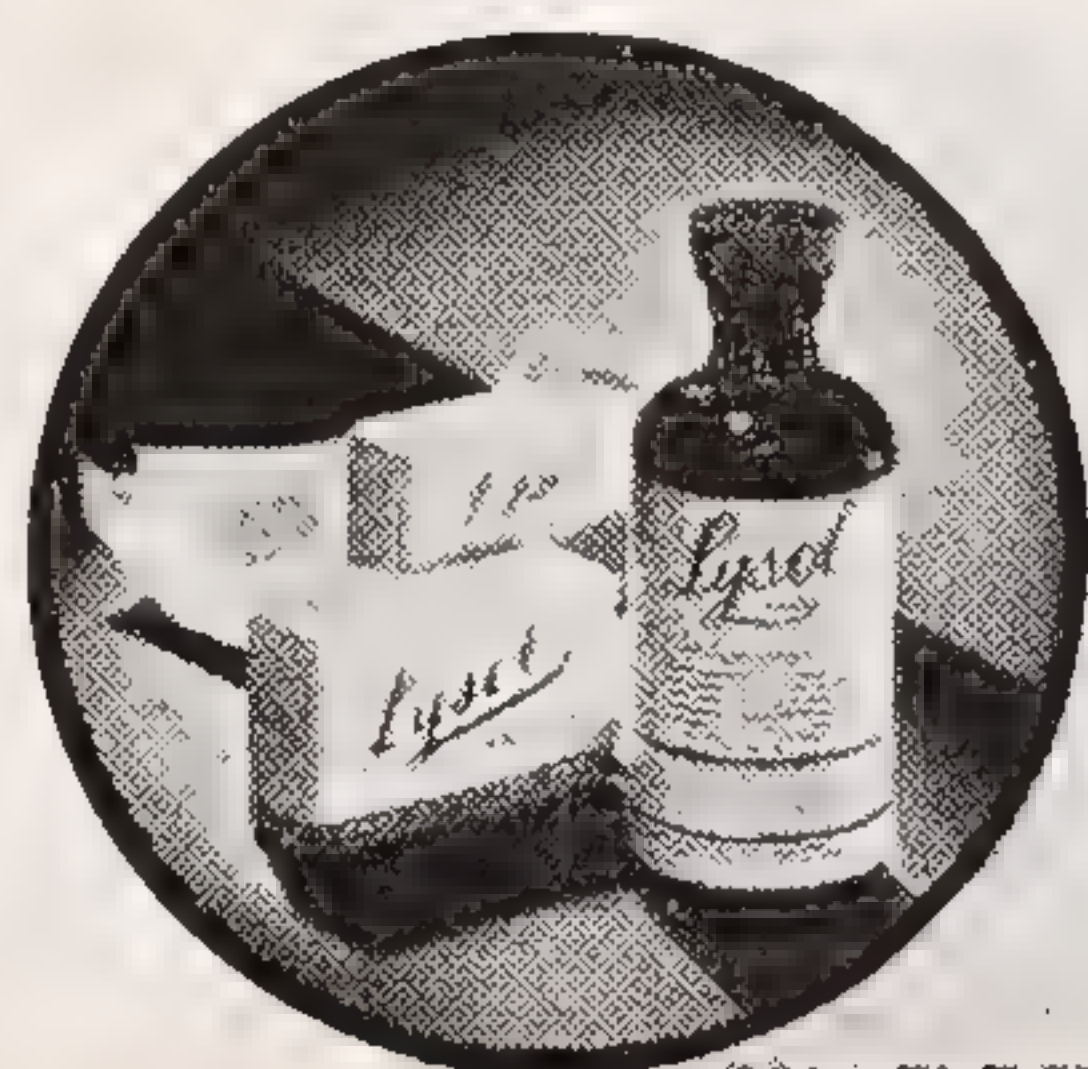
Their clothes, bedding, diapers, cribs, even their toys, the furniture and woodwork of that snug, modern, little Dafoe Hospital... all have been kept clean with "Lysol," the effective, economical germicide.

Are you giving *your* baby this scientific care? Are you using "Lysol" to clean the nursery, bathroom, the kitchen, laundry, cellar... to disinfect clothes, bedding, telephone mouth-pieces, door knobs, banisters, etc.? The scientific care given to the Dionnes is an example every mother should follow. Full directions for correct uses of "Lysol" come with each bottle.

During last winter's flood disasters, thousands of gallons of "Lysol" were rushed to devastated areas, to fight Infection and epidemics. Doctors, hospitals, and Public Health officers know they can depend on "Lysol".

NEW!...LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP


...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol." Protects longer against body odors, without after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Try a cake, today!



Lysol
Disinfectant

FREE! "Protecting the Dionnes"

— the story, with pictures, of their scientific care
On the occasion of their birthday, these famous babies have a gift for you! A free book telling their life-story, and how "Lysol" has helped protect them... full of fascinating facts and photos. Send name and address on a complete "Lysol" carton (any size) to — LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. MS-7 Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.



NASTY GERMS
SCARE ME—
MOTHER!

"I want
ANTISEPTIC Powder
'cause it chases Germs
away for good."

"You ask—why do I want that Mennen powder that's *Antiseptic*? 'Cause—with a world full of nasty germs, of microbes and such things—a feller who wants to be healthy just *can't* be too careful. I know that Mennen Antiseptic Powder scares germs away—chases 'em out of skin-folds and creases where they love to hide. Not only *that*—but it helps prevent most of the skin irritations babies get. Just imagine! No more chafing or rawness! So listen, Mummy—do me just one favor, will you? Buy me some of that Mennen Antiseptic Powder *today*. I'll be an awfully good feller from then on. *Sure* I will!"

America's first baby powder is now Antiseptic. But it doesn't cost a penny more. How foolish to use any other!

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN
Antiseptic
POWDER

New England Favorites

(Continued from page 16)

that I do. He is a New Englander, too, you know. We grew up together and went to school together, lived the same sort of lives and ate the same sort of foods as children. So it's no wonder that New England style dinners are still such favorites with both of us!

"Every Saturday night, for instance," she went on, "we used to have Boston Brown Bread and Baked Beans for dinner, back home. And it's a custom I still adhere to three thousand miles west of the place of its origin! The Brown Bread recipe we use turns out a delicious product and, contrary to general belief, it is extremely easy to make."

"With or without raisins?" I inquired, busily writing down Bette's remarks as she talked on.

"With raisins, of course!" Bette answered, without a moment's hesitancy.

"And speaking of ingredients that you do or do not add, in order to make dishes that are traditionally correct and truly grand," she continued seriously, "let me tell you that New England Clam Chowder is incorrectly made more frequently than any other dish from that region. The genuine article features clams, believe it or not! Not just one lonely little clam added sort of as an after-thought in order to give this soup some right to its name, but lots of succulent clams giving their delicious, unmistakable flavor to the dish. Besides a large quantity of clams and clam liquor and the right kind of seasoning, Chowder should have tomatoes, but no milk! To a native New Englander the addition of milk is anathema, for with milk it becomes Clam Stew and not worthy of the proud old name of Chowder."

CODFISH in any form is also a food favorite of mine. Codfish Cakes, especially. We serve these frequently in our Hollywood home because it is possible to get the self-same flavor that we used to enjoy so much by buying the ready-to-fry codfish cakes that come in cans."

I'll give you directions for fixing these Codfish Cakes, so that they will attain their peak of perfection, at the end of this article, just above the coupon that will bring you other directions for making all the swell dishes that Bette mentioned. But just now I feel that we should not break in on Bette's conversation by giving one specific recipe, when she has so many interesting things to tell us about New England foods in general.

"Boston Cream Pie," she went on, "is a traditional dessert of the Eastern seaboard to which I have given some West Coast touches. In other words I have the cook add lemon juice and rind to the custard filling and garnish the top with wafer thin slices of orange over which the usual powdered sugar is sprinkled."

A nice idea, I thought, and determined to try it myself when making my very next Boston Cream Pie. And when I did, I discovered, as I had suspected I would, that the addition of a real fruity flavor gave new distinction to an already popular dessert.

Apples, of course, also came in for favorable mention by Miss Davis. No true New Englander could fail to mention the tempting fruits of the old orchards whose trees display their gnarled, fruit laden branches each fall. Many of our finest apple dishes originated in New England. And of these probably the most

famous is Apple Pie, which does not hesitate to make an appearance at the breakfast table, though I should hesitate to recommend it from a dietary standpoint! Not even Bette Davis went so far as to do that, but she did suggest that I might like to have her mother's recipe for New England Apple Sauce Pie. This, it turns out, is about one of the simplest pies of all to make.

"The apples and the pastry are cooked separately, you see," Bette informed me as a further recommendation, "and in this way you can sample the apple filling before placing it in the cooked crust to make sure that it is sweet enough and flavored to taste. By following my mother's recipe I'm sure you'll find that the flavor would suit your taste to a T. With this pie you omit the usual slice of American cheese, and instead you pass a bowl of whipped cream which is supposed to be ladled in lavish style over each piece after it has been served. Since you never have to worry about the apples not cooking enough or the crust burning before they're cooked, this is one of the simplest as well as one of the best desserts I know of."

"Speaking of sweets," I interrupted at this point, "there's one you haven't mentioned which I understand is very popular around your childhood haunts. I judge from the name of this dish that its origin must date back to the days of your Puritan ancestors! It's called 'Indian Pudding.' Do you know about it?"

DO I know about it?" echoed Bette. "Why I simply love it! But I must confess I don't know the first thing about making it and I've never been able to find a successful recipe to give to my cook for her to follow. Do you happen to have one?" she asked, hopefully.

Well, as it happens I did have one which I had collected from the files of a New England friend of mine after tasting this dish for the very first time at her house. And that's how it came about that I found myself swapping recipes with Bette Davis by promising her a copy of my treasured Indian Pudding recipe in return for three of hers, those for the simple Boston Brown Bread (with raisins, of course), the New England Clam Chowder (with clams and without milk), the Boston Cream Pie with Hollywood trimmings, and New England Apple Sauce Pie.

You'll find these directions for making her favorite foods in this month's Modern Hostess leaflet together with a copy of the very same recipe for Indian Pudding that I am sending to Miss Davis as my contribution to her collection of traditional New England dishes. Just write in to me for your copy of this leaflet if you, too, would like to know how to prepare these tempting treats, each one of which has the approval of New Englanders in general and Bette Davis in particular. Fill in the coupon for convenience but remember that as always the attractive little leaflet is absolutely free to readers of MODERN SCREEN.

Meanwhile here are the simple directions for making good old-fashioned Codfish Cakes with that Down East flavor. The Pilgrim Fathers discovered how delicious they were hundreds of years ago. If you have not already made the same discovery, you have a treat in store for you.

And I'm also giving you here a simple recipe for New England Boiled Dinner.



You can make Bette Davis' delicious New England Apple Sauce Pie, if you'll send in the coupon below for the recipe.

Follow this with Boston Cream Pie or Indian Pudding and you'll have much the same sort of meal that fortified Paul Revere for his famous ride!

CODFISH CAKES

1 can ready-to-fry codfish cakes (lemon juice, onion juice or minced chives, if desired)
Empty contents of can into bowl. (A little lemon juice and a few drops of onion juice or some finely minced chives may be added if additional flavor is desired.) Fry in deep, hot fat until crisp on the outside and a delicate brown in color. For best results use a deep-fat frying kettle and frying basket. Drain on unglazed paper or white paper kitchen towels. Serve, very hot, garnished with sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon.

NEW ENGLAND BOILED DINNER

Choose a good piece of corned brisket of beef. Allow 1 potato for each person to be served, also a large carrot, a medium sized beet, a turnip and 2 or 3 small onions per person. Also purchase a medium sized head of cabbage and use as much of this as desired. Place meat in a deep pot and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil. Boil 5 minutes, then remove scum. Cook at a lower temperature until tender—about 4 or 5 hours. Remove beef from water. Skim off fat. Cook vegetables in the remaining stock, adding them according to the individual cooking time each vegetable requires. (Since beets take a much longer time to cook than the other vegetables it is always well to have them cooking in a separate pot while the meat is being cooked.) When the vegetables are almost done, return meat to pot to reheat it while the vegetables finish cooking. Place meat on platter, surrounded by all the vegetables except the beets which are served separately.

**THE MODERN HOSTESS,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Please send me a free leaflet containing Bette Davis' tested New England recipes.

Name.....

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IT'S THE BEST SPAGHETTI I EVER TASTED - A REGULAR "MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"

AND IT COSTS LESS THAN 3¢ A PORTION. ISN'T THAT GRAND FOR MY BUDGET!

NO WONDER THIS SPAGHETTI IS GOOD, MADAME. WE USE ELEVEN DIFFERENT INGREDIENTS IN THE SAUCE

AND LOOK, HOW EASY FOR THESE HOT DAYS! NO COOKING OR FUSSING. JUST HEAT AND SERVE

Let Franco-American help you serve better meals *for less money*

HAPPY husbands call it a "millionaire's dish," they find the flavor so zesty and savory, so superbly satisfying. And thrifty wives rejoice to find something "he" likes that's so easy on their budget, too.

And easy on *them*, as well. Franco-American requires no cooking or fussing, simply heat. It's no work at all for *you*. But we've done a lot of work to get it ready for you! To make the sauce we use *eleven* different ingredients. We blend the luscious goodness of fine, flavorful tomatoes with golden-mellow Cheddar cheese. We add rare

spices and seasonings to give piquancy.

You *couldn't* duplicate spaghetti and sauce like this at home for Franco-American's modest price of less than 3¢ a portion, when you consider the cost of buying your ingredients plus the cost of cooking them. And many good home cooks frankly say they couldn't equal the flavor at *any* price!

Get Franco-American today . . . You'll soon see why thrifty women are serving it twice a week or oftener, with meat or without. And you'll find it a grand work-saver these summer days. Order from your grocer *now*!

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If Perspiration were a TIGER



— you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this surest form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, without any sewing, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, \$1.00 and up.

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**DRESS
SHIELDS**



Gary Rescues a Damsel in Distress

(Continued from page 59)

knees, for modesty's sake, white middy blouses and big black bows on their pig-tails or curls, for art's sake. Well, there was a certain girl in the class who, as they say in the movies, had aroused strange feelings in my boyish breast! As far as I was concerned, she was Helen of Troy and Cleo rolled into one, if you get what I mean.

"That day when she folded her arms on her chest, then stretched them out for deep breathing exercises, I thought it more beautiful than Pavlowa doing the 'Dying Swan,' to which my mother had just dragged me when I met her in New York on my way home from school in England. I remember also that I had to suffer through the Russian Ballet, 'The Pink Lady,' and 'The Chocolate Soldier' that week. Which dates me, doesn't it?"

"Well, as I was saying, the girl of my dreams, having finished her breathing exercises, was just about to take a broad lunge. Her arms were already stretched up to heaven when—her bloomers began to slip!

"Poor thing! She was quite unconscious of the impending catastrophe. She went right on lunging. All the boys in my row began to snicker and I felt myself getting paralyzed from the knees up. It was something like sitting at a table in a cafe and seeing a woman fall on a dance floor. There she is, sprawling awkwardly at your feet, while her partner stands above her looking like an idiot, and you sit chained to your chair, cursing yourself for doing nothing. And then, one of the waiters, the only man with presence of mind in that whole restaurant, hurries forward and picks her up.

"Unfortunately, there weren't any waiters in the gymnasium that day. And something had to be done! Her bloomers were slipping lower and lower, and the snickers were growing louder and louder. I looked down at my best girl, who was still unconscious of the loss of her dignity. And because I couldn't stand it any longer I looked away—and down at the empty seat next to mine. On it was my overcoat.

"Don't ask me how I managed! All I know is that I gritted my teeth, looked straight ahead and made a beeline for the performers on the gym floor.

"The next thing that surprised, little, brown-pigtailed girl knew, was that something was being wrapped around her, and someone was hissing in her ears, 'Get outa here. Your bloomers are falling!' If it wasn't the most embarrassing moment in her life, it certainly was in mine! The thought of it still sends cold shivers down my spine.

"My face as red as a ripe tomato, I managed to sneak out by a side door of the gym. All the way home by a round-about route, I was wishing I had never been born and was swearing that all girls were blamed nuisances!"

"Do you still believe that?"

"Well, only occasionally. I'm kinda sorry I told you this yarn. It sounds Sir Galahadish!"

IT'S hard to get Gary to talk about himself in any capacity, and he's mum about his Good Samaritan deeds, which are more frequent than he'd ever care to admit. Knowing this, I did a little private investigating on my own, and discovered another one.

A certain ambitious young wife, of a

certain talented but poor young Hollywood author, was determined to entertain her husband's New York publisher on his visit to Southern California. She had hopes of impressing him with her contacts with socialites and stars. Her one drawback was that she didn't have any impressive contacts. She knew her movie stars only vicariously through the twice-told tales of her young friends in the studio publicity departments. Despite all this, she believed in miracles and invited the publisher and his star-struck young daughters to a cocktail party, promising introductions to several of the screen's most romantic and glamorous stars.

The day before her party she knew she was up against it. In tears, she telephoned her pal, a girl in a studio publicity department.

"You have to help me out," she sobbed. "It means everything to Tom. The publication of his new book—everything! Please come over tomorrow and bring an actor. Even if he stays just five minutes, I will have lived up to my word and won't look such a fool. You must, darling, you must." She hung up the phone and wept some more.

The girl to whom she had brought her troubles is one of the best scouts in Hollywood. She has a sense of humor. She has a sense of the dramatic. And she also knows Gary quite well. She also happens to know his weakness for rescuing damsels—or (as it was in this case) damsels in distress.

But Gary, she knew, would be working late the next day at another studio. So first, she called several other likely masculine "impressers" and received the expected answer. Why should they put themselves out for a woman whom they'd never met? They were much too busy.

But being the sort of pal who never says die, she phoned Gary.

"I'll see what I can do for you," he promised. "But how am I to get away?"

"Leave that to me," said the pal. "At seven-thirty, Gary has an appointment with Lady Vere de Vere, whoever she is!"

"Who?" asks Gary. But she had already hung up.

The next afternoon a very jittery young author's wife and her accommodating friend suffered through two hours of tea—pouring—waiting for six-thirty and the *pièce de résistance* of the day. What if he were to disappoint them? Conversation lagged. The atmosphere began to grow tense. Six-thirty arrived. No Gary. Six-forty. Oh, Death, where is thy sting?

Ten to seven, Gary—Hollywood's ever-late arriver—arrived. The young sub-debs from New York nearly swooned with delighted surprise. The publisher's wife gushed, and the publisher began to adopt a confidential and chummy attitude toward the young author. Gary acted as if dropping in to tea at this particular ménage was a daily occurrence. As "an old friend of the family," he gave one of his best performances.

At seven-fifteen, the girl friend emerged suddenly from the library. "There's a telephone call for you, Gary," she said. "It's Lady Vere de Vere."

"Who?" asked Gary blankly.

"Lady Vere de Vere," she repeated, wickedly enjoying the situation.

"Tell Lady Vere de Vere I'll phone her tomorrow," said Gary, not budging from the side of one of the young sub-debs from New York.

Gary stayed until nine o'clock. Needless to say, so did everyone else. Also needless to say, the young author received his coveted contract.

All of which goes to prove that Gary's gallantry isn't just the result of good upbringing. He actually gets a kick out of being the White Knight. Which he plays perfectly—if you'll remember his impersonation of the original "White Knight" in "Alice in Wonderland." Which doesn't make it any the less gallant.

Not Subject to Change

(Continued from page 49)

pin the tail on," they complained, when she had finished. "You'd better draw a house and we'll pin the chimney on."

Luise was very pleased at this display of honesty. In a town where "people treat stars like gods," this criticism gave her tremendous satisfaction.

SHE lives in a rambling, comfortable house at the beach with Johnnie and two servants. There is a huge garden, surrounded by a high wall. Doubtless the garden is cared for by a gardener but there is nothing stylized about it, everything growing in natural profusion. She loves the garden and, if you should be fortunate enough to be invited to lunch, nothing short of a blizzard would prevent luncheon being served on the balcony, where you could see and smell the flowers and hear, coming from her phonograph inside, the strains of her favorite music, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

If she liked you, she would take you to the kitchen while she prepared your lunch.

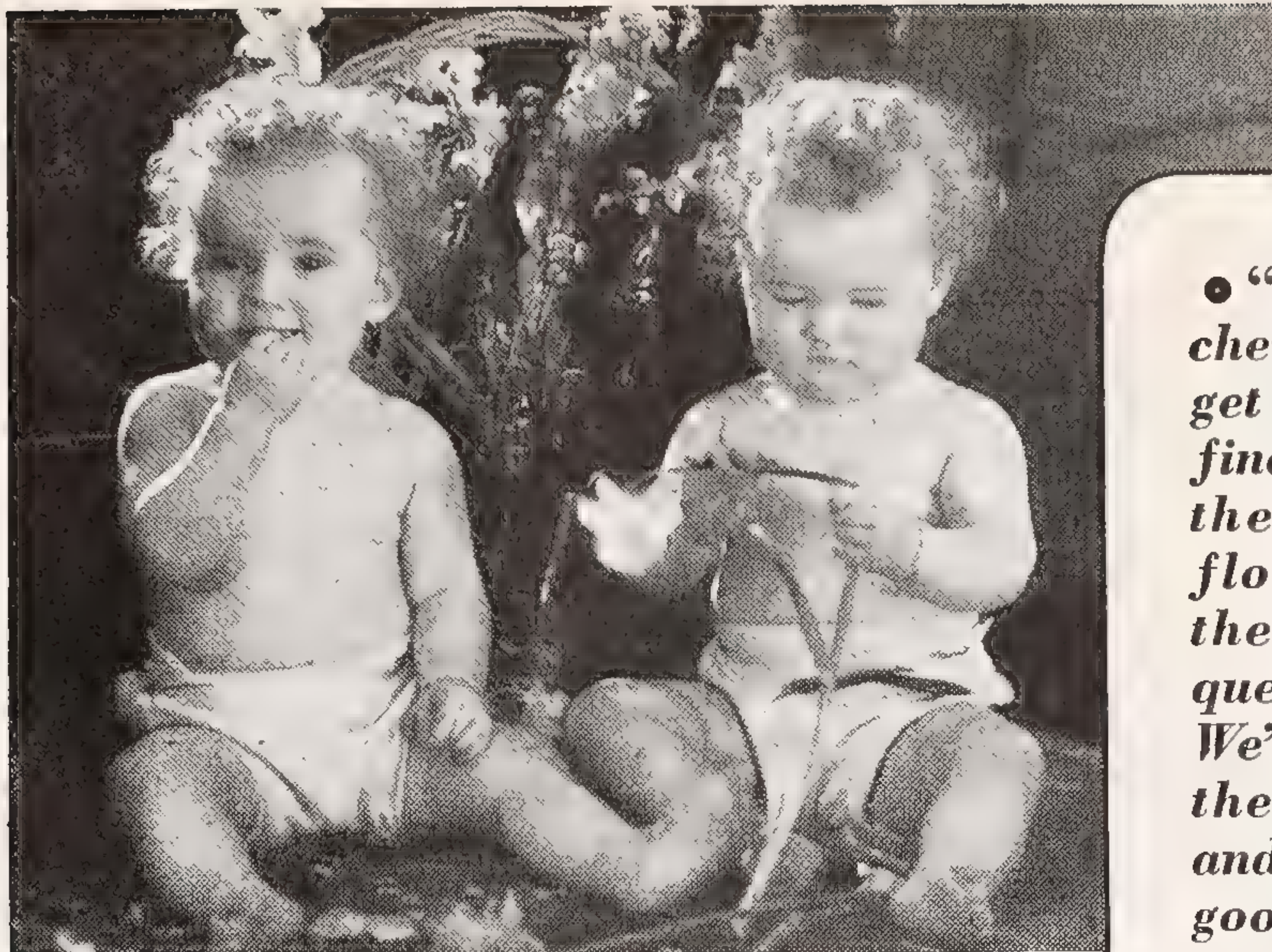
"Ah, this is it," she laughs, as she throws a bit of butter into a pan and gently browns a few croutons, to which she adds a little chopped onion, a few eggs, a can of tomatoes and some American cheese.

"Now, serve this," she orders the bewildered servant, as she dusts off her hands and, leaving the kitchen looking as though a cyclone had struck it, escorts you to the balcony where she seats you at a yellow table. Soon the Rainer-made concoction, which looks like something that had been used before but tastes delicious, is beautifully served on plain black dishes. Her child-like anxiety, to please, her eagerness to have you like it, would overpower any inclination on your part to criticize if the entree turned out to be epsom salts disguised. You would eat it and pretend to like it.

She never follows a given recipe, preferring to experiment until she is satisfied. If she offers you a new discovery for dessert, which turns out to be rhubarb and whipped cream, her pride in her accomplishment forces you to like it.

You miss a mass of cut flowers in her house, there are so many outside. On a table stands a low glass bowl in which floats a single water lily. She never wears flowers, either, preferring them in her garden.

Her home is simple, as is everything else about her. She likes simple things and is as amused by a ride on a roller coaster as she is by a pair of wood carvings she owns which probably cost her several hundred dollars. Mounted on pegs, the two little figures—a man and a woman—can be turned around so that turned one



● "Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for Mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short..."



● "Aw—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know it's 95 in the shade today and we're both sticky as yesterday's bib... but just keep going and you won't notice the heat!"



● "Say—wait a minute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well... We'd better ask Mother to give us a sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...your baby's friend every day, but most of all when the weather's hot and sticky! Prickly heat and chafes and rashes stay away when I'm on guard. I'm soft as satin, for I'm made of the very finest Italian talc. And no orris-root. I hope you use Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, too—and Johnson's Oil for tiny babies!"

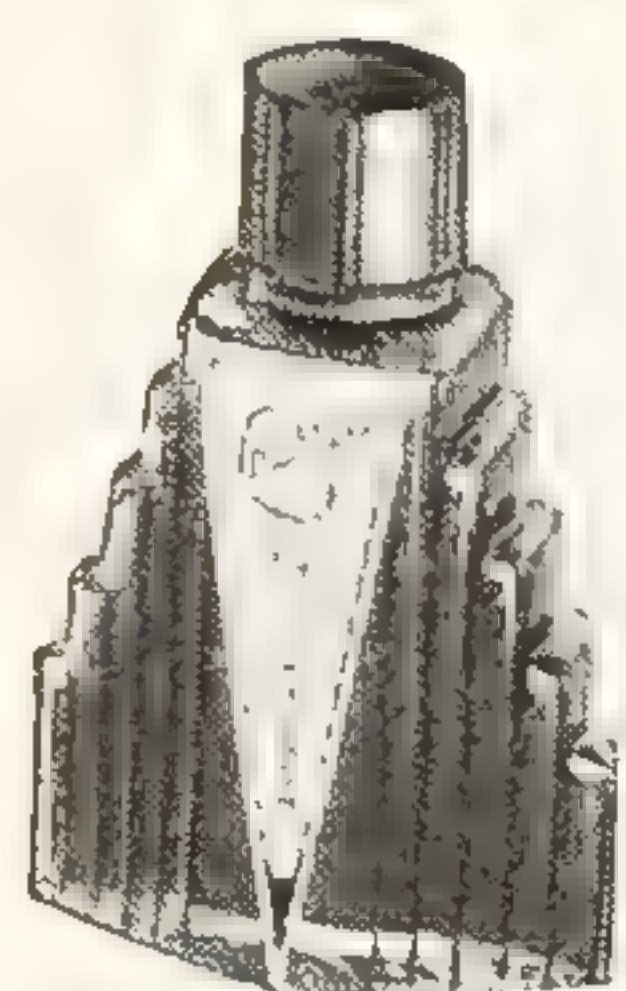
Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



"Keep an eye on the sun" says Jane Heath

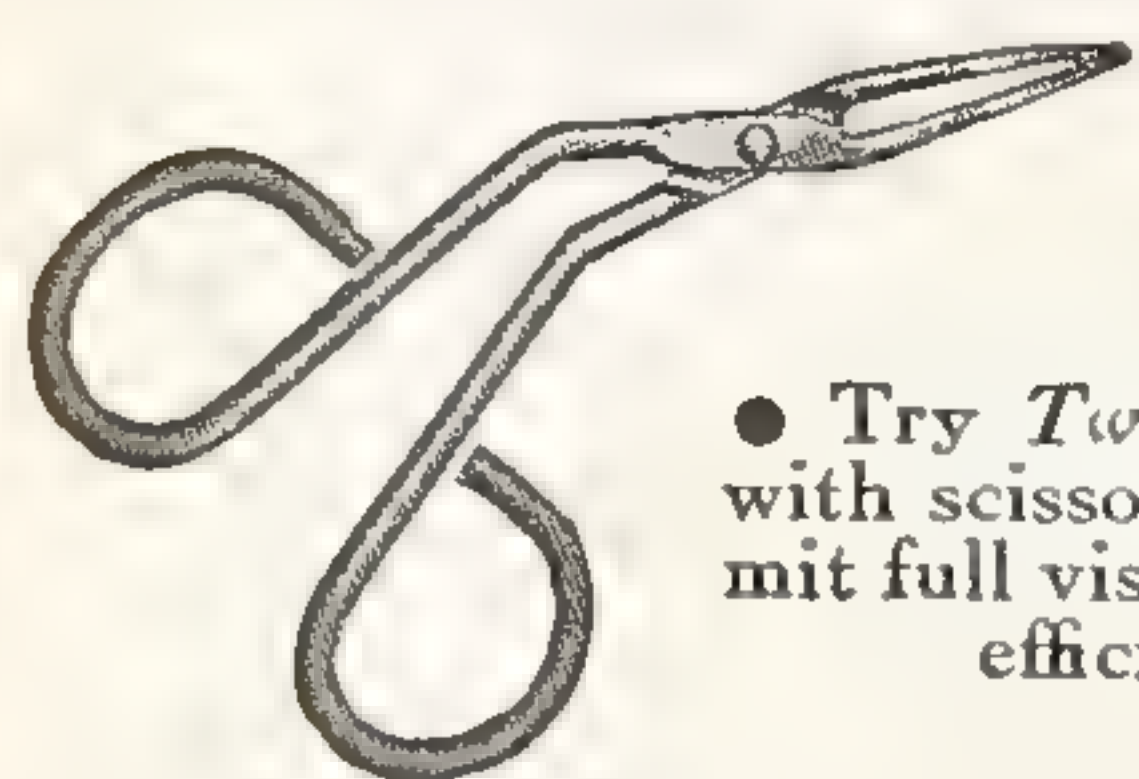
● WATCH Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you're in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That's why, if you're smart, you'll outwit him with KURLASH eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into KURLASH. It's a clever little instrument that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. KURLASH is really a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes *glamorous*! Don't be without KURLASH. Buy one today, at your nearest department or drug store, for only \$1.



● *Lashtint*, the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue. . . \$1

● *Shadette*, the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are grand finishing touches, to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try *Shadette* some romantic, moonlight night. . . 75c



● Try *Twissors*—the new tweezers with scissor-handles, curved to permit full vision. They're marvelously efficient, and only 25c.

Kurlash

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way they are quarreling and the other way makes them appear lovers.

It must be confessed that Miss Rainer has servant trouble, but the reason for that is as original as everything else about her. That elfin quality that is so much admired is the seat of her domestic difficulties, for her servants consider her a child and want to mother her. And what chance has the mistress of a house if she is to be "mothered" by her servants?

If she throws herself on the floor in front of the fire to read or just to dream, her peace is sure to be disturbed a moment later by a thoughtful servant throwing an afghan over her or insisting on giving her a pillow.

If she orders two entrees for dinner, because she wants two entrees, the servants merely smile and say: "The dear child *thinks* she wants both steak and roast chicken," and they proceed to cook what they think she should have.

One day she left the house in her car with Johnnie, saying she would return in an hour. The sun was shining. It was a glorious day for a long motor ride and, before she realized how the time was flying, the shadows were deepening and she was miles from home. She decided to stay in a neighboring town all night and her first thought was to telephone home and explain her absence. A sudden desire to get even with those servants with the mothering complex stopped her. "I'll teach them a lesson," she decided. "I'll let them worry." She bought a toothbrush and every night she washed out her undies in the wash bowl. Four days later she returned home, having had a grand time touring Southern California.

With the exception of lip rouge, she never wears make-up. And in a world in which women's purses bulge with every known first aid to beauty, her flat little pocketbook contains money, a comb and a lipstick. She never uses a powder puff and she wouldn't know what to do with a hairpin. Her tousled, black hair, which seems innocent of any attention, is one of her most distinctive features.

CLOTHES, to her, are most unimportant. At home and around the studio she wears slacks and sandals with wooden heels and little wooden cleats on the bottom which clack when she walks. For street wear she surrenders to custom to the extent of wearing tweed suits and coats. Usually she is hatless.

When a famous European photographer visited Hollywood he asked Luise to pose for him. Luise was one of eight famous stars he wished to photograph. She was leaving for a trip at 9:30 in the morning but she said she would pose for him at nine. Promptly at nine the next morning the photographer was there and found she had overslept.

"I'll be ready in five minutes," she said. She washed her face, put on some lipstick and as she ran down the stairs to meet the artist, she combed her hair. She was ready, and the photographer said she was the best subject he photographed in California.

She is a bundle of contradictions. When she works, nothing else in the world matters. She concentrates on what she is doing. She is a dynamo of energy and would work her company to exhaustion. No five o'clock quitting rules for her. She would willingly work all night if the rest of the company would agree. But work finished, her mind free, she is a madcap, a child, an imp, the gayest of the gay.

In her early teens she was the leader of her gang and it was in her facile brain that the escapades of these young people originated. She once raided the ward-

robe at the theatre, where she was playing, and distributed the costumes among her friends.

After donning the costumes they swam down the Rhine for a way and then struggled gasping to the shore, convincing onlookers that their boat had capsized.

Highly emotional, she is reduced to tears when listening to beautiful music. She has hundreds of records of her favorites among the classics but also enjoys hot jazz, particularly Cab Calloway.

Beautifully educated and a deep student, she reads a great deal, especially poetry, but she prefers to learn from life and people rather than from books. She likes to model things in clay and when she thinks she has done a good job she has the piece cast in bronze so that she can keep it. She also likes to paint and write lyrics. She is deeply religious.

"I don't see how people can do anything without one great thing to pin one's faith on," she says.

She is the delight of automobile salesmen because she can't resist buying a new car frequently.

When the new dressing-room building was erected at the studio and all the stars moved from their dingy quarters into the new suites, little Rainer refused to move.

"What for?" she asked. "This is my work shop. It is good enough. No, I stay here."

Finding a Latin dictionary of great assistance to her in learning English, she carries one every place with her. If she fears anything more than interviewers it is being typed in her work. She accepted the offer to come to the M-G-M studio because that is where Garbo works and she worships the Swedish star. When she learns anything new, from a recipe to a strange bit of slang, she says: "It is goot to know these things. Anything you know is goot for you."

There is one person at the studio who can hold out against her wiles and, strangely enough, it is a man—one of the studio police. He followed her one noon, as she made her way toward the studio commissary, Johnnie at her heels. The dining-room was crowded so she picked Johnnie up and, looking neither to the right nor left, made her way to a table, the cop close behind.

"I've warned you before, Miss Rainer," he said. "You can't bring the dog into the dining-room."

"Ssssst!" she said, as she dumped Johnnie unceremoniously on the floor and gave him a gentle little kick. Then, training her enormous brown eyes on the cop she said: "But I can't catch him. He ran away under the tables."

Howls of laughter from nearby tables greeted this remark for at her feet, sitting up with paws extended hopefully (for he smelled food) was Johnnie.

"I don't object," the cop said, shrugging his shoulders, "but it is the law."

"I don't see why it is the law. I don't see why the city should care," she protested, almost in tears. "Johnnie has been all over Europe and no one objected to him."

Picking Johnnie up she left the cafe and Rainer doesn't eat there any more. If Johnnie had obeyed her command to "scram" he wouldn't have been caught. But if Johnnie ever obeyed her slightest command I think she would disown him. She would be sure he had gone Hollywood.

She adores William Powell and paid him the highest compliment one day recently when she brought Johnnie to the studio just after he had been bathed and plucked. "Look at him!" she cried proudly. "He is a William Powell among dogs!"

A Mind of Her Own

(Continued from page 57)

him. Don't think that the man who rides around in his limousine and plays a fancy game of bridge in the evening is without worry. Even though he may be a producer, he has to cajole the exhibitor, the man who shows the pictures, who in turn has to please the public. It is the fan, in the final analysis, who decides who will remain on the screen. No, it's not a little matter entirely up to the casting director, as many suppose."

Josephine Hutchinson's critical mind is something to contemplate, too. While in New York she attended one of the season's Broadway hits. She was vastly disappointed in the production. When pressed for a reason, she up and gave several—all of them good. One hadn't realized, until she pointed it out, that the entire story of the play hadn't moved one iota from the minute the curtain rose until it descended, that nothing had really happened to any character in it.

"I suppose the reason the play clicked is that people enjoyed its very frothiness while they were in the theatre. Entertainment value isn't to be discounted for a minute, I don't mean that, but how something that gives so little can succeed is rather amazing to me."

AND this star loves to be on our side of the footlights. She is one of the most ardent fans in filmdom. She left New York a day sooner than she had planned to go, simply so that she would be in California in time to attend Nazimova's opening night in Los Angeles.

"There is an artist," she says admiringly. "Every gesture, every intonation of hers speaks volumes. Even those who are not particularly interested in the technique of acting get something from her performances, although they wouldn't, of course, analyze just what it is. There is feeling there. Yes, I think Nazimova is a truly great actress. And now I understand she is coming back to the movies after an absence of twelve years. Well, Hollywood and the fans are lucky if this is true."

Miss Hutchinson would rather play real characters in homey pictures than anything else. No exoticism or "glam-oor" for her.

"It takes good, hard work to play the woman next door or the girl across the street," she says. "Because if you don't make 'em ring true, everybody is going to find you out. Poor acting, over-acting or no acting at all cannot always be detected if the setting is lavish and the character glamorous, but strip a girl of that and if she doesn't know her stuff—well, everybody in the theatre will be "on" to her in a minute."

Nobody is "on" to Josephine, except as a portrayal of fine performances. And hers is the homey, real role, too. Remember "Oil for the Lamps of China" and now, "I Married a Doctor"? She played real young women in both and in a vibrant, distinctive manner.

"Well," she said in conclusion, "the whole idea of the movies still overwhelms me. Every bit of it. The amount of publicity one gets, the vast audiences one reaches. Why you'd have to appear in a highly successful play for a year before you'd nearly reach the number of people you reach in an evening in just one picture. I love to work in the movies. Maybe I am a cog in the vast machine, but there is some small satisfaction in knowing that



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EVER MADE MY
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LEADING dental authorities are agreed: "Most bad breath is caused by *improperly cleaned teeth!*"

Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of this social handicap—and of much tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream has a special *penetrating* foam which thoroughly cleans each hidden crevice; and a soft grit-free ingredient which safely polishes the enamel... makes smiles sparkle.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.



This story
will interest
many Men and Women



NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully...a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

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feel like
yourself
again**

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if even one cog slipped, the whole machinery of movie-making would be apt to go berserk. Makes you feel so sort of important, when you know nobody really is."

And so you have Josephine Hutchinson, a very sincere young person. Happily married. Glad to be in pictures, but not wedded to *that*, planning to save enough to do as she likes some day, with the goal set

at a decent figure and the plans to come later distinctly modest. Very grateful for what has happened to her, though by no means humbly so. A very pretty, fragile girl with a very strong mind of her own. The girl next door, the one you like so well, and the one she plays so well, which is, as *she* says herself, the true test of acting ability.

Hollywood's Old Maids

(Continued from page 55)

her name. Somehow, if one may hazard a very rash statement, we don't think Garbo will ever marry—at least, not for a long, long time. Perhaps when she is older, she may marry some good friend for the sake of companionship, as middle-aged people sometimes do, but it will not be for any overwhelming love. Garbo *has* been in love, but not recently. And it is strange that this woman who, on the screen, must continually suffer and die for love and so enslave men with love that they desert their families and ruin their careers, should not only "want to be alone" but have her wish.

SOME time ago, as you know, when Garbo was very young, there was Mauritz Stiller, that brilliant, ugly, kindly man, who refused to accept M-G-M's offer of a golden directorial contract unless a contract were also given to his young protegee, Garbo. And he held out until the studio said, "Oh, all right. Bring her along—perhaps we can use her in something." Whether Garbo's feeling for Stiller was love, adoration, or admiration, we cannot say, but certainly there was a strong emotional bond between them. Well, Mauritz Stiller died and Garbo mourned, but whether for a lover or a friend, again we cannot say.

Then there was the late Jack Gilbert and certainly Garbo was in love with him, if she ever was in love in her life. They went everywhere together and the mournful beauty of Garbo's face was flushed with happiness and softened with smiles. The fire of their love for each other burned through onto the screen. Winchell, keyhole-expert and phrase-coiner, started the expression Garbo-Gilberting which, ironically enough, remained a synonym for love-making long after the Garbo-Gilbert romance was dead. For die it did, on what was to have been their wedding night. They planned a runaway marriage and halfway to their destination Garbo turned—fled—refused to go through with it. Jack Gilbert had himself locked up in jail, some say for fear that he should force his way to her against her wish. What was the reason? Fear? Doubt that the temperamental Gilbert would be a suitable husband? Or the sudden conclusion that love was one thing and marriage quite another thing, with its loss of freedom and its burden of responsibility?

Since then, Garbo's "romances" have been ninety-eight per cent fictional—nice little stories doped out by the publicity department to "break" conveniently with the release of Garbo's pictures. Mamoulian directed "Queen Christina" so they had it that Garbo and the clever Rouben were mad for each other. George Brent, temporarily unattached, was leading man in "The Painted Veil." So George and Greta were alleged to be that way. At this point, even the most gullible person says phooey when a new Garbo "romance" is rumored.

And so here is one Hollywood old maid

—a woman with a strange sort of beauty and a great deal of money, an actress whose drawing power is still to be reckoned with. She lives alone, in a series of rented houses which she tries to render *incommunicado* to everyone, including her own studio. She goes home to Sweden once a year to visit her mother. She can have anything she wants, and she chooses to wear the shabbiest attire, is driven about in an ancient Lincoln, goes nowhere and sees very few people. Happy? Unhappy? Who can tell? But what a negative sort of existence! Would you care to change places with her? We thought not.

NEXT on the list is Myrna Loy and this, we say, is a crying shame. For Miss Loy, from all indications, would make just as swell a wife, actually, as she does on the screen. Without her glamor trappings, she is a gay, smart looking, interesting person, with a nice sense of humor, a good disposition, and plenty of brains. She could keep a home running on greased wheels and maintain her professional work, too.

Oh, yes, Myrna has been in love. She is in love now and there will be a wedding, the gossips say, as soon as the man is able to accomplish the small technicality of a divorce from his first wife. You hear very little about this, because Myrna Loy has never been one to talk about her personal affairs. She has become pretty slick about avoiding interviews. She hates gossip and scandal and she has far too much respect for Arthur Hornblow to wear her heart in the public prints.

All of which is fine, but there's one element of danger in such a situation. Let's consider a hypothetical case: a married man, who has agreed to disagree with his wife and hasn't lived with her for years meets a girl and falls in love. He wants to get married and so does she, and he takes steps to get a divorce. There are complications—there are *always* complications—and things drag on and on. Between him and the girl he loves this barrier stands, over all their contacts a web of difficulties is cast. Love will flourish for a while in the face of opposition, but sometimes waiting and dreary details bring irritation, fault-finding and quarrels in their wake. At best, it's a strained and difficult relationship. At the worst, it ends in disillusionment and bitterness.

There is, we hope, no such fate in store for Myrna Loy, who has worked hard all her life, who has led a self-respecting, well-bred existence in hectic Hollywood, who has made herself the tops among our picture comedienettes, and who is certainly entitled to all the happiness she can get out of life. In fact, we shan't even care if all her problems are ironed out before this reaches print and if her ensuing marriage makes a liar out of us.

And—well, of course, there's Mae West. It does seem a bit incongruous to speak of Miss West as a spinster, exponent as

she is, on the screen, of the most impudent ways to get your man. It appears like, if Miss West had wanted to get married, she'd have done so these many moons ago. Yes, we're aware that every once in a while that business pops up about Jim Timony, her manager, also being her husband. But Mae has stated emphatically that he isn't and somehow, we believe her. And there was all that talk a little over a year ago about—er—what *was* his name—having married her back in 1911. Oh, yes, Frank Wallace. That died down quickly enough and even the wisecracks are forgotten that Mae made about the situation at the time. No, we believe that Mae has never clicked romantically. Prior to the wildfire success in New York which brought her a Hollywood offer, her life was not precisely easy. Burlesque, vaudeville, one-night stands. . . . Little time to think of marriage. Since her name has been on the dotted line of a nice picture contract, we'll wager she has received hundreds of proposals from fortune hunters and celebrity chasers. We'll wager too, that she has listened to them with a bitter smile on her lips, followed by a wise-cracking refusal.

HERE'S another girl who is in a difficult situation, romantically speaking: Jeanette MacDonald. They say she is secretly married to Bob Ritchie, talent scout for M-G-M and if this is so, they have undoubtedly their good reasons for secrecy. But it seems rather too bad. Either submitting to an extraordinarily long engagement for one reason, or else married and unable, for some other reason, to live as a married woman. Maybe Jeanette and Bob Ritchie fear the various dangers Hollywood puts in the path of a happy marriage. Maybe they think they stand a better chance of happiness the way things are. Maybe Jeanette is one who believes that marriages and careers don't mix. We can't wonder at their hesitation to marry, if that's the case, or their reluctance to admit their marriage, if that's it, with Hollywood marriages tumbling to pieces all around them. But when we hear Mary Smith or Susie Zilch envying the movie stars, we say, "Mary, my pet—Susie, my lamb, you're better off in some ways, even if you must make last year's imitation seal skin do for another winter."

And, now, those women who have been married once and given it up as a bad job. There are many of them, but a few will suffice to show how a rude awakening from love's young dream has its effect.

Loretta Young, married too early to Grant Withers. The two of them unable to cope with the inevitable married life arguments about bills and ways and means. Further handicapped by their professional lives, which kept one out late while the other stayed home with nowhere to go, which threw them into contact with pretty girls and handsome men, engendering fights and jealousies. You're familiar with that story, so why repeat it?

Since then, a jinx seems to have settled on Loretta Young. Her youthful prettiness has developed into a more mature, alluring beauty—a soft, passive beauty which may be the outward index of a yielding, lovable nature. She has been in love since her marriage—once, deeply, in a headline romance with Spencer Tracy that could not come to fulfillment because of family ties and religious beliefs which are important to them both. And there has been gossip about this man and that, for wherever Beauty goes, men will follow and gossip will ensue. But each time, the gossip died down and there has been no happy ending to Loretta's love story. She



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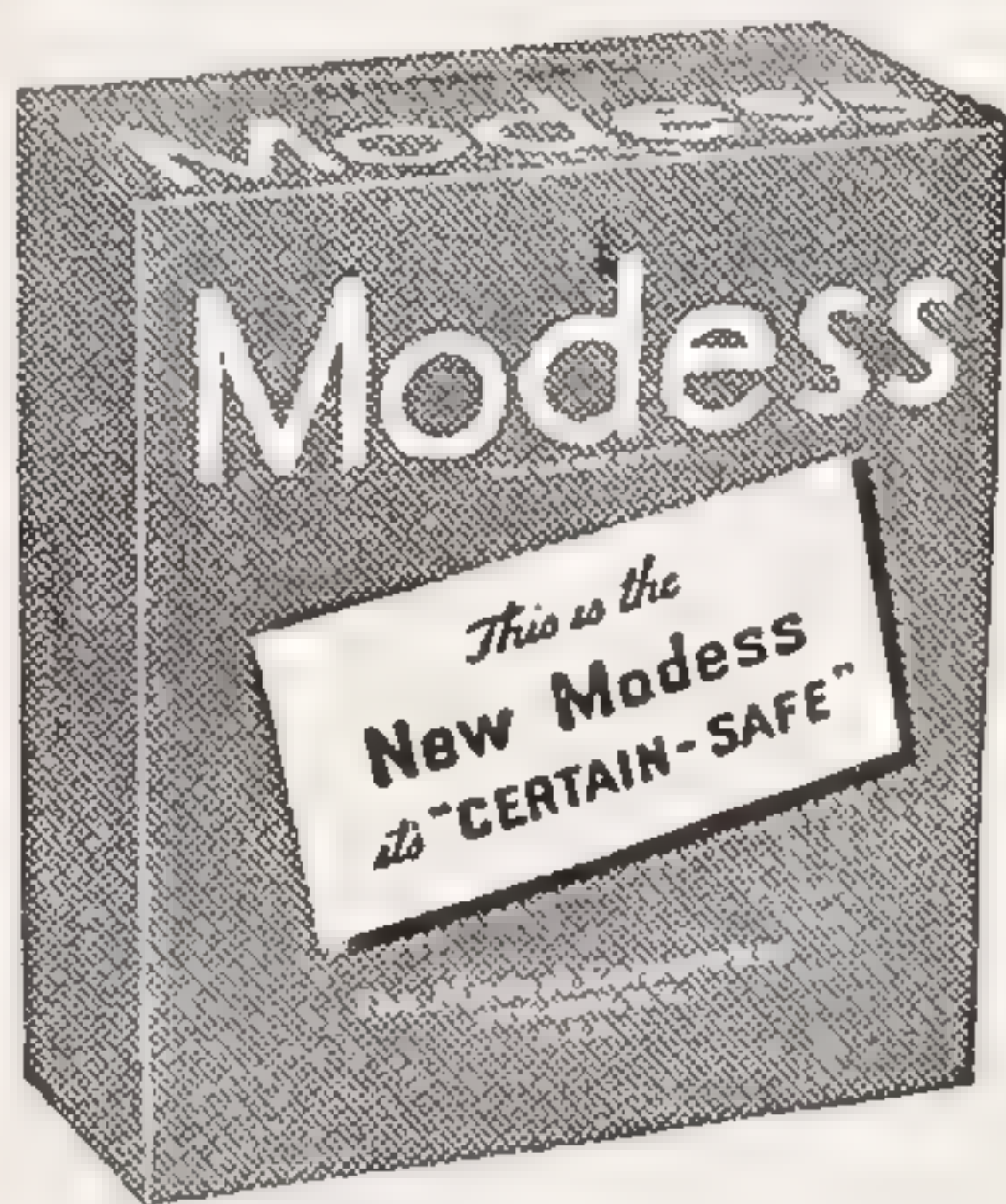


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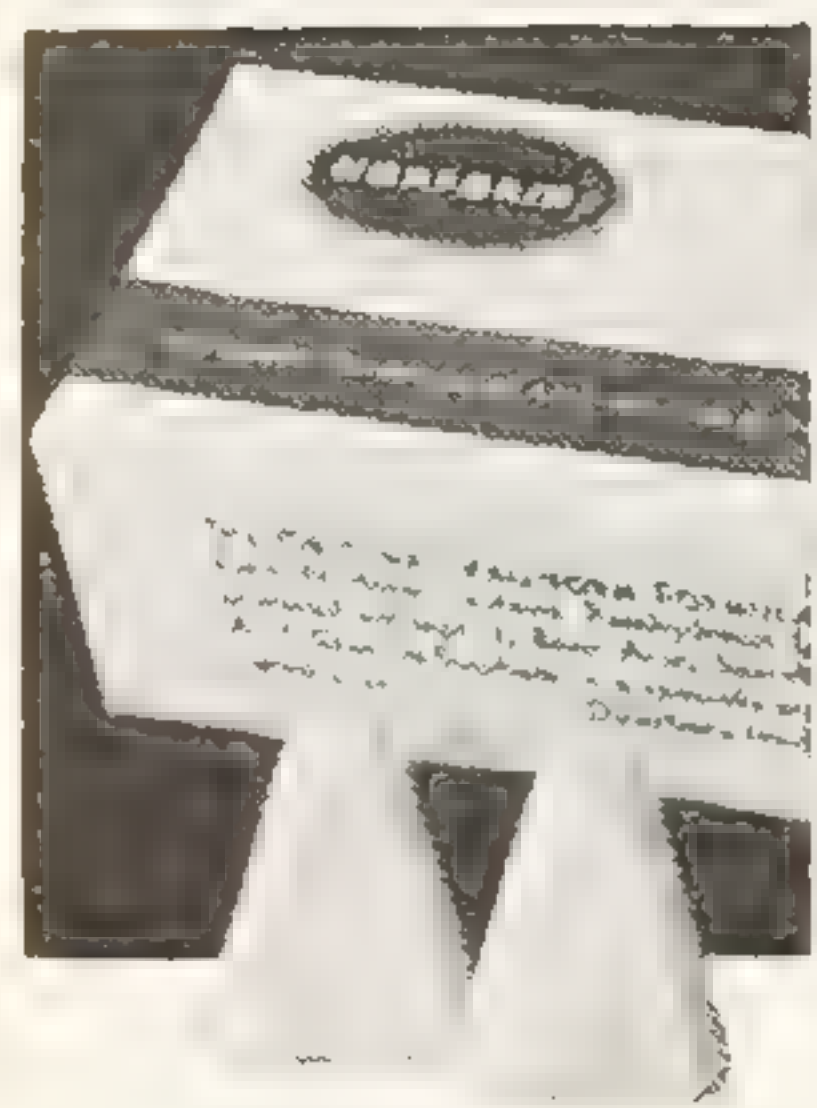


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Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

has plunged furiously into her work and her career has raced ahead this last year. Well, that is a good thing, for there is no drug like hard work. Loretta is, in actual years, little more than a child and she lived through a woman's experiences far too early. If only work and her career do not become so important to her that love and marriage, a home and a husband, are rendered non-essential.

There's Janet Gaynor, who married Lydell Peck, perhaps on the rebound from the Charles Farrell affair—perhaps not. Since Janet and Mr. Peck got their Reno diploma, Janet has never found it necessary to stay at home evenings with a good book. Her little-girl charm is just as potent a magnet as Loretta Young's beauty and Janet can have a date for every night in the week, if she wants to. But though her telephone number is always in demand and though the florist brings orchids regularly, there hasn't been anyone who really mattered beyond the passing moment.

THERE'S Ann Harding who used to be happy with Harry Bannister, but there, again, was a divorce, and subsequent unpleasant litigation over Jane Harding Bannister, their daughter. Now Ann lives a spinster life in her hilltop palace. The endless series of suffering wife roles she has played on the screen recently are an unhappy contrast to the charming Ann Harding we knew in "Paris Bound" and "Holiday." Has the pale gray existence which she must be living taken some of the verve out of her work, too?

There's Miriam Hopkins, the ex-Mrs. Austin Parker—so very popular and so very attractive to men. There's Carole Lombard, the ex-Mrs. Bill Powell—darn

good company and easy on the eyes as well. There's Virginia Bruce, the ex-Mrs. Jack Gilbert, who is so beautiful it makes you ache to look at her. There are others—who have been once bit and who are now twice shy.

With constant divorce headlines before their eyes, perhaps that's why some of Hollywood's prettiest younger girls do not want to settle down just yet. Maureen O'Sullivan has been going around with Johnny Farrow for—how long is it? And people have become tired of wondering if she'll really marry him and if he really wants to marry her, or are they just having a good time? Ann Sothorn's romance with Roger Pryor goes on. Madge Evans is still seen occasionally with Tom Gallery, but that's been going on so long the gossip writers don't even mention it in their columns any more. And the perennial girl friend, Mary Brian, is back from England—and terribly interested in Cary Grant, it would seem. Rosalind Russell is the smartest of the bunch—she has kept free of all but the most casual friendships. But we bet when she finds someone who interests her, she'll marry him, quick like a rabbit, and hold on to him good and tight.

Well, there's one point we haven't touched upon. Whom would the majority of these ladies marry, pray? There's a dearth of eligible men in Hollywood. There are plenty of nice husbands; sundry desirable executives who don't wish to get tied down please; scores of playboys who are out to have as much fun as they can get; and heaps of earnest, hard-working young fellows who have no desire to get married and be known as Miss Movie Star's husband, for which we can't blame them. We ask you—what's a girl to do?

It's Not an Act

(Continued from page 62)

of thought is impossible at the huge Hollywood parties: "How can you have a mental contact with two hundred persons? These parties have no reason for being—except for the sake of politics and publicity. I never have more than three persons at my house at one time. There is no real conversation with more.

"In the same breath, I would stand up any time and defend Hollywood. After having been in every important capital in the world and in contact with persons in every artistic, literary, scientific, and political field, I must say, truthfully, that I have never found any group which is basically so unassuming as the people of Hollywood. They are not arrogant or swell-headed. In fact, they are surprisingly unconscious of their talents, capacities and abilities. Most of them don't know how good they are!

"In general, Americans are very similar in their natural artistic qualities. They are endowed, as the Russians are, with a sense of art that comes perfectly natural to them. You see what I mean? Being something without knowing it. Effective—as a child is effective—a child who has all the loveable childish qualities, without being aware of them."

Personally, I think that is one of the nicest compliments ever paid Hollywood.

"In Prague, Vienna and Paris, I used to watch the actors coming out of the theatre, on the street, in restaurants. They had an 'air.' They carried themselves as beings apart—they were 'of the theatre.' In Russia, they come off like a lot of stagehands. Just people. They did all their

acting on the stage. They become simple uncomplicated people until they go back to the theatre.

"It is rather like that in Hollywood. At first it amazed me. Now I take it for granted."

HIS house is a corner of the Old World on a Hollywood hillside, across from the famous Japanese Gardens. The place was built by an Italian with an ecclesiastical attitude which came out in stained glass windows and a peaceful monastic feeling. Only the roof is visible from the street. One descends flights and flights of steps made of fine old tile, intricately fitted, and beautifully covered at the sides with vines and tangled shrubbery. Crumbling statues and fountains present little vistas along the way.

The house proper has entrances at four levels. It roams down and down the hillside, each set of rooms on a different level. It is enchanting within. An aura of genuine antiquity hovers over all the fine old furniture, the worn good rugs, and color—the house sings with it. It was quite a relief after these white funeral-parlors masquerading as drawing-rooms all over town.

The living-room is lined with books up to the ceiling—all the books you'd ever want to read. Biography, science, philosophy, eugenics, history, criminology, a good section on religion. Very few novels. They looked read—not as if they had come with the house. When you talk with Lederer, you know they have been read, and discussed, and digested.

"Just recently, after seeing 'Ah Wilderness,' I came out of the theatre unable to suppress a lifted-up feeling. I threw out my arms and breathed deeply and shouted and felt fine and good and happy. Why not?"

"People are too afraid to feel. There is nothing so detrimental to any art—including the great art of living—as this pseudo-sophistication, this ridiculing the natural feeling of people. There is a 'smart' tendency to belittle all the true, simple, human feelings—feelings any artist in any medium is worthless without. The more capacity for feeling he has, the greater capacity for portraying it.

"An actor, particularly, must be interested in everything. He should find nothing uninteresting. For that matter, why should anyone who is alive find anything uninteresting?" Lederer is pretty good at asking questions, too, rhetorical questions that are difficult to answer. He does not smoke or drink, and it is not a pose. "Drinking would make me look at things through untruth. I would be influenced, fool myself. I don't want to fool anybody, myself included."

During the course of our conversation, I offered to lend him a book I thought would interest him. We were discussing Russia, and Walter Duranty's "I Write As I Please" came to mind. Lederer, with exquisite politeness, declined to borrow the book. It was startling, because I have learned after years of painful experience, not to lend my books indiscriminately. But to have an offer refused! He went to the telephone and ordered a copy of the book from his bookseller. Then he explained, "If a book is worth reading, it is worth buying, if one has the means to buy it. That is why I refuse to borrow books."

He maintains the largest office staff of any Hollywood player, in case you have an idea he is impractical. Seven office rooms with a manager, secretary, bookkeeper and four typists to answer correspondence, as well as a switchboard operator. His World Peace Federation requires another secretary and a court reporter who transcribes his speeches, plus from three to twelve clerks, depending on the scope of his current campaign. In addition to all this, he has a news-service department which answers queries about his various activities—an editor, secretary and a translator.

Maybe he is "strange," as Hollywood defines it. I think he is one of the few genuine altruists and definitely quite a guy.



Camera-shy Bing Crosby with Jack Oakie, snapped after a recent broadcast.

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Should a Woman Tell Her Past?

(Continued from page 53)

man to tell everything that's happened in your life before you met him. It's giving him ammunition for your defense if the occasion arises when he must defend you.

"Yes, you run the risk that he won't understand, that he will think, 'If she's been in love with anyone else, then how can she be sure she's in love with me now?' You run the risk of hurting him deeply, of making him jealous, of maybe making him afraid that some day someone else will come along that you'll love. But, if he can't understand that you're doing a difficult thing simply because you do love him and simply to put your marriage on a firm foundation, then he isn't the right sort of man.

ALONG that line I'd like to say something to the men. For heaven's sake, remember the fact that it's terribly hard for a woman to tell you about the other men in her life. Appreciate the fact that she loves you enough to do it. And when she tells you, take it with sympathy, understanding and respect.

"Don't do the things that she's afraid you'll do. Don't be hurt. Don't be jealous. Don't berate her. Just consider yourself lucky to get a woman who has the courage to be completely honest.

"When a love is started with honesty and understanding it can't fail. When the slate is wiped clean, there's no reason why it should be embarrassing for either the man or the girl to see anyone she's known before. That past is dead, when it's confessed. It's finished, when it's told. There is nothing so dead as a dead love and there is no reason for feeling uncomfortable when those ghosts from the past appear—no reason, that is, if you're perfectly honest.

"I suppose I should say that the ideal way for perfect happiness is when two people, who have never loved before, love each other. Sometimes that works out all right. But if the roles I've played on the screen—those sophisticated, worldly roles—haven't taught me anything else, they've made me realize that nine times out of ten a woman who has had other men in her life makes just as dutiful, just as loving a wife as a woman whose husband is the first man she's ever loved.

"In fact, a woman who has been in love before brings to her husband a knowledge and an understanding that she might not otherwise have had. And if she has been the victim of an unhappy love, she brings her husband gratitude for her present happiness.

"Girls who have not known the rocky path that love sometimes takes are apt to expect too much of it, to demand more than can be given.

"So, by all means, tell your past, no matter how little a past it may be. Tell it and start out honestly."

Gertrude laughed. "Does that sound like a sermon?" she asked.

"A fairly sophisticated one, I must admit," I answered.

"The funny part is," Gertrude went on, "I could preach another one from just the opposite point of view. When I was a kid I did preach in the pulpit. I took the minister's place whenever he was gone. And I used to take a certain text one Sunday and the next week I'd contradict it. I could prove both points, too, and I did that for a purpose—to prove that every question actually has two sides.

"This question has two sides, also. A girl

may, of course, fall in love with a lad who wouldn't understand, who wouldn't take the right viewpoint at all. That's her very bad luck but, I suppose, in that case she has to figure out the best way for herself. All I know about anything connected with life and living is that unless you're honest you're lost. Unless you have courage there is no way for you to combat life."

No one knows that better than Gertrude Michael, for if she had not had courage, she would not be in Hollywood today. She was the girl who was rushed out from the New York stage to sign a contract with M-G-M. They were in such a big hurry to have her that she was asked to fly out. And then she sat in her little dressing-room for weeks, waiting for them to give her a screen part. They let her sit. And when her contract expired, they did not renew. So, in a strange town, a town of which she had expected so much she found herself without a job.

Such a contingency couldn't daunt her. She kept her chin up and fired herself with the determination that she would not be licked. She wasn't.

The Paramount contract came along. She has been, lately, climbing steadily. You've already seen her in a lot of pictures, but wait until you see her with Herbert Marshall in "Till We Meet Again." She's grand.

Her present Hollywood escort is Rouben Mamoulian, Garbo's ex-flame. Gertrude is a glamorous, exciting person. But more than that she's honest. And I believe that if you're faced with the "should a woman tell?" problem, you'll be grateful to Gertrude for such wonderful advice.

After hearing Gertrude's feminine views on this absorbing subject, I decided it was only fair to the men, to give them a break. So I decided to ask one of Hollywood's top-notch men stars whether he thought a gal ought to talk about her past loves to the man she is going to marry.

IT was John Boles to whom I went—John Boles with that marvelous combination of good common sense and gay romanticism, inherited from his Dutch and Irish ancestors. John is one of the most intelligent men I know. He has, during the years he has been on the stage and in pictures, learned a great deal about the world and its men and women and has made a grand success of his marriage to the lovely Mrs. Boles. He has an amazing sense of values and the ability to weigh a problem with his intellect and then soften the decision with the things his heart tells him. So I put the same question up to him.

"Good heavens," he laughed, "I'm really not an oracle. Who am I," he asked modestly, "to set myself up to solve the human relationships of the world?"

I answered, "I'm not asking you to expound. I'm asking you only to discuss this with me and, from what you have observed of men and women, to tell me what you think."

"There aren't any hard and fast rules for human conduct, are there?" he asked. "It would make life more simple if there were. One could not possibly say, 'Don't tell your future husband about the other men in your life,' or 'Do tell him.' But this advice can be given, 'Study your man. Learn his thought processes well and be guided by that.'

"Suppose a girl is engaged to a romantic, idealistic boy, who loves her for herself and not for anything she has done or hasn't done. But because he's an idealist by nature he idealizes her. It would be a shock to that boy to have his sweetheart tell him that she had loved and been loved by other men. Because he is a dreamer, and lives in his world of dreams, it is better for him not to know.

"Nor should the girl feel any compunctions about omitting to discuss her life before she knew him. It is not our deeds which make us intelligent people, it is our mental reactions to our deeds and what we learn from them.

"And what, you ask, if this idealistic boy finds out later that the girl has been in love before? For one thing, by that time he may have had some of his sentimentality rubbed off by life. If not, then if he truly loves her and she him, she can explain it all away, can convince him by her own sincerity that he is the one she truly loves and that the men she knew before she met him are not important.

"The reason I warn the girl in love with this type of boy to behave in this fashion is because there is nothing so bad—for either a man or a woman—as the first disillusion, the first hurt. Nothing that comes later can approach that in intensity. It's like first success. No matter how high my salary might go, no matter if I played a scene better than any actor in the world, nothing could be so thrilling to me as the signing of my first theatrical contract. And a friend of mine, a writer, whose book shelves are filled with dozens of erudite books written by himself, told me once that they could not mean a tenth as much to him as did the first inconsequential short story that he had published.

"Just as the first success is always the best, so is the first hurt invariably the worst.

BUT if a girl falls in love with a worldly and sophisticated man, a man who has lived through his first disillusion, who knows the world of reality for what it is then she can, if she likes, tell him anything she chooses about other men she has known. He no longer expects life to be as it is in romantic novels. He knows that it is natural for girls to flirt and that assuredly she has been in love (or thought she was) before he knew her, just as he has been in love (or thought he was) with other women. I don't think that, even then, the girl should make a fuss over it—should make a point of going to him and telling him everything that she has done or thought before she met him. It attaches too much importance to deeds. For, as I've said before and as I so truly believe, it is not what you do or have done that counts—it's what you are.

"Mind you, I'm telling you only what I've observed. I may be all wrong. I've never thought of myself as a Beatrice Fairfax, nor do I want to play that role now. You trapped me into all this by asking me to discuss this, but I'm not opening any courts of human relationship. I couldn't, by the farthest stretch of the imagination, solve complicated personal problems. But this I have observed—that there would be much more happiness between men and women if the sexes studied each other more than they do. If a woman would take the trouble to learn how a man *thinks* and if he would learn what goes on in her heart.

"For this I know is true, the strongest and most lasting appeal between a man and woman is the mental appeal. There can be no real companionship, no lasting happiness without that."

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THE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant "armhole odor" which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care about good grooming know there is no shortcut to underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono. It keeps the underarm not

only sweet, but absolutely *dry*. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

Odorono is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odorono yearly.

Time well spent—Clothes saved

It takes a few seconds longer to use Odorono but it is well worth your while. There is no grease to get on your clothes. And expensive dresses can no longer be stained and ruined in a single wearing. You need never worry about your daintiness or your clothes again!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use. At all toilet-goods counters.

To know utter security and poise, send for sample vials of both Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7E6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Lowdown on a Lady

(Continued from page 43)

her contractual affairs. Last year she employed a booking agent. The time that she saved went into talking building and blue-print plans with the architect.

AS a business woman, Hollywood film producers and executives admire Irene Dunne's ability. As a woman and a beauty, they . . . but that's another story. Nothing flatters Irene more than to have a producer telephone her and consult her on a film he is about to cast, particularly when it is not her own. They know that she has sound judgment; clear, unbiased vision.

As an actress, La Dunne is noted for her equable disposition. "There is never any trouble on our sets," she says. "Maybe it is because of my name. Irene means 'peace,' you know." You get the idea that working on a Dunne picture is like life in one big happy family. Unless you would recognize the piquant turn of her classically-shaped nose (she's half Irish, of course) and her five feet, five inches of excellent figure, you might not know her as the star of the production, if you walked on her set.

Chances are, studio workers say, she is asking her stand-in about the latest colony gossip, or sitting on a chair in the corner talking to an anybody. Dunne is a friend of the worker, as was shown by her recent order to a local knitting house. She had sweaters made for all the set workers who were with her on "Show Boat."

Dunne's appearance is deceiving. Under her reposeful appearance is probably the best organized unit for getting its way that Hollywood has ever known. Irene Dunne doesn't believe in temperamental display but by a method, far more effective, she manages to win the director, producer, co-star, and cameraman over to her manner of thinking. She makes intelligent use of "controlled temperament." This, she admits.

With subtle suggestion, she can completely reverse the playing of a scene, and make the director and others think it was their own idea. There's genius in that ability. By the same manner, she can adroitly turn the questions that an interviewer is asking her, into questions about him. A studio publicity man lamented this to me. "I put off writing my biography on Miss Dunne, thinking that I'd know more about her at the end of the picture," he said. "I know as much about her now—what she thinks, what she does—as I did when she first walked onto the set.

"I know she's intelligent. I know that she makes an intelligent attack on any part that is given her, rationalizing, analyzing its essence. She applies what she knows about tempo and rhythm, from her singing, to her acting. A scene in 'Show Boat' called for her to enter an empty cafe where only a negro porter was mopping the floor. She was to walk across the set, seat herself on a stairway near where the negro stood and commence to sing. The way the scene was written there wasn't time for her to gather her full skirts about her, escape the mop's movement, seat herself on the stairs, and sing. Miss Dunne knew just what was wrong. She convinced the director that the scene, as written, was almost impossible to play. It was re-written according to her suggestions."

SCREEN acting has opened a new field for Dunne's creative imagination. Before this, she thoroughly investigated the world of song and musical comedy. Life will never let her learn all that she wants to know. It is too short for Dunne's curious, inquisitive mind. Even falling downstairs, these days, is a valuable experience for Dunne, although she does not indulge in it much. "I find myself analyzing my sensations as I fall, and my reactions," she says, "thinking that some day, in some film, I may be called upon actually to fall downstairs."

Analyzing herself, Irene Dunne feels that she has paid a dear price for success. "I feel that I have sacrificed a great deal. I have lost all the precious things of domestic life, a real home, the constant companionship of a husband, children." Her life, as lived now, is almost as inviolate as one of the Sisters of her faith. Her dentist husband continues his profession in New York. It is there that Irene, between pictures, hurries to visit him. Her marriage, successful, although long-distanced, is one of the major wonders of Hollywood.

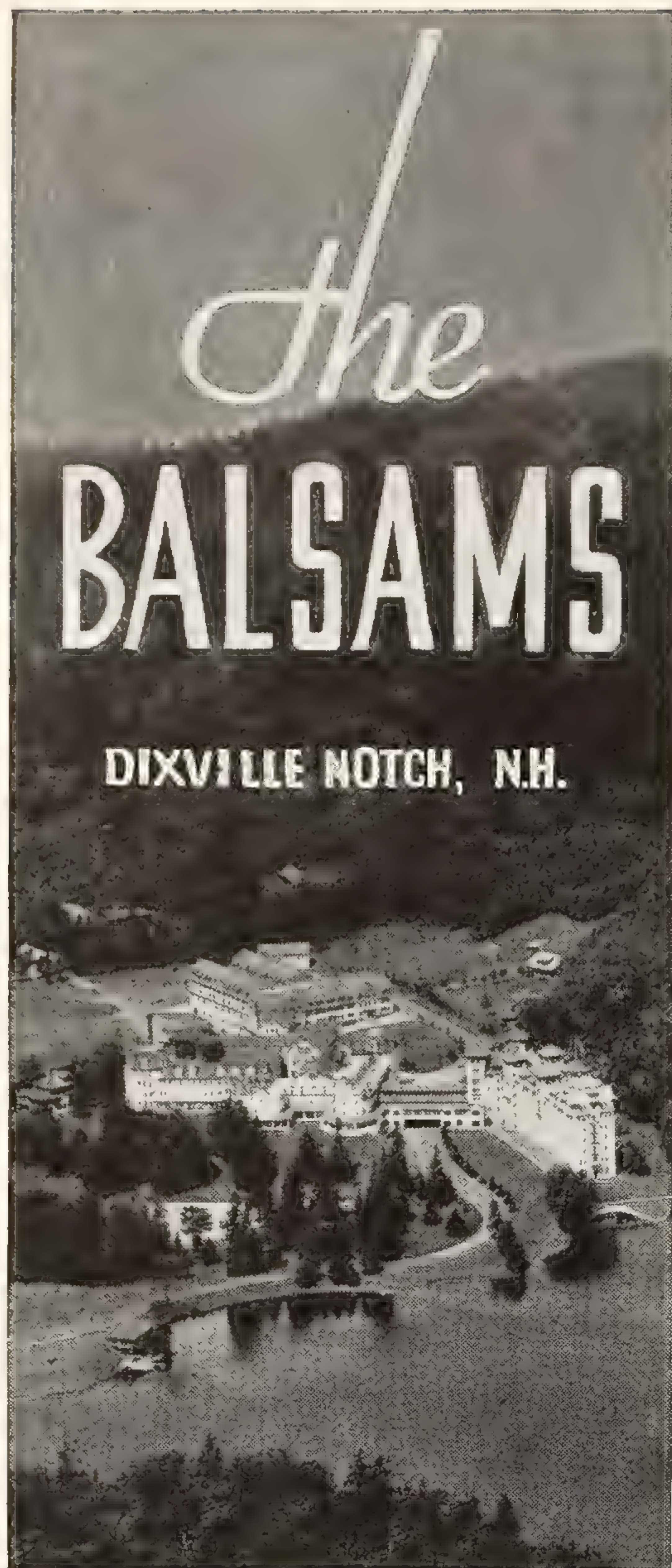
Irene and her husband, because of their necessary separation, subscribe to the English custom of "ginks." A "gink," according to Lady Cavendish (Adele Astaire, Fred's sister), is a gentleman who takes a wife to lunch, tea, dinner and the theatre, when her husband is hard at his profession. Any number of Hollywood gentlemen consider it a pleasure to squire Irene Dunne to the better colony parties and to Los Angeles socialites' affairs, although they probably don't know what their English cousins call them.

But of these entirely civilized relationships, Dunne is a little wary. "I don't believe in going too frequently with the same man. Constant companionship of that sort quite naturally gives him the thought that he can see too much of me, and I am not interested in anything like that."

However, Dunne's spare time is ably used these days when she is not doing the hundreds of duties attendant upon a Hollywood star. With her French chateau nearly completed she is in daily conference with the interior decorator, who is assisting her in furnishing her home. Many pieces from her New York apartment have been shipped here for use. As always, Dunne dazzles the decorator with her superior knowledge of fabrics, periods, antiques. She has not told him that she keeps just one chapter ahead of him in her new book on interior decorating. When she was glibly talking to him about Fortuni prints and drapes, spare moments found her hurriedly reading up on floor coverings, the subject that would next occupy their joint attentions.

With all the hard-headed shrewdness that she displays in the conduct of her business and her personal life, it seems strange to find Dunne dominated by a single fear. She is not afraid to die. Like Shakespeare's Capulet, she feels "we were born to die." She is not afraid of losing her success. She said, "No one can keep it forever. That I know only too well. And who wants to? If you have had your day in the sun, go on to the other days, do other things. The trouble with life is that it gives us too little time to learn and practice all the things that are to be done."

"The thing that frightens me is fast,



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Anita Louise, leaving for New York's smart St. Moritz Hotel, before sailing for Europe with her mother.

reckless driving. I have a horror of motor accidents, probably because I have had several narrow escapes from serious injury. But I think my fear stems from a time before the near smash-ups. My father, who died when I was about twelve, was a Federal inspector of steam boats. He was Captain Joseph J. Dunne, and before he became a government inspector, he was an Ohio River boat builder. My brother and I, from the time we were old enough to understand the grave dangers of mishaps, were taught by my father to be very careful in avoiding them. Safety was always the uppermost thought in my father's mind. If it has become almost an obsession with me, I blame it on paternal influence.

"In making a boat trip, you never bother to see where your life boat is the very first moment that you set foot on the ship, do you? Of course, you don't! Nor do you look about to see that your life belt is in the proper place. Few people do, instead they almost have to be hauled out on deck to see what precautions have been taken for their safety in case of accident. With me, when I travel, I instinctively inspect all these safety devices as soon as I board boat, train or plane—my father's caution, his words of advice, are so deeply grooved in my mind.

"It seems silly to rent a car with a good, steady chauffeur when I am in New York. All he does is wait in front of my apartment to take me to the hairdresser's, shopping or to the theatres, but that is exactly what I do. I simply can't stand the reckless driving of New York's taxi drivers. And, yet, if I am at the wheel, I will tear along at sixty miles or more an hour, and love it. My friends consider me a fast driver. But it is because I have confidence in myself that makes me unafraid when I drive."

Dunne's self-confidence has been the keynote of her successful career that led from Broadway's "Show Boat," into films. It's her conscience—sweet, Irish, true—that has won her many friends and film fans. It's her conscience, too, that makes her admit the lowly baked potato as her favorite food. "Crossing to Europe one time," she says, "a baked potato with salt, pepper, and no butter, was the only thing I could eat. I made up my mind then that if anyone ever asked me what my favorite food was, I'd reward the potato for its kindness to me.

"MY, HASN'T SHE CHANGED!"



... what do they say behind your back?

SHE was once one of the loveliest girls in her set. But her complexion has lost its rose-petal freshness, and gained untimely wrinkles. Her laugh is no longer carefree, but strained—and a little frightened. She really hasn't been herself for years.

Her friends are secretly shocked at the change. Her acquaintances are a little more outspoken—when she leaves the room. For no woman can continue to neglect her health without paying in the precious coin of her youth.

So many women are careless about menus—forgetting that a poorly balanced diet, over a period of years, can erase much of their charm and vivacity. In some cases, common constipation contributes to their troubles.

Common constipation is usually the result of insufficient

"bulk" in the meals you eat. Fortunately, a delicious cereal supplies this "bulk." The "bulk" in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN absorbs moisture, forms a soft mass, gently cleanses the system.

Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. Stubborn cases may require ALL-BRAN oftener. If not relieved this way, see your doctor.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN makes no claim to be a "cure-all"—but it does correct constipation due to insufficient "bulk." Guaranteed by the Kellogg Company. Serve ALL-BRAN as a cereal, or cook into tempting muffins, breads, etc. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



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for
regularity**

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A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

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Close-up of Dick

(Continued from page 51)

guy on the lot. He knows the first name of every electrician, chauffeur and stenographer he's worked with. He sends cases of Campbell's soup and tomato juice to those kids he knows, and the kids proudly prattle to their neighbors about their "pal," Dick Powell.

Then there's his dog, Ranger. Ranger is a handsome thoroughbred police pup. Several months ago he belonged to a friend of Dick's, who was going East and wanted to leave him with Powell. But Dick declined the responsibility, saying: "I'll get too attached to him. You'll have to leave him with someone else, or give him to me." So Ranger was given to Dick, and since then they've become best friends.

All winter long Ranger watched Dick swim in the pool at his new Toluca Lake home, and decided that swimming was a trick he must learn. So every morning at 7:00, work day or holiday, Ranger pounces on Dick's bed to wake him for their morning workout. If Dick wants to swim in solitude, he has to lock Ranger up, else the pup will dive in every time he dives, and swim out only to make a running jump back into the pool to land on his master's shoulders. Nowadays the greatest sport among Dick's friends is avoiding Ranger's running dives, for a 150 pound dog's landing unexpectedly on one's head is apt to be a bit of a surprise!

Dick's girl friends tell with fond amusement of the steps he first took toward furnishing his new Toluca Lake home, which is his present hobby and the pride of his life. Dick personally devised or designed every gadget in the house, and let me assure you that there are plenty of them! Incidentally, his first purchase for the house, before even the lights were in, was a \$35 set of exquisite Bavarian service plates! They must have been rather an odd picture, stacked in the middle of the dining room floor, seen by a dim flash light penetrating the gloom of a late November Sunday afternoon! And next he bought a pair of Sheffield plate candlesticks.

HIS furnishing system seems to be the example par excellence of the old Greek theory that all things are forever in a state of flux—no matter how frequently one is invited to Dick's menage, one never finds the same furniture twice in the same place; in fact, one seldom finds the same furniture twice at all. It's like a circulating furniture exhibit! He's had at least a dozen different furniture suites in the living room, and they've been rearranged as many dozens of times. Once he had two sofas and all of the overstuffed chairs upholstered to match the figured chintz draperies; there remains one love seat matching the draperies! When his mother was out in California, last year, she begged his friends not to suggest any more changes, protesting that there hadn't been any furniture in the house more than two days throughout her visit. Today Dick admits that he's satisfied with one corner of his living room.

In the great play room is found the 200-pound scrapbook that a married couple back in Pittsburgh surprised him with last year. In this massive volume there are accounts of Dick's accomplishments, since the days when he started out as a singer with the Kentucky Cardinals in St. Louis and Indianapolis, and it carries on the story of his achievements step by step.

200 pounds of published history of Dick Powell!

Once in awhile one can get Dick himself to reminisce about those earlier years covered in his scrapbook, and before. When he was five years old, he confesses, he did his first professional vocalizing. A railroad engineer gave him five pennies for singing "Casey Jones," and thereafter every time Dick wanted a nickel he would hunt up the engineer and render a lusty interpretation of "Casey Jones." It got to the point where the engineer would dodge down alleyways or behind hitching posts when he saw or heard young Powell coming!

And he tells about his most embarrassing moment, back in Pittsburgh, where for several years, he was the local wit and matinee idol. Doing four performances a day and rehearsing in between, Dick explains, one is apt to become groggy and perform one's duties with automatic absent-mindedness. One day he was greeted with shrieks and guffaws as he walked onto the stage, and it wasn't till some time afterward that a musician was able to whisper to him that he'd forgotten his tuxedo tie and collar, and that his trousers were unbuttoned!

BUT even these stories, the human incidents and accidents that only his intimate friends know, do not explain Dick Powell. For there's a serious side to this hero of stereotyped musical productions, this romantic crooner whom O. O. McIntyre salutes as the best master of ceremonies on the air, of which even his intimates are not aware. In the first place, though Dick asserts that he is completely happy and that there's nothing unusual about the things he does or feels or thinks, still Dick Powell has known great physical pain—and a great self-consciousness complex. He is not the light-hearted juvenile he forever appears to be in pictures, although he is ever the gay host and social comrade. Dick Powell never mentions his disappointments nor his pains; he does not believe in burdening others with his personal woes.

And yet, when you attempt to discuss this side of his character makeup with him, Dick denies it shortly, fearing you will jump to the conclusion that he's a melodramatic Pagliacci, a ham actor who's yearning for Hamlet roles, or a crooner with the "Met" complex. He knows his type, and his limitations. Just the other day a resourceful publicity man persuaded a syndicate movie chatterer that Dick had declined offers from the Metropolitan Opera Company on a recent trip to New York. But Dick heard about the story, and prohibited its publication. He refuses to commit sensational stunts just to court publicity, and insists that if the truth isn't interesting enough, he prefers to go without publicity.

"I don't feel that I've achieved anything, in comparison to what I want to achieve," Dick answered my bromide about "to what do you attribute your success?" He wants to be as fine an actor as it is possible to become—as fine an actor as he considers Helen Hayes an actress, but he hastily protests that "I'm not dissatisfied with the work I've been given. I haven't had a real vacation in ten years, but I'm grateful for having been employed steadily all that time. If a person is given the same type of role repeatedly, the reason is that that type of picture is selling. And it seems pretty stupid to me to get dissatisfied when common sense will tell you that

your studio will make that kind of picture till it's no longer 'box-office.' When that time has come, a change will be necessary and we always hope it will be a change for the better. But I'm not so ungrateful nor so conceited as to assume that I know more than my studio knows about what I can do and luck has been with me long enough to make me feel confident that when the time is ripe, better things will come."

THUS does Dick side-track your efforts to get at that serious, sensitive side of him that you know is hiding behind this gracious but seemingly cocky and wary screen and radio idol. He side-tracks you thusly about his romances, too, saying he has no time for serious romance just now. All very guarded, you see.

Many of us feel that even though filmmakers are prone to practice the celebrity's license of saying one thing and performing another, Dick probably will remain a bachelor for some time to come. He is very fond of Joan Blondell and they are very good friends. But, marriage? Well—Joan's divorce will not be final for many months. Dick was married once before, you know, when he was just out of his freshman year in college, and because that didn't work out, he is wary about plunging into another. He wants to marry again, yes, when he's reasonably sure it can be a mutually happy marriage.

From another tack I learned a little more. I heard that the physical examinations he underwent at Johns-Hopkins, when he went East to make "Annapolis," were to find the cause of his headaches, and as I too have had headaches, I inquired about the remedy the specialists prescribed. And because Dick thought that here was an opportunity to help someone, he finally "opened up."

In the first place, only the radio studio audiences and workers on the Warner Brothers lot knew that Dick Powell wore glasses. It was strange, watching him, for he never seemed to know whether he wanted them off or on. He would wear them for five minutes, and then, when he'd be holding his script or sheet music out at arm's length for reading it, he'd take the glasses off. But even those, who could see the coming and going of the glasses, didn't know about the headaches, didn't know about the two to four to six aspirins Dick took every day for over a year to ease them. These headaches came like great steel braces to clamp about his temples till his blood vessels throbbed and pulsed like drums in his ears, and it seemed as though great hammers had struck between his eyes with only red spots, whirrings and flashes of lightning piercing the blackness in front of him. No one who hasn't had headaches hour after hour, day after day, for weeks at a time, until the pain seems almost to drive the sanity and reason out of one, can know what they're like—and no one at all knew about Dick Powell's headaches. Perhaps these headaches are a partial reason for people's thinking him conceited. Perhaps the pain was so great that Dick was too ill and preoccupied to be as gracious as usual to his acquaintances, or to feel like being gay, friendly and conversational.

At any rate, when Dick described his headaches, I knew he had just cause for murder—those headaches alone explain lots of things. And he described them only in order to express, in contrast, the gratitude he feels and the abundant good health he has enjoyed since consulting the doctors at Johns-Hopkins.

"It's funny," explains Dick, "they really didn't do much beside examine me all over again. But finally, all they said was that

I didn't need to wear glasses, and that I should do a few eye exercises every day. I threw my four pairs of specs into the wastebasket at the doctor's office then and there, and I've had only one headache since. That was at a movie, and I simply did the exercise of following the moving finger from a foot away from the eyes to an inch away, and after doing that a few times, even that headache left me."

AFTER this comparing of notes on headaches and the appreciation it brought of the agonies Dick had suffered, I told him outright that I had formerly thought him the most conceited upstart in pictures, at which he became very concerned and earnest.

"Now why, what do I do that makes everyone think I'm conceited? To be conceited, one must be stupid, I think—and I strive hard enough to keep out of that class.

"Do you know that I constantly violate studio instructions just to avoid being thought conceited? We're told to be aloof, mysterious, different and yet, how can one be when one likes people, all kinds of people, and can't bear hurting their feelings? Yet most people think I'm conceited. If I only knew what I could do to change their thinking that. I suppose I never can, though. Look at Al Jolson. He's the most sensitive, self-conscious fellow I know, and yet everyone thinks he's conceited, too.

"The hardest thing I've had to conquer and I haven't whipped it yet, is self-consciousness. I always feel scared and silly and conspicuous when I have to 'emote' for pictures—and people think I'm flippant and cold!"

But it was through discussing his trip home to Arkansas, last summer, I got to the philosophy of Dick's life, the ethics by which he lives, the sincerity with which

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he appreciates others' kindnesses, and the conscientiousness with which he works.

When Dick left Little Rock, Arkansas, as a young bridegroom just out of his first year in college, he declared to himself that he wouldn't go back until he had accomplished something which even the critical townsfolk would acknowledge as an achievement. Through the years it's been necessary for him to go back, occasionally, but it wasn't until last summer that he was able to achieve that sense of real accomplishment. Dick sacrificed a highly remunerative personal appearance tour to make that trip home, and while there he gave abandonedly of his services and time for a benefit show he staged for the Little Rock Boys' Club. The performance was an outstanding success, and raised enough money to keep a swimming pool open all the year around for the crippled and disabled children of the community. In recognition of his services, the Boys' Club honored him with a framed satin plaque commemorating the occasion, and Dick is more proud of that plaque than anything he possesses.

In the tone of his voice, as he described his home town and the loving neighbors there, you sensed the sincerity which emanates from the soul of Dick Powell, and subsequently, as he showed the various colored bath towels his mother had monogrammed "REP" (Richard Ewing Powell) for him on her recent visit here, I realized how appreciative he was of little things.

Later on he told me the corrections he

would make if he could live his life over—finishing college and taking four additional years of law as a general preparation for any career, waiting until he was older to marry so that he'd know enough to make a success of his first marriage. He values the important things. Yet he's practical about it all. For instance, Dick observes: "After having been out of school and working in the world for awhile, one finds that the men who make a million a year work no harder than those who make a thousand a year—it's just that those who make the millions know where and how to spend their energy."

Such are the conclusions about life and living that Dick Powell has drawn, and he adds: "I don't waste any time regretting the mistakes I've made. I've been mighty lucky, and I'm so happy now that I'm afraid it won't last. Such happiness doesn't seem to last in this world. But no matter what the future holds, I refuse to worry, because I know it can't help any. Maybe it's a silly attitude, a stupid attitude, but I feel that no matter what one has to do, whether it be street sweeping or leading the country through a depression, if one does it to the best of his ability, everything else will take care of itself. Perhaps that's why I'm never drastically disappointed, for although I dream about things, I don't count on anything. I live for the day only."

Is that the remark of a flippant thinker, a self-satisfied egotist? I think not. And yet, that's the real Dick Powell!

Gene, Marry? Well—

(Continued from page 47)

I never wanted to be anything but an actor.

"I've never wavered in my one-track ambition, even as a child. I never, for instance, wanted to be a fireman or a street car conductor. I could look dispassionately on steam engines, steam rollers, Indian tepees, cowboy outfits and all the rest of the insignia of most lads' dreams.

"I loved adventure all right, but I loved it in books. I read 'Scaramouche,' 'The Sea Hawk' and 'The Three Musketeers' and longed to play them. I never brought my yearnings up to date with the hope of enlisting in a South American or a Mexican revolution.

"I just wanted to be an actor. And I want to continue to be an actor. And marriage would interfere with that continuance. . . .

"We won't go into the worn-out arguments against marriage in Hollywood. The subject has been worried and shaken around by writers until it is anemic. It's a matter of time, really. You have to have time to give to marriage. A screen actor has no time to give. You have to play leading man, and a darned adequate one, to your wife. A screen actor has no self to give. He is leading man to too many different women. The average girl wouldn't be expected to understand all this . . . the sketchy hours, the whole high-keyed pattern of the life. And to marry an actress would be to court almost certain disaster. I do not believe that two professionals can run harmoniously together in such abrasive double harness. That has been proven often enough to be conclusive.

"I shall marry eventually, of course. Actors are no different from other men. We want the stabilities other men have,

too. But the life we lead is different, too different."

And I want to make a prophecy about Gene Raymond here and now. When he does finally marry it will not be one of those off-to-Yuma-by-night-plane elopements. It will not come as a surprise to his friends or to his fans. For there is something very conservative, and really rather sweet about Gene. He will have all of the "honorable traditions." The formal proposal. The engagement ring. The announcement. His bride-to-be will have time for showers and parties and the garnering of a hope chest. There will be a church wedding and parental blessings and rice and old shoes and a honeymoon.

"And I'll tell you just when I do hope to marry," Gene was saying as I came to again. "I hope to marry when I have reached the point in my career where I can be sure of making no more than two or three pictures a year. When I can dictate my own terms and my own time. Then and only then will I qualify as a husband. I can 'keep company' with my wife. We can travel and entertain and be together as man and wife should be. But I must reach that place before I can feel decent about asking any girl to share my life with me. For I must be able to share, too."

AND again I must interrupt Gene to make a mental prophecy. He will do just what he says he wants to do. For there is a granite strain in this blond young man. A strain of rigid self-discipline. I know that on New Year's Eve he decided to give up smoking for six months. At midnight, in the very midst of smoking a cigarette, he dunked it and has not had a single puff since. He will

make up his mind not to go out for three weeks, to stay at home and read and study. Once his mind is made up, nothing can shake his determination.

"Will you answer a question?" I asked suddenly.

"If I can answer just 'yes' or 'no,' grinned Gene.

"Right," I said, "it's this. Have you ever been in love? I mean, when you talk of what you will and will not do about falling in love and marrying, do you know what you are talking about from experience?"

"Yes," said Gene.

"Then," I said, "you've been deeply enough in love to know the signs and symptoms called 'falling'? You know enough to run away when you feel them attacking you?"

"Yes," said Gene.

"Emotions are completely unpredictable, though, aren't they?" I persisted, feeling a strong impulse to shake him until two words dropped out instead of the guaranteed one.

"Yes," said Gene.

Then he added, amusement in his eyes, "Yes, of course, emotions are unpredictable. Your own heart is the joker in the pack. It's more apt to play tricks on you than not. I may fall so in love tomorrow afternoon at five-thirty o'clock that I won't know whether I'm an actor or an acrobat. But it's unlikely."

I agreed with him there. I am convinced that young Mr. Raymond is a cold proposition on the surface, that he has given himself a thorough coat of protective-coloration, so well applied that young Dora Cupid going a-gunning couldn't tell whether he might be a vulnerable young man or a tree-toad.

I thought, too, of the gamut this young man has run. He went to the Children's Professional School, with Helen Chandler and Marguerite Churchill among his classmates. He played in "Mirrors" on the New York stage with Sylvia Sidney and in "Take My Advice" with Genevieve Tobin. In Hollywood he made "Personal Maid" with Nancy Carroll, "Ladies of the Big House" with Sylvia Sidney, "Red Dust" with Jean Harlow, "Brief Moment" with Carole Lombard, "The House on 56th Street" with Kay Francis, "Zoo in Budapest" with Loretta Young, "I Am Suzanne" with Lilian Harvey, "Flying Down to Rio" with Dolores del Rio, "North Shore" opposite Barbara Stanwyck, "Seven Keys to Baldpate" with Margaret Callahan, "Don't Bet On Love," his latest, with Wendy Barrie. I'm reeling off these titles not to give you the titles, but to give you the lovely ladies he has worked with. And if a man can be subjected to such a beauty barrage of fire and remain even moderately sane—well, what do you think? He isn't likely to be too susceptible, is he?

Then, Gene has his "defenses." He explained them to me. Staying single is the easiest thing he does except for one fact—there are so many lovely ladies to trip the unwary heart. He makes this very fact work for him. For one of the greatest dangers of falling in love is propinquity. Propinquity with one person. And so he avoids that. He does not go out with any one girl too often.

SOMETIMES," said Gene, "I don't go out at all, for long periods. I get spells where I want to be on the go all of the time—weeks when I go lunching, dining, dancing almost constantly. Then more weeks when I don't go out at all—stay at home with my mother and my brother Robert (he's musical and wants to have his own band. He's clever and



When the horse runs home and the ground is hard,
When you wish you were safe in your own back yard,
When your face is red as a riding coat,
When things get tough and they get your goat,
Then it's time to test the flavor true
That helps you forget you are black and blue . . .
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TATTOO

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Turn to page 18

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undoubtedly will have one), and read and study and take long rides by myself.

"I have so many things I want to do, you know," Gene said. "An actor's life has limitations. I recognize them and want to prepare to write and direct. I'd like to head an independent producing unit at a major Hollywood studio. I make it a point to study the methods of the various directors with whom I work. I am also studying music, languages, literature. A man with only one string to his bow is liable to find himself without a target to aim at, you know."

He's not content either with the things he has done on the screen. He wants to do costume pictures. The Sabatini type of hero—swashbuckling, do-and-darish.

And it might interest you to know that Gene has worked toward that as yet un-

realized Sabatini-ish end for years. He went to a gym in New York for years. He studied fencing. He studied riding. He played golf and tennis. He is not really the sophisticated drawing-room type at all. Thus far he hasn't been able to sell a producer the idea that he can break a lance and rescue a ladye faire with the best of the "Bloods" and "Fletcher Christians." But he's going to convince someone one of these days, or know why.

"Can't you see why I don't want to marry, yet?" Gene asked. "I want perfection in my marriage. I can't give toward that perfection what I want to give until I've accomplished some of the things I've planned. I'm looking forward to marriage as the real goal of my career, the real Grail for which working is only a part of the seeking."

And the Bride Wore...

(Continued from page 66)

natural colored linen lace, made with a tiny high collar piped in linen and with short puff sleeves. Dozens of little linen-covered buttons march from neckline to hem. And like her other lace dress, small patch pockets are a unique detail of the flared skirt. A snugly fitted linen jacket tops this dress. The exaggerated shoulder line and nipped-in waist are features of this, too. Giddiest of all are Ginger's accessories for this costume. A saucy pill box hat and a huge jabot of violets on silk—the hat is completely covered with the violets. Natural colored linen strap slippers complete the costume.

Ginger said that she liked lounging pajamas better than negligees in her own trousseau. As it happened she was buying a new pajama suit to replace a trousseau one which was quite worn out now. Her new one was so smart that I have shown it on page 65. It's a three-piece affair, the long white crepe coat faced back with a bright paisley print. Trousers are of the print and the tailored, short-sleeved shirt of white crepe is laced with a string of the print. It's a perfect pajama for summer because it is tailored enough to wear about the house and out into the garden.

Other "musts" for your trousseau, according to Ginger, should be a fluffy dinner gown, one or two evening dresses, a black or white velvet evening wrap, a sports coat—she likes camels hair for this—and several simple sports or daytime dresses gauged to your own needs.

GINGER'S wedding gown was lace in her favorite shade, a pale yellow-green. And funny enough, even though she has been married for nearly two years, the same dress would be charming this summer, so well chosen was it. The fitted blouse had a short peplum and the skirt was made long and gracefully wide. A medium-brimmed green straw hat was trimmed with a short veil of the same lace as the dress. For flowers, Ginger carried a flat spray of calla lilies with gardenias laid along the stems. Simply a charming costume for any bride who wants to break away from the conventional white gown and a veil.

Before leaving Ginger to go on to the subject of wedding gowns, I want to mention what she wears for a foundation garment. Being so very slender, a pair of knitted elastic pants serves adequately in lieu of a more confining girdle. These are a satin and elastic knit combination and are perfect for all you young things

who have mere pencils for figures. However, for you who do need some real figure control, and most of us do, an all-in-one is an excellent choice. There is a slick one on the market made of satin with knitted elastic at the hips, where you need it. The top and uplift bust of this garment are made of lace, reinforced with net. The satin is cleverly reinforced and boned in back and over the diaphragm.

And for summer, there is another type of foundation you should have in your trousseau. It's cool yet gives you all the support you need. It's made of a silk-covered elastic net. Off the body it looks shirred but on it's smooth as a glove and very sheer. Another grand point is that it's seamless except for a slender front panel of satin. The bust part is in uplift style and the back is cut low.

Now for wedding finery. The general trend in wedding gowns seems to be toward the period style. And you can pick almost any period you like, the bouffant Victorian or the slender Regency with the high waist, or the simple draped modern gown—and any of a dozen others. Flowers play a big part in veil arrangements, just as they do in hair styles, this summer. And you'll find that it will be fun to experiment with unusual flowers, rather than the traditional orange blossoms. The halo type of wedding veil arrangement is very effective for you who look well in off-the-face hats. Bonnets, too, are charming, especially when the veil billows forth from under the brim at back.

Sally Blane, when she married Norman Foster, wore a short tulle veil which covered her face and reached only to just below her shoulders in back. Her wedding gown, of white velvet, had a period feeling in its square neckline and standing ruche of velvet. The skirt was straight and long with a slight train at back. Her bouquet was in shower effect, made of white orchids and lily-of-the-valley. Altogether it was a beautiful ensemble. And a hint to bridegrooms, Norman wore a spray of Sally's lily-of-the-valley in his buttonhole.

IN "Showboat" Irene Dunne wears a wedding gown of the nineties that has a lovely wedding veil arrangement. The veil springs from a tiara of waxed orange blossoms, worn well back on the head and showing a fluffy curled bang at front. This veil is tulle and is very long. Irene's dress boasts a bustle and many ruffles in the manner of that period. Her bouquet is a grand tip for you who wear your

mothers' wedding gowns for it is so in keeping with the period. Of white roses and lily-of-the-valley, it is surrounded by a white lace frill, in the manner of a Valentine nosegay, only large.

There's a new shade that is being promoted by smart shops in their wedding displays. It is an off-white on a pale mauve cast. Nice for you who like the unusual and want to be up to the minute in your wedding. Delicate pink and an icy blue white, as well as an oyster white are all variations of the pure or cream white shade.

Satin is first in fabrics with chiffon, crepe, taffeta, net, lace and tulle-over-taffeta running close in popular choice.

Shirley Deane wears a taffeta wedding gown in "The First Baby" which offers ideas for all of you. You can see it on page 66. There's a quaint charm about it such as there would be to one handed down by your grandmother. An unusual drape effect is given the upper sleeve by means of the tight shoulder shirring. And shirring is repeated across the bodice. The tulle ruche and the file of pearl buttons down the front are perfect accents to the tight fitting bodice. Shirley's veil is in two lengths of tulle with flowers outlining the cap. Her bouquet is unique, too, being a muff of gardenias and fern with gardenia-trimmed streamers.

Anita Louise wears a perfect bridesmaid's hat. Of finest straw, its wide brim and crown is crossed in the center by an open mesh veil which forms a chin band underneath. Flowers circling the crown, are repeated again in a small bunch under the brim.

Pat Paterson, another bride of a few years ago, wears a lace gown that could be a charming bridesmaid's costume. Mauve lace is the fabric, the top designed with an off-the-shoulder effect and puff sleeves, and the skirt slender through the hips but with godets introduced to give a smart flare below. A pink taffeta bow and pink shoulder straps are the only decorative details. Pat's flower trimming for her hair is an excellent suggestion for the wedding party that doesn't wear hats. These could be real flowers, echoing the bouquets the attendants carry.

And there's nothing like a very practical tip to close our bridal story. Both the bride and her bridesmaids can have colored gloves to match their costumes with no effort and hardly any expense.

Dye white fabric ones in the colors you want! It's so easy, all you need are some of the grand little dye wafers that are on the market. You can either use the colors these wafers come in—or you can combine several wafers to get the latest color scheme. For instance, here are two color recipes: To get a dusky rose shade, you combine a half wafer of tan with an eighth wafer of scarlet. And for a royal blue, combine a half wafer of dark blue with an eighth wafer of rose pink. If you would like more of these "Color Recipes," just fill in the coupon and I will send you the newest color schemes and how to make them.

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ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Good Boy-Bad Boy

(Continued from page 21)

person, has acted as a demon chaperone, always with them on their dates.

BE that as it may, this is not a story of Ariel and Caliban. It is one of the two Barrymore boys who were pals long ago when they were young and who are still more affectionately disposed toward each other than many brothers. To Lionel, John is always "Young Feller" and to John, Lionel is invariably "Mike." These nicknames date back to the days when as lads they used to impersonate Weber and Fields for their own amusement. Those days when they were both "those young Barrymore devils," always getting into mischief, such as the time the two of them walked importantly into Delmonico's, gravely consulted the bill of fare and ordered French pastry. They gorged themselves. The waiter presented a bill, for five dollars.

"But, my man," said Lionel, "the bill of fare says pastry costs but twenty-five cents!"

The waiter admitted this truth, but he said vehemently, "You two have eaten twenty orders between you and you know it!"

And the boys stayed in hock at Delmonico's until their father, Maurice Barrymore, arrived to bail them out.

As they have grown up and gone about their trade of acting (they both frankly call it a trade), they have led totally different lives. John's has been colorful, spectacular, vivid, dramatic. He has always been the spoiled darling of the theatre and the movies. All he had to do to win the adulation of the fans was to turn that left profile.

Lionel, on the other hand, has ambled inconspicuously through the theatre and through more than a quarter of a century in pictures, every now and then getting highly praised for this performance or that, but never arousing more than momentary excitement. He is a finer and more serious creative artist than John. John never took motion pictures seriously until after Lionel's sustained success in characterization. He had been content with turning on the charm in romantic roles, and making facetious remarks about movie moguls, but Lionel's success aroused him. He did such things as "Topaze," "Reunion in Vienna" and "Bill of Divorcement," which could not be slid through on the strength of charm, but required good hard work.

WHILE John has been crashing headlines with his affairs of the heart, Lionel has gone quietly about his business. He was married to Doris McKee Rankin for seventeen years. When he was divorced some years ago, he married Irene Fenwick, the charming stage star, to whom he is still married.

When a friend asked him what he thought about John's attachment to the youthful Elaine Barrie, this is the remark attributed to him and it has the familiar Barrymore tang!

"Oh, I don't know," he drawled, "I never think about such things any more, seems to me that John would get to that age, too."

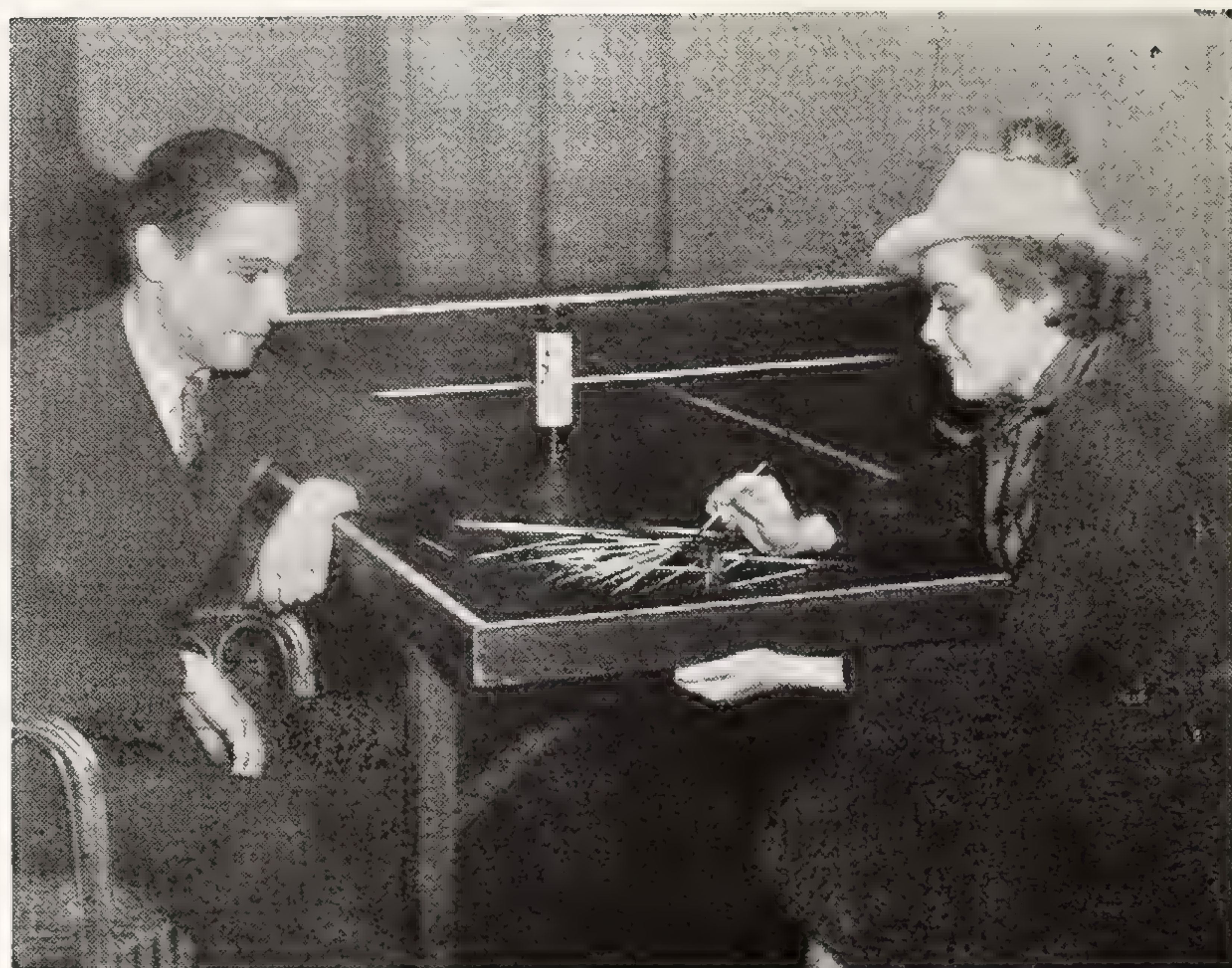
As you may or may not remember, Lionel is fifty-eight years old, and John is fifty-four.

John says that the crash of his marriage with Dolores Costello was all his fault, that "Mrs. Barrymore is a most charming woman." But his friends say that there are two sides to the question. After all, John probably was not easy to live with, but on the other hand Dolores Costello, too, may have her faults. Certainly, an impasse had been reached long before he went on the Havana cruise which brought the subsequent unpleasant publicity.

It is interesting that John's come-back is in a Shakespearian role. The one time you can get him to talk seriously and at length on acting is when he discusses the Bard of Avon. He likes this villain, Mercutio. He says he is a "mercurial sort of fellow, full of imagery sometimes flamboyant, sometimes whimsically tender. He has that quality the Irish describe as 'fey'—imagery and an inherent belief in the elves." In fact Mercutio sounds a trifle Barrymore from John's description, doesn't he?

Lionel also has been known to become violently worked up playing a role. In a recent picture he became so excited during an argument with the director that in pounding the table to emphasize a point, he actually broke a bone in his hand. The director wouldn't let him hear the last of it. Thereafter, he had a prop boy follow Mr. Barrymore around with a pillow so that he could bang the pillow instead of a table.

Bad Boy and Good Boy, they are two of the most interesting men of the theatre and pictures.



Sam Taylor, Modern Screen's Hollywood reporter, interviewed pretty Joan Marsh during one of his recent tri-weekly broadcasts. Tune in Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7:15 p. m., Station WOR, and be informed on the latest Hollywood doings.

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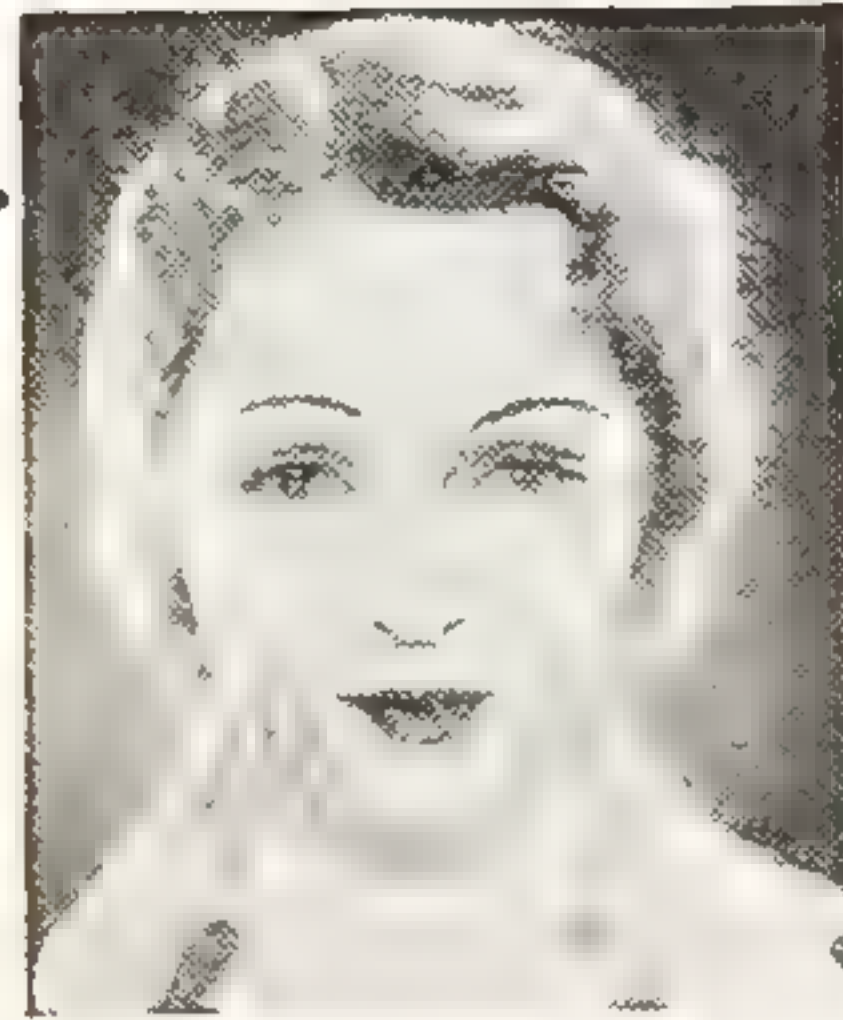
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Luck Smiles on Ann

(Continued from page 63)

under contract by M-G-M. Day after day they had her pose for publicity pictures, but they never gave her a chance to act. She felt so low, it was a temptation just to mope around the house, but she pulled herself together and went to the party determined to show them that they were overlooking a good bet.

"Wasn't it lucky that I didn't get a part in pictures then? I didn't know anything about acting!"

Her luckiest break, she figures, was being born the daughter of Annette Yde, concert singer and voice coach, who gave her a love of music and the theatre, who taught her and encouraged her.

It was not financial necessity that drove Annette Yde out on a concert tour through forty-degree-below-zero North Dakota weather that January back in 1909 when Ann was born. It was her love of singing to those music-starved audiences. Ann is deeply grateful for her inherited love of the theatre, and for her mother's example of courage and love of living that made her take everything in her stride—career, love, marriage, babies.

Looking at Ann as our taxi jolted along spasmodically through the heavy traffic, it seemed to me that it was the most divine luck for her to have big blue-gray eyes that are as changeable as the weather—pert and fresh as lilacs one minute, impenetrable violet depths another. It was luck to be endowed with a complexion like thick cream and lips that are wide and tolerant and sensuous. It was luck that she had the sort of features that photograph well from every angle and hair that falls gracefully even when whipped by the wind. But Ann doesn't give that a thought. To her it is just a face that she is so accustomed to that it seems as commonplace as having ten fingers.

Our taxi jolted to a sudden stop, right across from a theatre where signs announced that Roger Pryor was about to open an engagement there in person.

"You'll be getting married soon, won't you?" I asked.

"But where did you hear that?" she blurted out as if taken by surprise. She was smiling radiantly, and trying hard not to.

"Everyone seems to be trying to make up our minds for us. It's disconcerting. Don't try to make me live in the future when I believe in making the most of the present. Remember, Roger has just obtained his final decree and I think he should try freedom for a while. He should not get married in a hurry. He has been tied down so long—"

Abruptly the taxi plunged forward again, and as we came to a sudden stop we glanced out and read the sign on the next theatre marquee.

"'You May Be Next,' with Ann Sothern," we read and then collapsed, giggling at the strange suggestion theatre signs flaunt to the world.

"Is it a good picture?" I asked. "Are you any good in it?"

"Oh, no," she protested, "don't go to see it, please. Give me a chance to do better. I never like my work in pictures. While I am working, I am always hopeful, but when I see the result I detect a thousand and one places where

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I should have done better. I realize then the lack of expert little touches of characterization that an actress like Helen Hayes would have put in.

"It isn't the fault of the stories," she dismissed the neat little excuse I offered her. "An actress can give a great deal even to a feeble role if she explores it deeply enough. Maybe it has helped me not having awfully good pictures. Critics have got in the habit of saying that I deserve something better. The only part I have really liked was in 'Folies Bergere.' Maurice Chevalier was delightful to work with, so considerate and stimulating.

"He takes his work very seriously. No matter how much he has worked on the preparation of a scene, he is constantly puzzling out ways to do it better. He loves the theatre for itself."

"And for the money," I suggested, always one to nail flights of fancy down with a fact or two.

"Yes, I like the money, too," she chimed in without hesitation. "It means that I can have a comfortable home and nice clothes and the best tennis coach. My game's getting good and I'm very proud of it. It means that I can hop on a plane and come to New York when I have a few days away from the studio. But the money would not make life pleasant if I were not doing what I enjoy. The fascinating part about acting is that whatever you may do, you always feel that given another chance you might do more. The further you get the more you realize how much you have to learn.

"I was playing a lead on Broadway four years ago. My name was Harriet Lake then, you know. I may have looked like a success to everyone else, but I woke up to the fact that I didn't know anything, ANYTHING," she added emphatically. "I took a large part of my salary and paid it to a dramatic coach to teach me fundamentals.

"Out in Hollywood, I often sit alone evenings and study my lines the way we used to, under her direction. I live alone, rattling around in a big house with just some servants and dogs. If it has been a bad day at the studio, I can always play and sing or read until I am all relaxed and gay again. Then I can pick up my lines for the next day and really try to give them some meaning."

Ann Sothern is one of those quiet, serene people who does things thoroughly. If she were a typist, she would be on hand every time a speed competition was held, matching her skill against the lightning fingers of the winners. If she were a hairdresser, she'd be the earnest, wide-eyed gal in the front row of every demonstration of a new method of giving permanent waves. But because she happens to be an actress, it is her voice and body and imagination, the tools of a player, that she works on.

In the interval between finishing her Columbia contract and starting at RKO she felt that she needed a rest and relaxation, so she went to Palm Springs. She was bored. She went to San Francisco and was even more bored. So she rushed to a plane and came to New York where there are two influences of inestimable value to her—the theatre and Mme. Frances.

Later on I will tell you how Ann goes to the same theatre day after day, seeing Helen Hayes or Katherine Cornell over and over again, taking the performances apart and trying to discover what makes them so good. But first let me tell you about Mme. Frances.

MME. FRANCES makes clothes, bewilderingly lovely and expensive clothes, designed especially for the people who wear them. They cannot be copied because, aside from her cunning, rare materials and fine sewing go into them. Ann just bought a regal, finger-tip sable cape from her. At the matinee she was wearing a prim black taffeta suit with silver fox swirling around her neck and down to her knees. But Mme. Frances is more than a designer to whom Ann entrusts the job of making her look elegant in a not too conspicuous way. She is a woman whose salty wisdom has for many years been the terror of phonies in the theatrical world and the joy of those few to whom she has offered her encouragement. Starting in a little hat shop on Broadway, Frances has become a power in the dress world, a big trader in Wall Street, and a Palm Beach hostess to whose annual charity ball all society flocks. Ann is one of the very few young actresses who can legitimately claim her as a close friend.

"If I ever become phoney in any way,



Leslie Howard, Norma Shearer, Mrs. William Gargan, and Mrs. Howard attend "The Great Ziegfeld" premiere together.

I'll know it when Frances looks at me. She demands a lot of people. She has known many of the great men and women of this generation, so she keeps you from getting cocky over some trifling success. But she is just as ready to bolster you up when you are low."

I have never seen Ann Sothern when she was low. I can't quite imagine it. For such an extravagantly lush, bland beauty, she seems to have a very even disposition and I've often wondered how she got it. Maybe it was the influence of her quietly reflective Scandinavian grandmother with whom she lived during her high-school years in Minneapolis. For three years in succession Ann won the prize at Central High School for the best original piano composition. Grandmother was pleased. It was all right for her to be a big fish in a small puddle as long as she was reminded that there were lakes and rivers and oceans for her to attempt later on.

If you have any doubts about Ann's level head, came back with me to intermission time at the Helen Hayes matinee. I was resigned to staying in the stuffy theatre, because it is too much to ask a motion-picture actress to go out to the lobby and battle with the autograph seekers. But Ann grabbed my arm and led me out. She does not act like a star who is afraid of being recognized. No black glasses, no furtive darting about. The usual manner of a star is just a shade less harassed than that of a fugitive from justice with the Canadian Mounted in hot pursuit. Ann Sothern gives in public a superb performance of Miss Nobody with the result that onlookers are puzzled. They are sure they have seen her somewhere, but she is so obviously unconscious of their staring that they are willing to grant it may be a mistake.

"It seems odd to be out front in this theatre," she told me. "I played on that stage for thirty-six weeks in 'America's Sweetheart.' I was still Harriet Lake then. Didn't change my name until Columbia scouts saw me in 'Of Thee I Sing' and gave me a contract. They didn't think the name suited me, so I took Ann from my mother's name and Sothern from E. H. Sothern, whose Memoirs I was just reading."

That intermission and the next flew by because there was so much to say about Helen Hayes' performance. From our vantage point in the front row where we practically chinned ourselves on the stage, Ann pointed out many details a non-professional would miss—the way uncertainty was expressed in her hands, her feet, her tremulous chin when Victoria first got up courage to defy her mother.

"Isn't it wonderful the way she made her voice so young," Ann pointed out. "Crystal-clear and high as if all experience had been sieved out of it. What a grand time she must have had reading all the books about Victoria when she studied the part."

QUEEN VICTORIA who treasured simple goodness more than glamorous greatness read the memoirs of the actress Fanny Kemble when she was a very young girl and set down in her diary that they were "pert and vulgar." Ann and I could not help being a little hilarious over what the good queen would have thought of present-day revelations in interviews with motion-picture actresses.

"How terrible for her to give way to her feelings like that," Ann sobbed when Victoria made a public spectacle of her jealousy of a pretty young woman at her court. "A woman shouldn't ever speak until her anger dies down, and preferably

not then, should she? She'd win out much better if she stayed charming through weariness and anger—"

A few minutes later we were walking across Forty-fourth Street, peering down the narrow street that is known as Shubert Alley where many theatrical offices are, looking for the ghost of Harriet Lake. Only four years ago she was there, smiling bravely, trying to walk without betraying her trembling knees, begging for a chance to play good parts.

"One summer I came rushing out of that office up there. I was offered a good part in a fall production," the Ann Sothern who used to be Harriet Lake told me, "and I felt I needed a lot of coaching to be able to play it. I didn't have much money, but I went to a retired actress and asked her to work with me, offering to pay her as soon as the play started. Before that I had always paid her in advance, but she knew me well enough to know that I would surely pay her as soon as I could. She turned me down. I was frantically upset—afraid I would never be able to play the part—but I went to work by myself and got it all right. I've never quite forgiven her, though I suppose I should because she taught me not to expect others to be vitally concerned about my ambitions. Any girl who hopes to be an actress has to learn so many things—to gather the forces within herself to conquer disappointment, to avoid antagonizing people working with her, and most of all to enjoy studying her job."

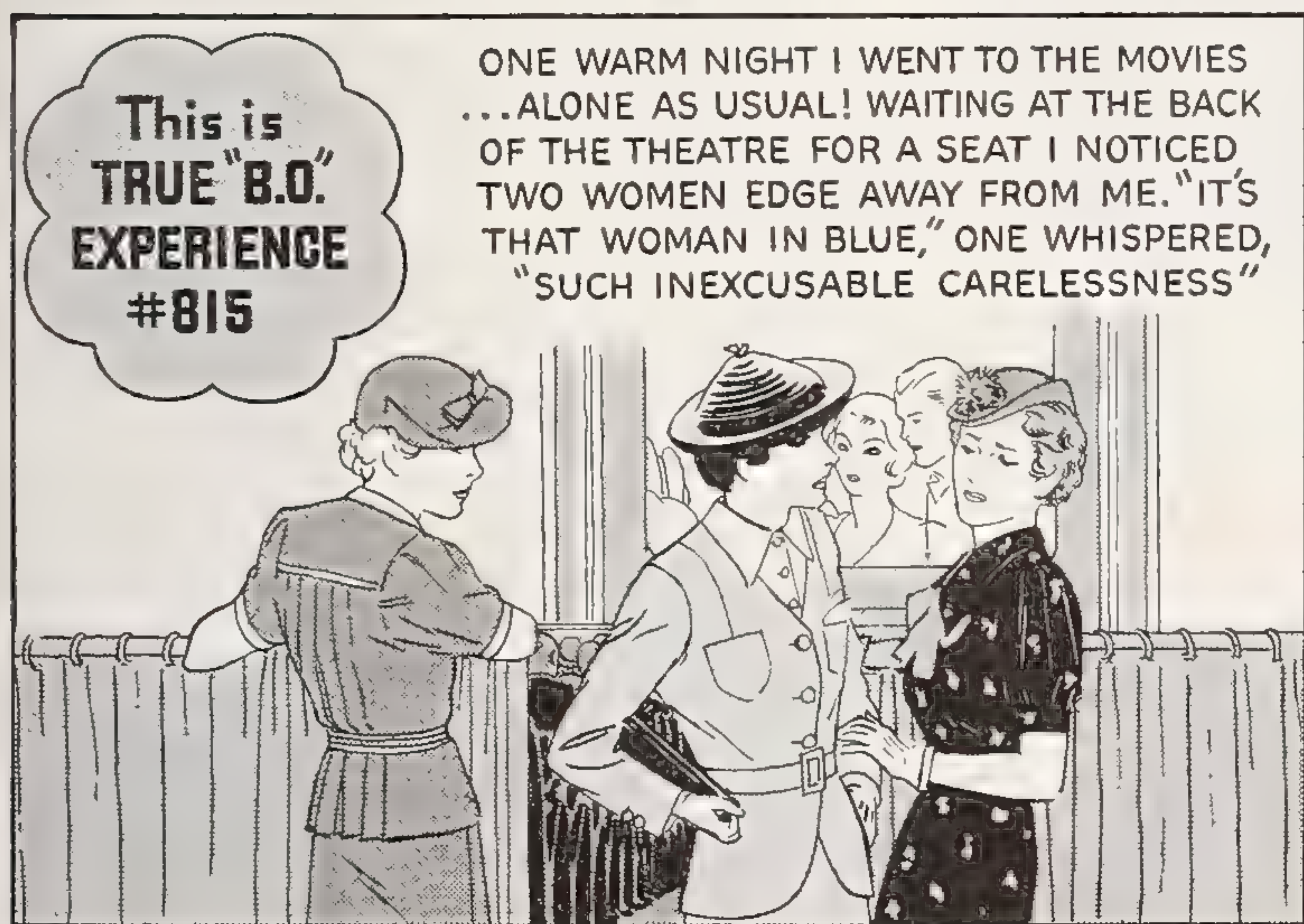
"But forgive me," she broke off abruptly, "these old scenes have made me too serious. Come on, let's grab this taxi."

I doubt that she will ever need that lucky penny. She has a good head on her shoulders—inside as well as out.

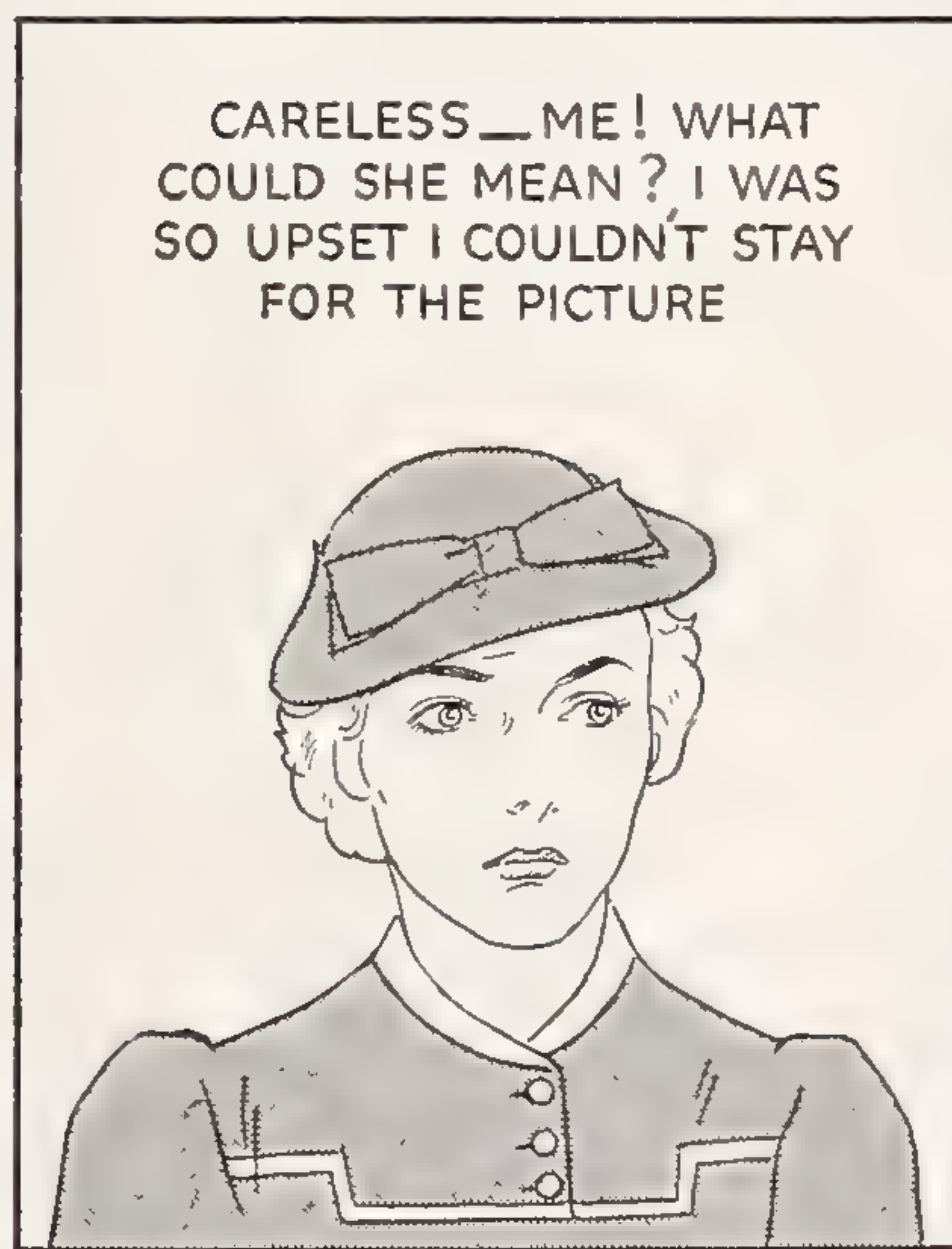
"A CUTTING REMARK BROUGHT ME LASTING HAPPINESS!"

This is TRUE "B.O." EXPERIENCE #815

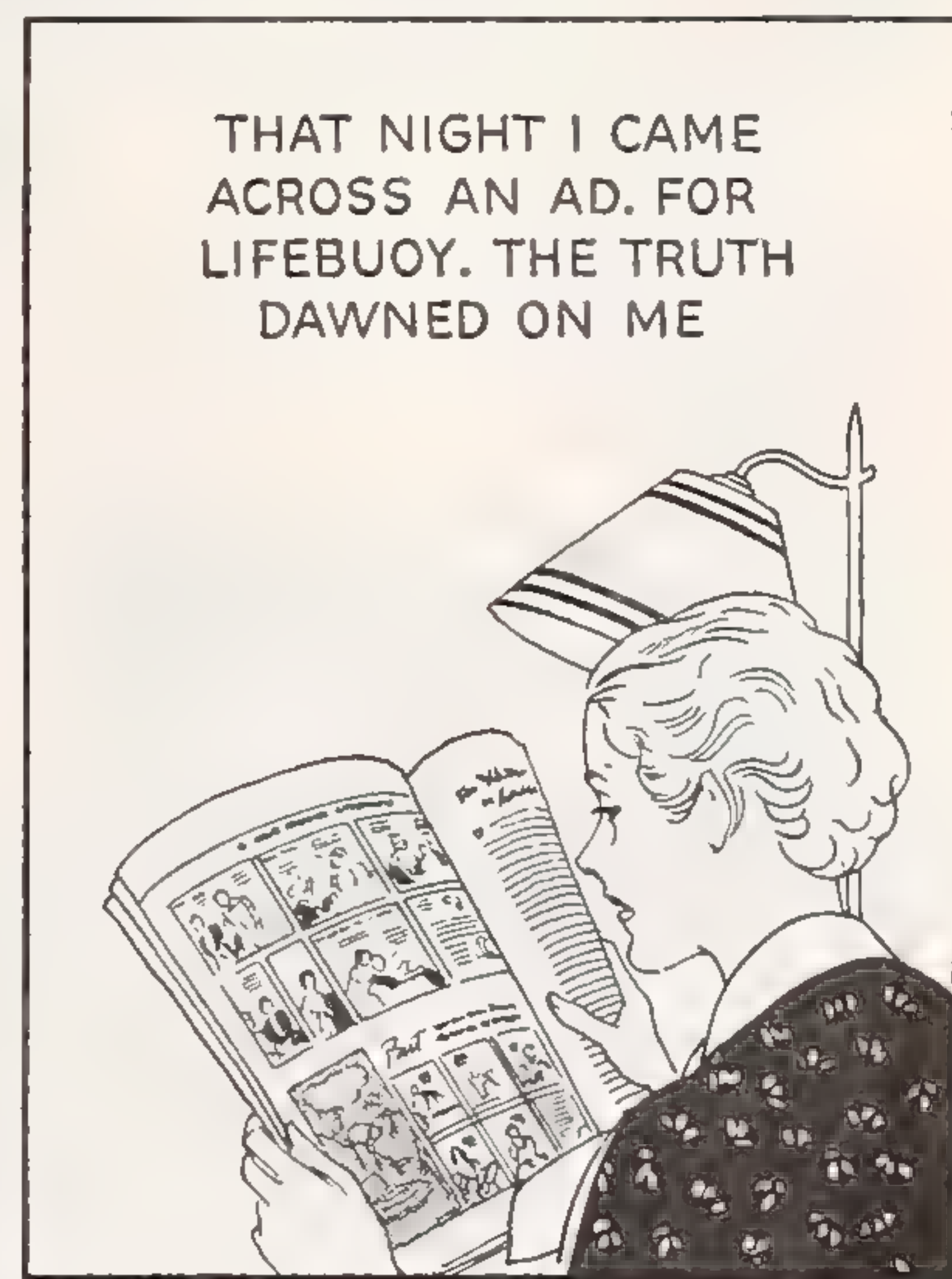
ONE WARM NIGHT I WENT TO THE MOVIES ...ALONE AS USUAL! WAITING AT THE BACK OF THE THEATRE FOR A SEAT I NOTICED TWO WOMEN EDGE AWAY FROM ME. "IT'S THAT WOMAN IN BLUE," ONE WHISPERED, "SUCH INEXCUSABLE CARELESSNESS"



CARELESS—ME! WHAT COULD SHE MEAN? I WAS SO UPSET I COULDN'T STAY FOR THE PICTURE



THAT NIGHT I CAME ACROSS AN AD. FOR LIFEBOUY. THE TRUTH DAWNED ON ME



I'M HAPPILY MARRIED NOW! MY HUSBAND ALWAYS COMPLIMENTS ME ON MY PERSONAL DAINTINESS! BUT THE COMPLIMENTS REALLY SHOULD GO TO LIFEBOUY



Are your friends too "considerate" to tell you?

DON'T wait to be embarrassed—like the girl whose *true* story is illustrated! If you could read the *thousands* of letters we receive you'd realize "B.O." (*body odor*) is a cunning enemy—it betrays us when we least expect it! Be *safe*! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! Its abundant creamy lather purifies, stops "B. O." Its clean scent rinses away.

A truly mild complexion soap

Lifebuoy protects your complexion...gives it that clear look that spells YOUTH. It cleanses more deeply, but *gently*! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

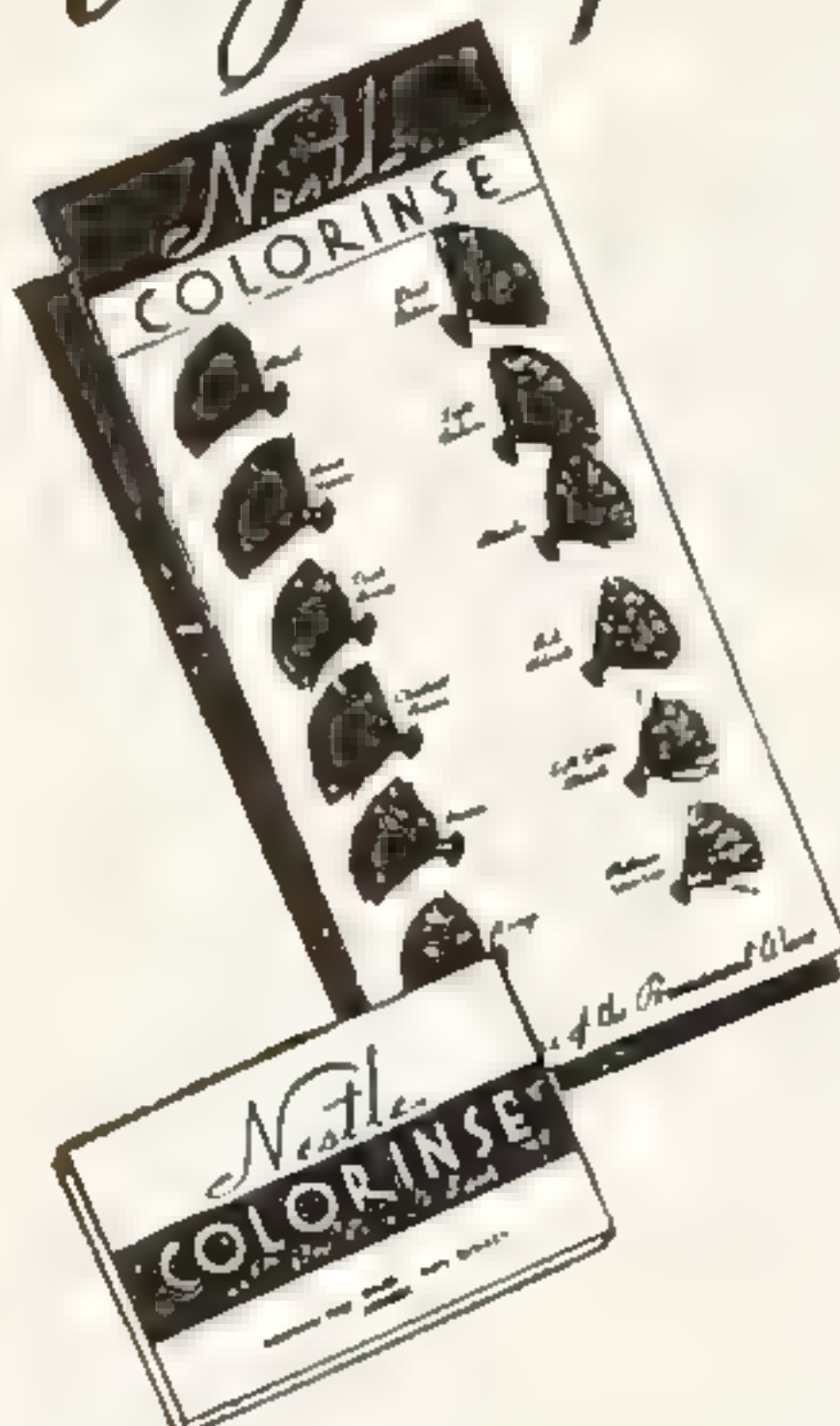


In the Bad Old Summertime

(Continued from page 61)



Clouds
of Glory



Colorinse truly glorifies woman's crowning glory! This harmless vegetable coloring compound magically rinses youth into your hair and leaves it lovely, clean, lustrous. Gives to any hair the gleaming, glamorous highlights of its own natural color. And Colorinse is easily removed—a shampoo is all that's necessary.

10c for a package containing 2 rinses at all 5 and 10 cent store. Select your proper color from The Nestle Shade Selector prominently displayed on counters.

Nestle COLORINSE
The NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY, N.Y.

Poised
TO THE TIPS OF
YOUR FINGERS



Hands can be slender, idle, active or relaxed . . . but really beautiful and poised to the finger tips. To keep them always poised, use Wigder Manicure Aids. Wigder Nail Files are specially Triple Cut with even, fast-cutting teeth for smooth and fast-filing so as not to jar the nails. The Improved Cleaner Point, a Wigder feature, conforms to the finger nails and enables you to clean easily and quickly. On sale at drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.



10c

quality costs no more
Wigder
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
NAIL FILES • TWEEZERS • NAIL CLIPS • SCISSORS

phrase, no such thing.

4. Don't leave off your girdle if you have been wearing one and if your figure needs one. Nothing looks worse than a wobbly, lumpy body under a thin summer dress. There are plenty of lightweight foundation garments on the market to suit every need and every purse. A firm, snug-but-not-tight girdle, if you're fat. A porous foundation, if you're not.

5. Beware of all the junk sold along the roadside and at the beach. The hot-dogs, peanuts, popcorn, candy, ice cream cones and the magoo on a stick. If you're fat, it's a wicked shame to indulge in them. If you're thin, they won't build you up an ounce, and will give you various kinds of the pip besides.

I guess I don't need to tell you not to flop down in a chair or on a sofa after eating. It's a great temptation on a sultry evening to beat the rest of the family to the hammock, but you know how I feel on that score. Get up and move around. Dance, but not too strenuously right after eating, naturally.

DON'T lo! in the bathtub, hot or cold. You'll feel hotter afterwards, not cooler. The refreshing shower is the thing. Use a body brush and get your circulation started. Take an all-over air bath—be a nudist for a little while every day. It gives your pores a chance to breathe.

About sports . . . I've never been an admirer of the belligerently athletic girl with the muscles bulging through her clothes, the hand-clasp like a man's and all that sort of thing. Females should be feminine, I say. Sports are fine—they're grand—if they are regarded as fun, if they help a girl to be more graceful and full of pep. As I said before, they are not substitutes for corrective exercises. With one exception, swimming—particularly the breast stroke—will help build up a thin girl. But it won't properly reduce a fat girl. I wish more attention were paid to correct form in swimming, tennis and golf. Properly performed, these are excellent developers of grace and co-ordination. Done in a slap-dash manner, they're of little benefit.

A caution about strenuous hikes and mountain climbing: if you are overweight and unaccustomed to violent exercise, please don't get all full of misdirected ambition and go barging up the side of a mountain. It's too much of a strain on the heart and much too great a developer of the calves and the front of the upper thighs.

While figures are my main concern, I will, at the drop of a hat, launch into a dissertation on skin and hair. Well, for goodness sake! My maid, Tilly, just dropped her hat. So-o-o-o . . .

Briefly, too much is expected of our complexions and our hair during the summer. And too much faith is placed in the beneficent effects of the sun. Take equal parts of sun, dust, wind and salt water, apply to the skin and hair daily, and what have you? You have a hide that looks like leather, and hair that is dry and lifeless, that won't keep a wave in it, and a scalp that is as tight as a drum and cheated out of its rightful possession—natural oil. It can all be summed up in that old business about moderation again, as follows:

Be moderate in your efforts to get a tan. One minute under the direct rays of the sun the first day. Two minutes the next. And so on. A red chiffon veil deflects the rays of the sun and keeps you from burning. Some skins bloom under the sun—others fry. Which kind of a skin have you? Don't let yourself get so dark that you look like Haile Selassie. He's got the right idea—notice the umbrella. An even, golden tan is a lovely thing on a brunette or a blonde who can take it. Redheads, almost universally have tissue-paper skins which freckle and burn and it's just plain dumb to inflict too much sun upon them.

Cleanse your skin, faithfully and regularly, just as you do in cool weather. Apply make-up carefully and fastidiously. Cleanse and make up oftener than you do in cool weather, that's the only difference. The reason should be obvious.

Your hair will increase in gloss and beauty under moderate sunning. It's nice to dry your hair in the open air after a shampoo. But to lie on a beach for hours with no hat or other hair protection results in the unhappy state of affairs I spoke about a minute ago. After a swim in salt water, try, whenever possible, to rinse the hair completely of stickiness. Before your shampoo, go through the massaging routine with warm olive oil. Not pleasant, on a hot day, but it pays dividends later on.

Now, darlings, here is a typical summer diet. Stick to this regime—plus your exercises and you will keep healthy and you won't be ashamed to get into your bathing suit.

Be smart to take advantage of the fact that fresh fruits are in season. They are so reasonably priced at this time that every one can afford to eat plenty of them.

Start the morning off with a glass of any kind of fresh fruit juice. Then just have your thin whole wheat toast, a tiny bit of butter and a little honey if you like. Then a nice cup of black coffee.

In the middle of the morning have a dish of fresh berries. Blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, etc. If you desire, you can drink a glass of skimmed milk with the berries.

For lunch. A crisp green salad with a little French dressing. You can have one slice of whole wheat toast with this. A cup-custard, no whipped cream. A glass of iced-tea with lemon.

In the middle of the afternoon you may have a piece of ice cold melon. Or if you prefer something to drink, you may have a glass of buttermilk or fresh fruit juice.

For dinner: Start with celery, two ripe olives. A cup of jellied consomme. Cucumber and tomato salad on lettuce. Fresh green asparagus (no butter or mayonnaise) or artichoke, brussels sprouts, or other green leafy vegetables. Any kind of meat except pork. Be sure it's broiled or boiled, not fried. Small baked potato, or a heaping tablespoonful of potato salad, but it must not be made with mayonnaise. For dessert, sherbet or fresh fruit in season. Black coffee.

And here is an exercise that I know will be helpful to nine out of ten girls and women, thin or fat, and helpful to many who are almost okay, too.

Haven't you noticed, on all but absolutely perfect figures, an unsightly bulge where

the thigh joins the hip? The hip curves down and, whereas the line should go gracefully on, unbroken, right down the thigh, it bumps out again. It's a figure fault that isn't noticed at all on an otherwise good figure—until said figure is poured into a close-fitting evening gown or a bathing suit. Here's how to get rid of that bad line:

Get down on the floor on your hands and knees. Stretch the left leg out in back with the toe pointed. Now move forward by drawing the left leg forward (this will make the hips rise in the air) and place the left foot between your two hands. As you do this straighten out your right leg, toe pointed. Your weight is now on your left foot, and the upper part of your body is flat against the top of the upper left leg. Now continue to go forward until the left knee is on the floor, all the time drawing the right leg behind you. Pulling and stretching as you do so. You are really walking on your hands, feet and knees. Repeat now on the other side by drawing the right leg forward and continue in this manner, walking across the floor, back and forth several times. You will be a little sore at first, but never mind, it's good for you.

Now so long, children, for another month. I hope you have a grand time this summer. I hope you win popularity contests at your pet and particular summer resorts and I hope every man on the beach gets pop-eyed with admiration when you sally forth to take a swim.

Guess what I'm going to do next month? I'm going to take up the younger generation—the very young generation. No, angels, I'm not going to tell babies how to reduce, but I am going to give some simple exercises that make for proper development of very young limbs and muscles. Some easy dance routines, in case you have an embryo Shirley Temple in your home. I'm going on up through the awkward age and tell leggy young things how to overcome the difficulties of that perplexing period. Be seeing you!

P. S. I hope you will all forgive me if you don't get answers to your requests as soon as you expect them. But, gosh, you should see the thousands of letters that are stacked up before me. I'm doing my darndest, darlings, so just be a little patient, won't you? If you haven't sent for your chart yet, please do. You know, it's absolutely free if you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, unless you do enclose the requested stamped, addressed envelope, we cannot answer your letters or send you the chart.

Madame Sylvia,
MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

Please send me your Special Consultation and Measurement Chart for Weight Control.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

(Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope)

Hat by Lilly Daché



Eye Make-up by Maybelline



Lilly Daché, one of America's foremost hat designers, creates this utterly charming daytime hat of soft blue toyo straw—with a perky oriental yellowbird set on the crown directly off center. Its striking, swooping, narrow accordion brim is a sure challenge to adventure. Says Mme. Daché: "The shallow sailor crown lifts the hat off the eyes, and to achieve real chic it is important of course to reveal the eyes at their best—in eye makeup as well as hat design.

MODERN *Eye Make-up* IS AS NECESSARY TO *Chic* AS THE SMARTEST *Hat*

CHIC!—elusive, magnetic quality—sweep of long lovely lashes! This most compelling of all feminine charms can be yours instantly, easily, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Don't deny your eyes their marvelous powers—darken your lashes into long luxuriant fringe with Maybelline Mascara—the modern, non-smarting, tearproof mascara preferred by more than ten million fastidious women throughout the world. Try it in either the famous Solid form or the new Cream form—lightly for the smoothest, most silken effects; or more heavily for a deep rich appearance. In Black, Brown and Blue.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, the modern Solid form Maybelline Mascara is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—including the new Cream form mascara—may be had at leading 10c stores. Try them today!



Solid Form
MASCARA



Cream Form
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WORLD'S FINEST AND LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



WEATHER REPORT

IT WILL be warmer this afternoon if you eat a heavy lunch. And so we suggest a bowl of crisp, cooling Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream.

They're satisfying, nourishing and easy to digest. You'll enjoy their delicious flavor—and you'll be cooler, more alert all day. Served wherever you can buy food.

Nothing takes the place of

Kellogg's
CORN FLAKES



And THAT is a good start for any young lady because good coffee IS important. With the new model Drip-O-lator shown opposite, fine French drip coffee is easy to make. You measure the coffee, pour in boiling water and without further attention the genuine Drip-O-lator makes perfect, full flavored coffee every time. The name is stamped in the base for your protection. Insist upon it.

THE ENTERPRISE ALUMINUM CO., MASSILLON, OHIO

THE GENUINE DRIP-O-LATOR IS SOLD BY ALL LEADING CHAIN, DEPARTMENT & RETAIL STORES



More Reviews

(Continued from page 15)

to some degree, at least, in every town. But this fact does not detract from the excellent entertainment which is provided by the plot, and furthered by an exceptional cast. Top honors go to Josephine Hutchinson, as the young wife of the town doctor, who finds herself at the mercy of Main Street. She comes to her new home expecting the same generous coöperation as she is ready to give, but is met with suspicion and jealousy. This grows by leaps and bounds, particularly through her friendship with a farmer's son, Ross Alexander. Pat O'Brien, her husband, is torn between loyalty to his wife and loyalty to the townsfolk, who mean his bread and butter, and whom he understands through long years of association. As Dr. Kennicott, Pat O'Brien proves that he is a finer actor than you have ever suspected from his former hard-boiled, mush-hearted roles. Ross Alexander's characterization of the youth who longs to rise above his environment is faultless in its understanding. Louise Fazenda has her best bet in years as the Swedish cook and Ray Mayer is good as Bjornstam, whom she marries.

★★★ The Unguarded Hour (M-G-M)

Oh, so you want to see a murder mystery that is different? Then "The Unguarded Hour" is your meat. This picture very nearly sets a new high in this field, or any field, for that matter. It is one of the most provocative, intriguing and fascinating mystery films ever made, and in addition it is many other one-of-the-most—one of the most effective—of the Franchot Tone pictures; one of the most beautifully photographed pictures seen recently; it provides Roland Young with one of his most poignant roles; it has one of the most carefully chosen casts seen recently, and—well, anyway—you'd better go to see it. Franchot Tone is Sir Alan Dearden, a famous young barrister of London. Loretta Young is his wife. She is placed in a position where if she does testify in a sensational murder trial, she will jeopardize her husband's career and future, and if she does not testify an innocent man will be hung. While that is being more or less straightened out, her husband confesses to another murder which he did not commit in order to trap the man who is the real murderer and at the same time his wife's blackmailer. It sounds complicated, but the story is worked out with extreme dramatic cleverness and Sam Wood's direction has the touch of genius. Lewis Stone, Jessie Ralph, Dudley Digges and Henry Daniell, in the supporting cast.

Preview Postscript

Look carefully at the London street scene in this one. You'll be rewarded by seeing a couple of famous extras—namely, Leslie Howard and Robert Montgomery. Due to a dearth of English-made cars in Hollywood, Director Sam Wood stationed himself early one morning at the M-G-M gate. When Robert Montgomery drove up in his low-slung English roadster, Wood engaged him in conversation until Leslie Howard drew up in his swanky English coupe. The director asked Mr. M. to drive him down to the back lot and beckoned Mr. H. to follow. The cameramen were ready for them when they arrived. "Just follow the traffic down this

street, Bob," said Wood. And no sooner said than done and all on film.

★★ Small Town Girl (M-G-M)

Janet Gaynor goes from rags to riches, but giving up her gingham isn't such a surprise as finding Janet actually harboring dishonorable intentions. Sick of small town life, of working in a grocery store by day and stepping out with her steady, James Stewart, by night, Janet hops at the chance when a dashing young doctor, Robert Taylor, asks her for a ride. Under the influence of an extra quart of champagne, the Dr. suggests marriage; and under the influence of his sixteen-cylinder roadster, Janet agrees. Mr. Taylor's fiancée, Binnie Barnes, makes an appearance with his hang-over. A divorce, it is agreed, would ruin his career, so the newlyweds agree to stick it out for six months, then go their separate ways. Miss Gaynor's portrayal of the celluloid cinderella is well done and Robert Taylor gives an excellent account of himself. Lewis Stone and Nella Walker fit nicely into the fashionable background of Taylor's home, while Andy Devine, Isabel Jewell, Frank Craven and Elizabeth Patterson are perfectly set in the drab surroundings of Janet's home life.

Preview Postscript

Monterey Peninsula, said to be an exact replica of the Cape Cod shoreline, was found by studio scouts and photographed for the first time for the movies. . . . Though he gave up studying for a medical career when the movies got him, Robert Taylor has wielded the scalpel ever since—in celluloid, anyhow. First cast in "Society Doctor" he was so professional in appearance that the studio gave him a similar role in "Magnificent Obsession," and followed it with this one. Robert was once tennis champion at Pomona College, and in between winning matches sang over the radio, accompanying himself on the cello.

★★ Absolute Quiet (M-G-M)

This picture is a psychological study of ruthless selfishness, but don't let that keep you away. It is also extremely amusing and completely fascinating. The picture proves that there is something new under the celluloid sun. Lionel Atwill is the powerful, selfish head of an air line. A heart attack persuades his doctor to insist that he go to his ranch for awhile and have absolute quiet. Atwill takes with him his pretty office manager, Irene Hervey, promising that he will order her husband, Harvey Stephens, to fly that night to the ranch. Instead, wanting the girl to himself, he sends Stephens on to Los Angeles. The car in which two desperadoes, Jack and Judy (played by Wallace Ford and Bernardine Hayes) breaks down, and they take command of the ranch. Atwill has sent all the servants to town. Then a large air liner makes a forced landing on Atwill's private field and the house party is enlarged by the passengers who include a nincompoop governor, Raymond Walburn, his mouthpiece, Robert Gleckler, his publicity man, Stuart Erwin, a film star and his sweetheart. Jack and Judy are head guys, by virtue of their guns, but it is Atwill, with his incredible heartless selfishness, who really rules all the

people. Wallace Ford and Bernardine Hayes almost steal this picture.

Preview Postscript

Director George Seitz spent two weeks of his own vacation scouting for a location suitable for this picture. He was looking for just one thing—a real ranch, where the cowboys were real cowboys. He looked over many a dude ranch or near-dude ranch in his travels around the state. Finally, about 200 miles from Hollywood, Mr. S. stumbled onto the ranch of his dreams—sturdy, rough buildings, and cowboys that matched. Elated, he signed up the place and the people, rushed home, rounded up his cast, and set out within two weeks for the location trip. On his arrival he was first puzzled and then dazed. In the intervening time, the ranch and all that went with it had gone completely Hollywood. Buildings had been given a quick but bright coat of paint, a lawn was sodded around the ranch-house, and every cowboy shone with fresh shaves and serge suits . . . Lionel Atwill agrees with his countryman, Freddie Bartholomew, that the greatest thing in America is chewing gum. If you see him without a jawful of gum, you can be sure it's not Mr. Atwill you're seeing.

★★ The Country Beyond (20th Century-Fox)

Don't be misled by the prospect of another dull evening with the Mounties in the Frozen North, because there's not a dull moment in this whole picture, in spite of the fact that it's built on a thin story and stars Buck. Suspense is built up from the first reel, dialogue sparkles throughout, characterizations are well developed and convincing in every case, while the love story has a refreshingly new angle. Paul Kelly here not only gets his man, but gets his own type of role—an unsentimental, courageous sergeant in the service. Robert Kent is as likeable as any newcomer we've seen in a long time. He's a self-confident, genial corporal who sets out to annoy the sergeant and win Rochelle Hudson. The fact that she happens to be the daughter of a fur-smuggler whom he's out to get, too, lends a few complications. Alan Hale, her father, and Alan Dinehart, as big a crook as ever prowled the North Woods, give good performances, as does Miss Hudson. To add to the general enjoyment of the picture, the photography is excellent.

Preview Postscript

Location was at Truckee, California, in the High Sierras. Shooting snow scenes presented difficulties never encountered; snow ranged from three to six feet in spots, so all equipment was mounted on toboggans. Shadows from the mountains limited actual shooting periods to a few hours each day. The freezing weather made a deep crust on the snow and when crunched under foot it sounded like a bad thunderstorm through the microphones. But the company never had a better time than on this trip. Few knew how to skate and fewer yet were familiar with toboggan and ski technique, but all were experts by the time the three weeks were up . . . Buck and Prince are really deadly rivals off-screen, too. They are a constant worry to Jack Spitz who owns them both. It's a case of professional jealousy, since Prince was star boarder at the Spitz kennels until Buck made his sensational screen debut in "Call of the Wild." A series of hidden straps and wires prevented the dogs from hurting each other in the screen battle, and at home they are separated by barbed wire fences between their kennels. Both dogs have canine stand-ins, just like any other stars of

*Like the breath
of warm spring air
laden with love*



GARDENIA

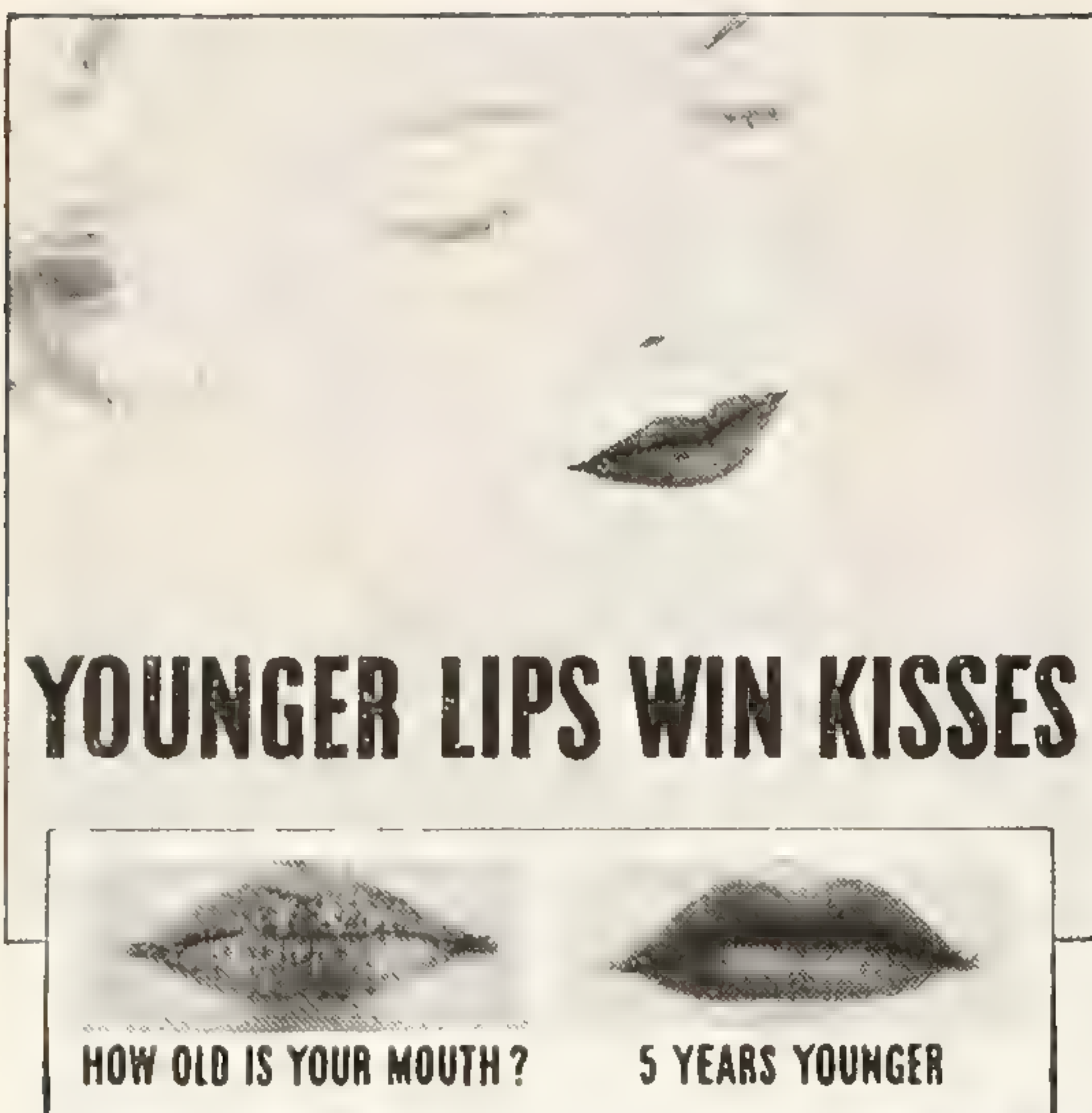
10c For trial size



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screendom. They're the best of chums with their stand-ins, having no cause for professional jealousy.

★ The First Baby (20th Century-Fox)

Mothers-in-law may be a joke to some, but to Johnny Downs, hero of this celluloider, the problem is anything but funny. Marjorie Gaton is the lady in question, who unfortunately happens to be the mother of Johnny's wife, Shirley Deane. That's the situation in a nutshell, but to properly appreciate it you should see it for yourself. Between the various in-laws at large you may get slightly dazed, but you'll always be entertained. There is the mother-in-law's husband, a poor thing, played with heart-rending understanding by Taylor Holmes. Then there is Jane Darwell, who portrays Johnny's wife's mother-in-law and Gene Lockhart who is her hen-pecked spouse, though Miss Darwell's intentions are the best in the world. That, as far as we can remember accounts for the in-laws. Then there is the First Baby, which provides new grounds for battle, and Dixie Dunbar who creates a little trouble on the side. There's as much chance for a plot as there is in a three-ring circus. But the characterizations are all good, particularly that of Johnny Downs, who handles a difficult role with exceptional ability.

Preview Postscript

The biggest production problem was 7-months-old Sandy Stone, who plays the title role. He seemingly had no respect for production schedules. If Sandy wanted to smile when he was supposed to cry that was just tough on the director. Or vice versa—it was still just tough on the director. Master Stone, in short, was the real boss of the production . . . Johnny Downs is the 21-year-old veteran of "Our Gang" pictures. In curls and Fauntleroy collars, he was the Gang's first hero . . . Shirley Deane began getting small roles a few months ago, after Darryl Zanuck decided to test the ability of his own "extras" for talent, instead of scouting New York, Paris and points east for possible prospects. Shirley came to Hollywood from a San Francisco night club review. . . . Dixie Dunbar has another name. She's really Christine Elizabeth Dunbar, and from Montgomery, Alabama, suh. This marks her first big chance to act with her face instead of her feet, and Dixie's hoping for more of the same.

★★ Big Brown Eyes (Walter Wanger)

The eyes undoubtedly have "it" and they belong to the personable Joan Bennett. But to our mind the youngest Bennett is miscast in a role of modern miss who flips wisecracks and revolvers around with equal nonchalance. Eve Fallon, whom Joan portrays in this celluloider, is a manicurist in one of the better hotels, thereby meeting up with the better crooks in town. She happens to be deeply enamored of Cary Grant, a detective, but not a good enough one for Eve. So between manicures she sets out to show him how it's done. Cary thinks she's too pretty to be very bright, but another gentleman friend believes in the Bennett brains enough to give her a job on a newspaper. It's worth seeing the picture just to see what a girl can do in the newspaper world. Miss B. seems to be occupied solely with dictating scoops into a dictaphone, swinging on her swivel chair and accepting raises. Cary in the meantime has been hard at work

on a gang of desperadoes composed of Walter Pidgeon, Lloyd Nolan and Alan Baxter, but finds himself beaten at every turn. That's when Miss Bennett steps in and prettily solves the whole situation in no time. The plot has its interesting angles and the actors have their good points, but it isn't very stimulating entertainment on the whole.

Preview Postscript

Cary Grant nursed a sore head for days, and Joan Bennett sent him a dozen roses every morning with her apologies. It all happened in a scene where Joan hit Cary over the head with a box full of tools. The director didn't think Miss Bennett was nearly realistic enough when she gently brought the tools down on Cary's head for the first "take." Neither did Cary—the first time. Cary Grant should be used to bumps on the head, having been a professional acrobat at one time in his career. He ran away from home at twelve and joined up with a circus until his father caught up with him. Really, that romantic name isn't his right one. The right one's even more romantic—to wit, Archibald Alexander Carlisle Leach. Born in Bristol, England, he was not destined to follow in the footsteps of his father, who was a clothing manufacturer, for Cary decided early to become an actor like his uncle, Percival Leach, prominent on the stage. Still believing the circus was a grand way to get stage experience, Cary ran away again a few years after the first trial, and joined a troupe that travelled farther from home. He stayed with it for a year, then went on the stage. He can still walk a tight rope like a professional and do flip-flops and body whirls faster than the eye can follow.

★★ The Law in Her Hands (First National)

We don't exactly believe that woman's place is in the home, but we do believe that some lady lawyers wouldn't look so silly there. Not that anyone as lovely as Margaret Lindsay could look silly, but she certainly has appeared more comfortable than with the law in her hands. When Warren Hull, the district attorney lets on to Miss Lindsay that it's her beauty and not her brains that he so passionately admires, Miss L. becomes highly indignant.

She is so incensed that the picture immediately becomes quite boring, watching the heroine prove that she's much more brilliant than beautiful. Glenda Farrell has poor pickings, too, as another feminine brain-wave, in partnership with the vindictive Miss Lindsay. Lyle Talbot is convincing enough as one who has most of the city under his control and is plotting the downfall of the district attorney. Eddie Acuff, as the badly battered process server gets all the laughs.

Preview Postscript

A really good cutter is as important to a film as the director, actors or cameramen. Most pictures are taken without a thought of sequence; in fact, the general rule is to take the last scene first, then skip around to whatever sequence the director has in mind at the moment. When all the scenes are taken the cutter starts work. And work it is, assembling continuity, cutting out superfluous material, and suggesting additional takes. William Clemens, who directed this celluloider, was once an ace-cutter, then decided to give directing a trial and let someone else do the dirty work . . . Warren Hull was recruited from radio. He had ambitions to become a grand opera warbler, until the movie moguls lured him with lucre. Since coming to Hollywood, Hull has had a chance

to sing only one song, and that a short one in "Freshman Love" and a far cry from operatic arias . . . This is Eddie Acuff's second role in pictures. His first was in "Shipmates Forever," as the lad from the sticks. Eddie's been everything but a lad from the sticks in his career—a black face comedian in a medicine show, a barker for a river show boat, a chorus boy on Broadway, a ticket manager in a circus and a stoker on a ship or two.

★★ Sky Parade (Paramount)

It's consoling to realize there's a place for everything, but disheartening when some folks don't realize it. Jimmy Allen, for instance. It would be impossible to fill his place on the radio to the satisfaction of some ten million juvenile fans, but we have an idea that even they will consider their hero pretty flat in celluloid. The story is as unconvincing as its hero, having to do with a trio of aviators who have met up during the World War and decide to stick together in the aviation business from then on. Bill Gargan, Kent Taylor and Robert Fiske comprise the trio, while Jimmy Allen goes in with them, several reels later. His primary interest in life is a robot plane. There's intrigue abroad due to foreign governments also having an interest in the new-fangled plane, but Jimmy thwarts all these goings-on in short order. Katherine DeMille is the heroine, and Grant Withers takes the heavy role. Nothing much can be said for any of the performances, but it is interesting to watch the progress of the airplane industry's importance from war days to the present.

Preview Postscript

Jimmy Allen will tell you that he thinks radio is lots more fun than movie work ever will be. He thinks it's just about one hundred per cent better to know that you're talking to an audience than to talk into a cold microphone—three times the salary notwithstanding . . . Grant Withers started as an extra—three dollars a day in the days before Central Casting had the say-so—Grant finally worked himself onto a regular studio pay-roll, working in minor roles. Then he began getting the picture plums, and was on the verge of stardom when that strange fate that overtakes many an actor in Hollywood caught up with him. Grant found himself on the skids and landed in short order at the bottom, with an occasional role from the independents. And now, for no apparent reason that Grant can see, he is again in the good graces of the studios and beginning to reap fan mail.

★ Florida Special (Paramount)

"Florida Special" is a dull little number which has little plot, few bright moments, and not much reason for existence. Its action takes place on a train on which an ancient millionaire is bound for Miami with a load of jewels. Also aboard is a gang of thugs who mean the old gent no good. Frances Drake and Kent Taylor, the juvenile leads, are also on the passenger list and, fortunately, so is Jack Oakie, who provides the only spark of life in the picture. It will not startle you too much to advance the information that the old gentleman disguises himself to thwart the crooks, that the crooks get the diamonds, only to lose them again to the side of law and order. "Florida Special's" only assets are Jack Oakie's first-rate comedy and Jackie Heller's warbling of a song called, "It's You I'm Talking About." Otherwise, it's routine fare with nothing at all to recommend it.

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Preview Postscript

The biggest news, of course, on this picture, was the romance of Jack Oakie and Venita Varden. They had told no one of their plans, but the company knew it must be love when Venita went on location with the company to the Santa Fe Station and stood around all night in the fog to talk to Jack whenever he was not before the cameras. . . . Kent Taylor, known to many fem fans as THE handsomest Hollywoodian, had no aspirations about capitalizing on his profile. In fact, selling awnings was his chosen life work. One day Kent happened to be out at Paramount studios, selling the aforementioned awnings, when a frantic call came from a set for some "extras." Any kind would do, men, women, children—thin, fat or indifferent. Out of curiosity, Kent went out on the set, and after a few hours was amazed to find a ten-dollar bill thrust into his hands. If it was that easy, decided the bright young man, he might just as well come back the next day. Which he did and found himself rushed into a room where Claire Dodd was to take a screen test. Mr. Taylor was to be background for Claire, but when the picture was reviewed Claire didn't pass the test—Kent did. . . . J. Farrell MacDonald was the cause of some forty awed co-eds standing around the sets at various times watching the goings-on for this picture. Mr. MacD. was combining two jobs, for not only is he an actor in this movie, but teaches movie technique at the University of Southern California. In fact he started the motion picture department at that school, which has already had national recognition, being the only class of its kind in the country. At least it is the only college course which is actually taught by actors, and assisted by directors, producers, make-up experts, etc.

★★ Human Cargo
(20th Century-Fox)

A thousand-odd Mexican immigrants comprise the title role—Mexicans who have been smuggled across the lines, at \$200 per head, then quietly dumped in a convenient river. This relieves the smugglers of any possible embarrassment, and provides a brand new racket for a moving picture. With Brian Donlevy as star reporter on one of San Francisco's leading papers and Claire Trevor a reporter on a rival paper, and both out to "scoop" the racketeers, you can bank on excitement. Some of the scenes in the newspaper office are hilarious and you'll meet such interesting people. Particularly, Alan Dinehart, the over-wrought city editor, who is kept busy having temper tantrums and stealing the picture. Brian Donlevy is good as a reckless gent of the fourth estate, while Claire Trevor is lovely to look at and satisfactory when not indulging in snappy comebacks, which unfortunately is a large percentage of the time. Rita Cansino, in the role of Mexican night-club entertainer, is very pretty but very flat in her moments dramatique. The plot has its weak spots, but you will probably be engrossed from the first reel right straight through to the last.

Preview Postscript

Helen Troy, the telephone operator, comes to the screen via radio, having been heard on the air by Allan Dwan, director of this picture, who immediately sent to San Francisco for her. Helen writes her own dialogue, and her wisecracks are considered so valuable that they are not included in the script for fear of wisecrack thieves getting them before the picture is produced. . . . Brian Donlevy can prove that name by his birth

certificate which names Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland, as his former address. As a boy bugler Brian accompanied Pershing into Mexico with a National Guard unit. By adding four years to his age he got into the Lafayette Escadrille at the age of 14 and when the World War was over entered the Naval Academy. But seeing the world began to pall on him, so he quit and joined the theatre.

★★ Let's Sing Again
(Sol Lesser)

Sweetness and light, lilies and bluebirds, and a boy soprano are the main ingredients of this movie mixture. If you have heard Bobby Breen on the radio, we don't need to tell you how really beautiful his voice is. If you haven't heard him sing, and the radio's on the blink, then this picture is worth your while. The sagging plot has to do with the Breen boy running away from an orphanage and joining up with a circus. His mother has died after bringing him to America from Italy and his father (George Houston) is looking for him, now that he's in the money. Henry Armetta takes all the acting laurels as a has-been opera star, now playing the circus clown, who gives Bobby his chance, with music lessons thrown in. Grant Withers and Inez Courtney are the meanies, who threaten at times to spoil Bobby's luck, and give some point to the plot, but they are foiled in due course and everyone lives happily ever after.

Preview Postscript

Bobby Breen is familiar to some millions of air fans as Eddie Cantor's "Adopted Son." Cantor has not really adopted this eight-year-old, as many believe, for Bobby has a mother, a father, a sister, Sally, aged 19, a brother, Mickey, 21, and another sister, Gertrude, aged 23. And none of them have any idea of letting anyone, even his adored "Uncle Eddie" do any adopting. Bobby sings in French, Italian and Spanish as well as English. Operatic arias and classical songs are his favorites and he also plays the piano and violin. Bobby's professional debut was made in 1931 at the Silver Slipper Night Club in Toronto. For two years he appeared at least once a week in the club and gained his first radio experience broadcasting with the club orchestra. Later he played vaudeville and motion picture theatres around Toronto, then sister Sally, who was his accompanist, decided to take him to New York on speculation. Harry Richman, rehearsing for a musical comedy, needed a child actor for a comedy skit in the show. He interviewed Bobby and immediately hired him. The reception accorded Master Breen on the opening night caused Richman to declare that "Bobby Breen is a second Harry Richman!" . . . Henry Armetta came to America from his native Italy at the age of 14, when he stowed away on a provision ship sailing from the docks where he played every day. America really proved the land of opportunity, and he drifted happily from the barber-shop profession onto the stage and into movies. Now he's married and happily settled down in Hollywood, which looks more like Italy than Italy, according to Armetta.

★★ Till We Meet Again
(Paramount)

Here we have espionage, sabotage, Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael in a revelation of World War Intelligence Office methods. It's pretty good entertainment, competently handled, if you like spy-revelation stories, and who doesn't? Old-time cinema addicts will



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delight in seeing their silent film favorites Rod La Rocque and Guy Bates Post do well by themselves in it. As Fraülein Elsa, Spy Gertrude Michael of the Triple Entente is a 1914 London stage favorite. She loves, and leaves, Herbert Marshall, in the role of an English actor, when war is declared and she is given no choice but to report for German espionage duty. Marshall is assigned to Britain's spy web, is reported "killed in action," insinuates himself into Germany as a shell-shocked soldier (a nice bit of work), and gives the Germans plenty of trouble, committing sabotage in a munitions plant. Spy Michael is sent to locate the trouble-maker, finds her love alive (German Intelligence Head, Lionel Atwill, in love with Elsa, tells her of Marshall's reported death), and attempts a dash into neutral Holland with Marshall. Their escape, plus the nobility of monocle-wearing Atwill, bring the film to a fast-paced, dramatic climax.

Preview Postscript

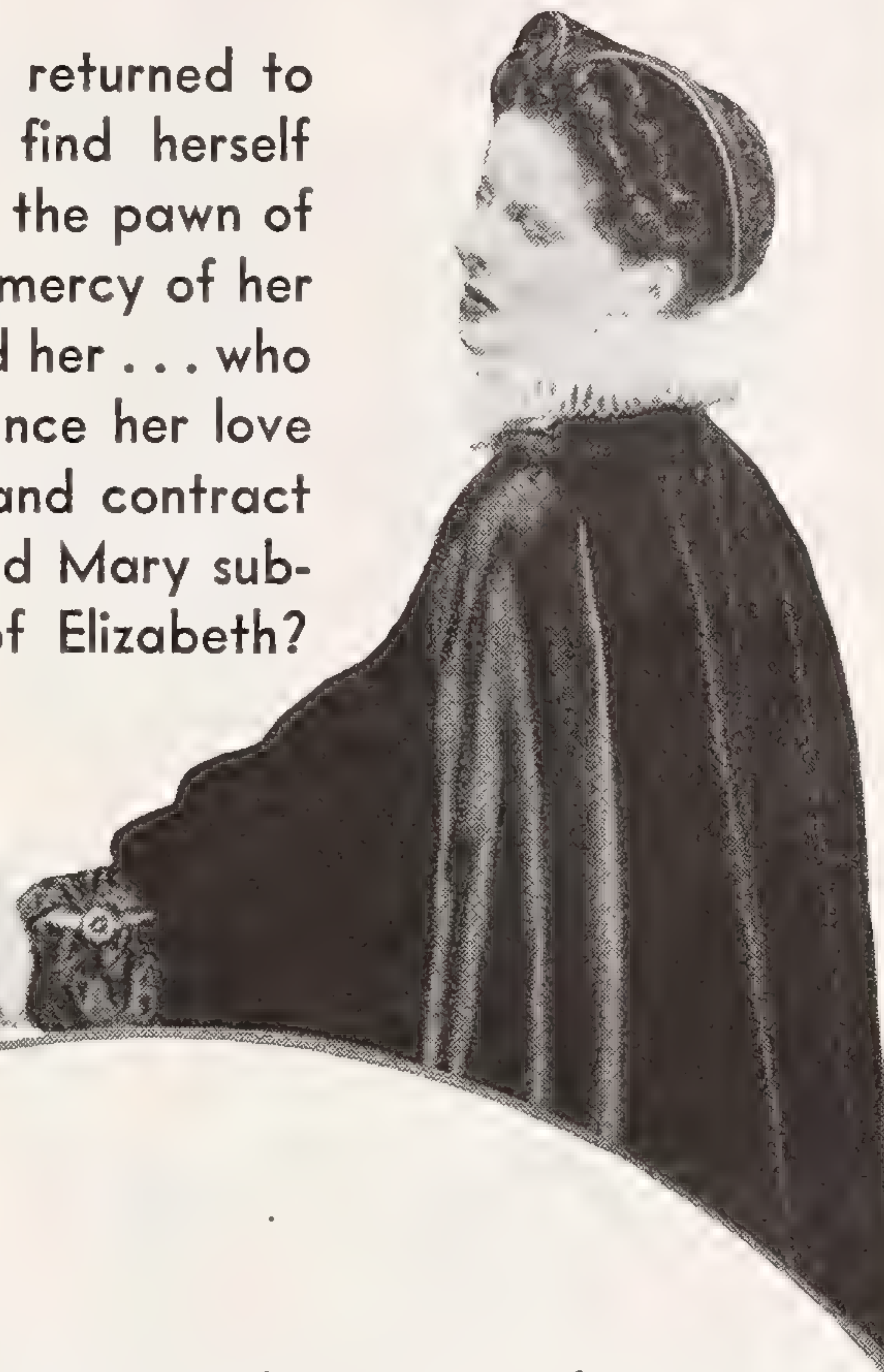
Genuine spies showed the celluloid spies how to act in this film. Several of Europe's leading spies during the World War were employed as technical advisers during the filming. Gui Ignon, a French snooper, was one of them. Major G. T. Bagley supervised the British sequences, while Captain C. J. Cook handled the German spy-system details. Men, these authorities say, are prompted to join the Secret Service because of patriotism, but women enter because of the excitement, adventure and money. . . . One of the most interesting "props" used on the set, was a map procured from the French war department showing the bombardment of Paris by mammoth German guns. The map covered an entire wall of a set and showed how the two big guns, stationed in the Forest of St. Gobain, dropped shells on the French capital one hundred miles away, taking hundreds of lives. . . . Guy Bates Post, famed stage star, appears in his first "talkie." When he came on the set for work the first day, Post turned to Director Robert Florey, saying there was something dimly familiar about his surroundings. Come to find out, it was the same stage on which he had made "The Masquerader" in 1923, his last screen appearance.

★ The Big Noise (Warners)

If you like the Kibbee brand of humor, you'll go for this picture in a big way. The role of unwillingly retired businessman gives him a grand chance to air all his tricks, and win your sympathy besides. Having been pushed out of business which has meant his life to him because of younger men and snappier ideas, Mr. Kibbee decides to go into business unbeknownst to his family. With Warren Hull he sets up a clothes cleaning business, and finds himself running up against more business than he had bargained for—namely, racketeers—not one gang, but two rival outfits, who have both spotted Kibbee as a sucker. How the old gentleman stands by and lets them destroy each other when they meet in the shop is as funny as anything you'll see for a long time. Besides this scene, there's Marie Wilson to make the goings-on worth your money. As the beauty, if not brains, of the establishment, she gets a chance to philosophize more frequently than in any picture she's had. The romantic interest is taken care of by Warren Hull and Alma Lloyd, though it looks for a time as though Warren is going to be outwitted by Dick Foran who considers himself pretty much of a big shot.

A QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT ... BUT DENIED THE RIGHT TO LOVE!

Mary, Queen of Scots, returned to her native land only to find herself friendless, save for a few, the pawn of political ambition, at the mercy of her cousin Elizabeth who hated her . . . who demanded that she renounce her love for the Earl of Bothwell, and contract a loveless marriage. Could Mary submit to the cruel power of Elizabeth? Or did she call upon Bothwell, the man she loved, to save her?



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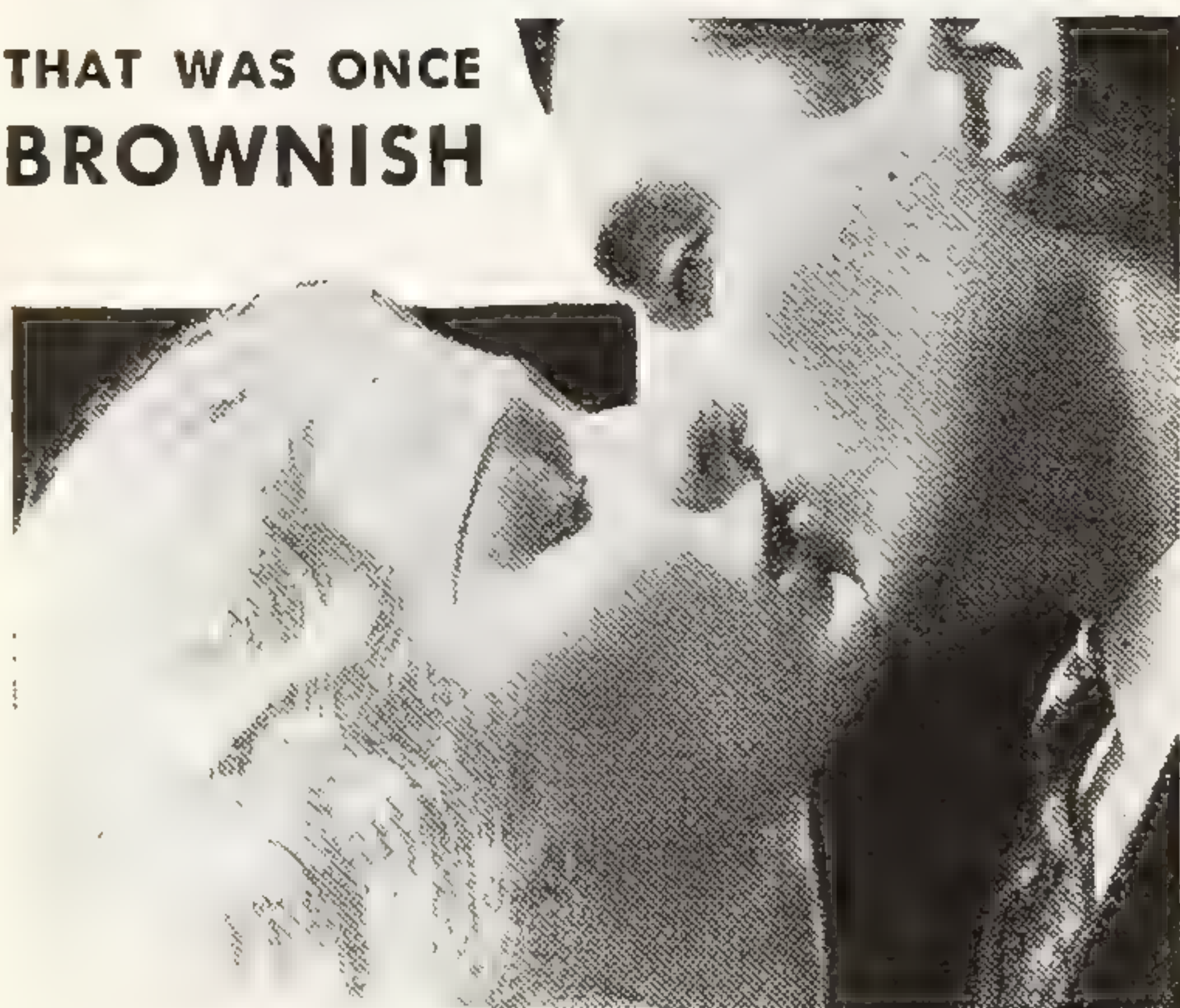
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RUBY KEELER CONTEST WINNERS—Page 17

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Preview Postscript

Guy Kibbee celebrated his fiftieth birthday while working on this film. A dime collection was taken up from cast, crew and other studio workers and Guy was presented with an elegant assortment of toys, everything from tops to tricycles. In due time Guy, Jr. aged 11 months will fall heir to them. The other Kibbee heir is Shirley Anne, five years old. Some thirty years back, the senior Kibbee was a leading man on the Broadway stage. Though rotund in those days, too, Guy had a certain dash, marred only by a bald spot on the crown of his head. All went well for a time, with Guy carefully combing the side hair over this spot until one day, while stooping over on the stage, a loud voice was heard from the audience, "Hot stuff, Baldy!" The manager met him in the wings with one week's salary in advance. Since then he's been a character actor, and glad of it. . . . Warren Hull thinks every actor or actress should first star in radio. With nothing but your voice to get you over, he says, you'll develop the old vocal tones to an amazing degree, which will stand you in good stead in the movies. . . . Now Alma Lloyd's father is Frank Lloyd, director par excellence at M-G-M. As a business asset Mr. Lloyd has been a total loss to her. Alma had deep yearnings since a child to be in the movies, but having a director father puts a cramp in that, popular opinion notwithstanding. The family and friends thought it was cute of Alma to have such aspirations, but that was as far as it went. Finally, in desperation, she went to New York, appeared in small roles in Broadway plays, and was finally "discovered" by a Paramount sleuth. . . . Marie Wilson never ignores a cream-puff or a codliver oil tablet. Her two aims in life are to gain fifteen pounds and be a black-face comedienne on the Al Jolson type. She says there are enough blondes in pictures now, anyway.

★★★ Sons O' Guns (Warners)

Given more pictures like "Sons O' Guns," Joe E. Brown won't have any difficulty in keeping his place as one of the ten most popular stars in pictures. The story, based on the Broadway play, is a perfect vehicle for the versatile comedian, whose talents seem to be unlimited. Audiences may well rub their eyes in surprise to see a Warner picture without Guy Kibbee or Hugh Herbert in the cast but their places are neatly filled by Eric Blore, who has never been funnier, first as Brown's valet and later as his stern top sergeant. Not a little credit for the success of the picture may be given to Joan Blondell, who looks lovely, sings and dances delightfully and employs a charming accent as the little French barmaid. Other ingredients that go to make this Joe E. Brown's best picture to date are the presence of Beverly Roberts, war scenes that don't look like the ones you've seen before, and nice musical numbers. To make himself a hero in the eyes of a girl, Joe, a Broadway actor, dons his doughboy uniform and dashes into the street just as a military parade is passing. No one is more surprised than he to find himself in the army, and from then on his misdirected efforts to get out furnish one laugh after another. These amusing situations come to an hilarious climax when, single handed, he captures the entire German army who, like Joe, prefer not to fight any longer because they are not "mad at anyone." If you're a Joe E. Brown fan, and even if you aren't, it's swell entertainment.

★★★ Forgotten Faces (Paramount)

Here is as stark tragedy as you'll witness in many a movie moon. Herbert Marshall is the husband of Gertrude Michael, and the murderer, in the second reel, of her lover. He goes to prison, she goes to burlesque, and their daughter is adopted by a good family, through the efforts of Marshall's pal, James Burke. Time marches on, seventeen years of it, and Gertrude makes up her fiendish mind to locate her daughter, and through blackmail obtain enough cash to hold the affections of her current boy-friend. Marshall obtains a parole from prison, determined to thwart her plans at any cost, so that their daughter will never suspect her origin. He accomplishes this by means of a cleverly laid plan which mounts in suspense to as bitter an ending as you've ever imagined in fact or fiction. Jane Rhodes, as the daughter, Robert Cummings as her youthful fiancé, and James Burke give competent performances.

Preview Postscript

James Burke can tell you plenty about suffering for art's sake on this picture. Reporting at nine o'clock one morning, after a good breakfast of ham and eggs, Burke found himself confronted with a table bending under platters of corned beef and cabbage. Seven rehearsals and eleven "takes" followed before the director was through with him, and poor Mr. B. was through with the cabbage. Several wives and sweethearts in Hollywood were startled the other day to receive gorgeous bouquets of flowers, seemingly out of a clear sky. But they were really from the Paramount studio, following the wreckage of a set used in this picture, of a flower shop.

★★ One Rainy Afternoon (Pickford-Lasky)

First production under the newly unfurled banner of Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky, "One Rainy Afternoon," is a fairly amusing light comedy done in what was probably intended to be the Continental manner. Its plot is one of those feathery things which requires a Rene Clair or a Lubitsch to keep it from bordering too much on inanity. Unfortunately, neither of these good screen doctors happened to be about in this case. The story, then, gets under way because of the innocent assumption of Francis Lederer that the young lady seated next to him in a darkened movie theatre is a rather intimate friend of his. He kisses her, and discovers she is a total stranger. She is, in fact, Ida Lupino, and she's the fiancée of Erik Rhodes. What follows is a slightly mad confusion of courtroom scenes, jailings, irate fiances and high-powered newspaper publicity. Lederer's boyish exuberance will delight the ladies of his audiences, and Miss Lupino, who photographs beautifully, proves she's no mere ingenue. Erik Rhodes, Joseph Cawthorn and Roland Young are effective comedians, but top honors in that department go to Hugh Herbert, whose screen idiots are a constant delight.

Preview Postscript

For the first time "silent ice," latest technical achievement, was used. The invention makes possible large indoor skating sequences which heretofore had been unsuccessful due to the squeak caused by steel-runners on the glazed surface which the "mike" picked up and amplified. . . . Countess de Maigret makes her cinema debut in this film. A famous Continental socialite, she was discovered by Maurice Chevalier, while performing in a charity theatrical. Born in Norway, her idea of paradise is a pair of skis and a ten-mile hill.

A Deep Secret About Nelson Eddy

(Continued from page 25)

box offices to turn in their tickets. I couldn't pay off that kind of a debt, could I? I couldn't have lived with myself if I had done it. I have lost thousands of dollars by my insistence in keeping to my concert tour. But I have not, I think, lost the same number of friends."

Dr. Edouard Lippe, voice teacher of Nelson Eddy and one of his most intimate friends, came into the dressing-room as Nelson and I were talking. And as Dr. Lippe listened, a gentle smile on his slender spiritual face he said, suddenly, "How you live is how you sing. The tone of the voice is only as beautiful as the spirit animating that voice."

And I think I knew, then, what he meant.

For, with those illuminating words, Dr. Lippe turned a spotlight on Nelson Eddy in the reflected rays of which he stood revealed and explained as he had not been explained before.

FOR with one single picture, "Naughty Marietta," this tall, silver blond young man leapt on such a flying trapeze as the movies have never known to the very forefront of the great god, Box Office. An achievement absolutely without precedent. Within a few weeks of that spectacular vaulting of the cinema heavens three thousand fan letters weekly began to deluge the young baritone.

None of the other great box office stars ever achieved so spectacular a success with one film step. They at least had to learn to creep before they walked.

You may be saying, as you read, "Well, why not?" He is a fine looking young man with a magnificent voice! But even these qualifications are not in themselves sufficient to explain the one-picture miracle. And Nelson told me himself that nobody had any idea that he was destined to break the bank of the box office as he did.

And so, as we talked in Nelson's dressing-room, I realized that Nelson has, in his way, the great good quality which Will Rogers had in his. In these two so-different men is the same warm, wide-spreading quality of kindness. Even as Nelson Eddy counted his friends more important than dollars, so would Will Rogers have done. Even as Nelson gave thought to the trudging feet of disappointed thousands, so would Will Rogers have given thought. And if I didn't fully realize all of this with Dr. Lippe's first remark, I did before he was done with me.

"Nelson is so kind," Dr. Lippe said. "Not in a soft sentimental way at all. He realizes that there is ingratitude. He isn't in the least blurry with soft illusions. He doesn't exactly believe in Santa Claus. He even likes to appear to be hard. But I can begin with myself and tell you how kind he has been to me. I . . ."

"You lit into me and laid me low," laughed Nelson, fumbling with his smoked glasses in the way all nice men fumble with something when they are embarrassed. "You told me that I had a voice, but wouldn't have it long if I didn't quit singing in four-a-day movie houses and churches and bath-tubs! If I didn't quit taking correspondence courses. You said it plain and you said it plenty and because you did I'm here in Hollywood today, in-

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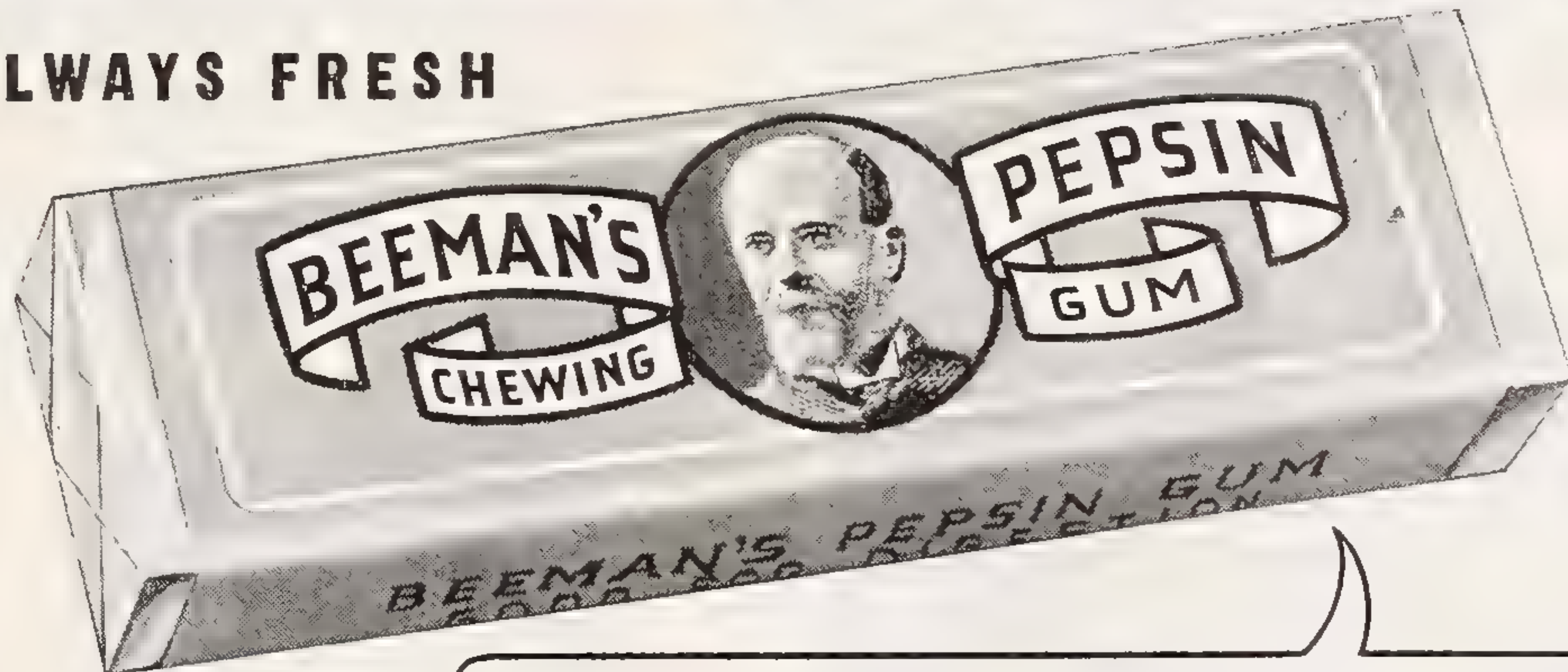
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stead of croaking like a frog in some remote swamp."

"I said it very plainly," smiled Dr. Lippe, "and many a young man would have resented it. I meant what I said kindly and from my heart but I was not tactful. But Nelson, I think, divines kindness where kindness is meant. And so, after the success of 'Naughty Marietta,' Nelson brought me to Hollywood. He recommended me everywhere. And he is responsible for a new career for me. That is kindness."

"Pshaw!" said Nelson, affectionately.

I REMEMBER," said Dr. Lippe, "when we both heard a young negro baritone in Philadelphia. Nelson was so enthusiastic about this negro's voice that he worked with him, gave him some of his own songs to sing, advised him, was as interested in him as he was in himself. And on one occasion, when Nelson was to sing in a certain church back home, he pretended to be ill so that the young negro could sing in his place. Which he did."

"He is always like this with young singers. Few people know it, but more than one promising young voice is being trained today, thanks to Nelson. It is so, Nelson, and I intend to say it, so don't look at me like that. And not only that, but he gives them his time and personal attention, too, which is a more real kindness than check book kindness."

"Well, kindness pays its dividends always," muttered Nelson, "that's true enough. Take a certain surgeon back in Philadelphia. Some years ago, I had to have my tonsils out. I had no money, I went to this man and explained the situation—how badly I needed the operation because of my voice, how important it was to me that it be perfectly done. I told him that if he did, he would have to gamble with me on futures. Doctors are unhappily wise to this sort of proposition. But he did it. He operated—beautifully. He gave me treatments for months. Not one cent did he get."

"Until a short time ago," said Dr. Lippe, "when you paid him in full. I know, because the shock nearly killed him. He told me so. He said it was the first experience of the kind he'd ever had. And your check came during the depression when people were not having their tonsils out."

"Here is one very touching case in point," said Nelson. "Once, not long ago, a little old lady who was crippled asked me if I

would sing for her. I went to her house and sang several songs. When I left, she asked me if I would sing at her funeral. I did, of course. I sang 'Open the Gates of the Temple.' And when her will was read, I was one of the beneficiaries. Some of the dividends kindness pays," said Nelson, his blue eyes a trifle blurred, "are sort of—divine."

"And even that kindness was trebly retroactive," Dr. Lippe murmured, "for this dear little old lady had a son who was, and is, in the insurance business. Nelson once promised him that if the day ever came when he could take out a substantial policy, he would take it from him. Just the other day he took out such a policy, here in Los Angeles, and he insisted that the local agent split the commission with the little old lady's son back East."

"Will you get out of here," roared Nelson, "before I slug you?"

"No, I will not," laughed Dr. Lippe, "not until I have had my say. I've been waiting a long while for just this opportunity."

NELSON," continued the little doctor, "has never broken his word as long as I have known him. He is temperamental, of course, as all artists are, but he does not use that temperament as an excuse to escape his obligations or his conscience."

"He has sung, not only to kid-gloved audiences who pay, but in sanitoriums and hospitals, in jails, in humble homes where shut-ins live, hungry for music. He has fed people the beautiful bread of kindness and now that bread is coming back to him, three-fold, on the waters of his fame."

"And this," said the Doctor, "is why Nelson became famous with one picture. Not his looks, not his voice alone—for I repeat that a voice is only as beautiful as the spirit animating that voice. No, it is the warm spirit back of that voice which, whether they know it or not, draws in the multitudes who made him a star."

"And now," said Nelson, with a here-enth-the-first-lesson air, rising to his impressive height and buckling his lanyard onto his revolver "and now pin another medal on Dr. Lippe's little boy, Nelson, and let me go forth to hunt my man!"

But even as he jested, he gave the intensely serious, sensitively appreciative little man a warm touch on the shoulder. And as he left, he cleared his throat two or three times.

The True Love Story of a Famous Movie Star

(Continued from page 33)

"Bill, you're such a good-natured old darling! My faithful standby!" And all my resolutions would vanish into thin air.

ON one such night I asked her to marry me. I said, "I know I haven't much; but, oh, darling, I'd love you so! I'd try so hard to make you happy! And the future would be all ours. Think of it! Together, we could conquer Broadway."

We were dancing in the Sky Garden of the St. Moritz, thirty stories above the greenery of Central Park. It was Spring. The end of the Broadway season, almost. I hadn't much money. I hadn't even any right to choose such an expensive place for dinner, except that I knew it was what Mary wanted.

The music was playing a soft, dreamy waltz tune. Mary, all lost in its rhythm,

was light and warm and yielding in my arms. Against her hair, I whispered, "How about it? Answer me, darling! Why not? I'd be so good to you you'd never be sorry..."

She laughed at me. "Honey," she called everyone honey, "what do I want with marriage? I'm having too much fun! And what do I want with conquering Broadway? So long as it pays for my hotel room it's all I am asking!"

That wasn't strictly true, and I knew it. It was just a gay, gallant line she used to pull. She always said that if she could get parts that kept her in room rent and breakfast money and hose, she'd be satisfied. For the rest, she could have clothes sent from home, and there were always plenty of people ready and willing to provide two meals a day.

I got suddenly angry. I cried, "That isn't true! You can't fool me. You're the most ambitious girl I know! You work as hard as I do to make a success of yourself! Now quit stalling! You know perfectly well you're stalling!"

She was still laughing. "What if I am? It's a good line, isn't it?" Then suddenly, unaccountably, she became serious. "Now listen to me, Bill. I'd make a rotten wife to any man. So don't ever ask me again, do you hear?" She added, "I'm warning you, because some day you might ask me when the moon was out, and roses blooming and—I mightn't be so honest with you as today. I might take you up. And honest, Bill, that would be a mean trick to play on an old standby like you."

Later, bitterly, I was to remember those words. But I wasn't bitter that night. I was strangely touched. I said, "You little square-shooter!" and my arms tightened around her.

More than ever, Mary had me in her power . . .

When you're intent on a real career on the stage, the best way to spend your summers is playing stock. Mary and I both realized it. We both got very busy looking around for summer jobs. By what seemed to me then a supreme stroke of good luck, we both landed in the same stock company.

You all know, you must all have read, about the way stock companies operate. The whole troupe lives and eats and plays together. They sleep in a rooming house or a farm. They wear the kind of disreputable clothes one saves for the country—slacks or bathing suits or overalls—and rehearse a play a week in some old red barn.

It's hard work. Your reward is a chance to do parts you've always been crazy to do, under expert direction. In our case it was going to mean even more. For our troupe was locating in a fashionable social and artistic colony, not two hours away from New York, and people who mattered—managers and critics and talent scouts—would be sure to drop in.

Naturally, I was thrilled. It was, so far, the best break I had ever had. But more than a working break, it meant I would be seeing Mary daily. Rehearsing with her. Perhaps even making ardent love to her—on the stage.

That's what I hoped for. Oh, the summer was going to be fun! But that first month out in the country wasn't much fun. Mary let me get no closer to her than I'd been in New York. The little ingenue of the troupe, she was always the center of an admiring group of men.

AS for me, no one paid any particular attention to me except the elderly character actresses, who thought me a sweet boy! Once one of them, a motherly soul, said gravely, "Bill White, what do you want with that fliberty-gibberty little Lee girl, anyway? She's a born flirt; a wild one. The sooner you forget her the better off you'll be."

In my mind, I knew that woman was right. But in my heart, I knew her advice was useless. It wasn't that I *wanted* to be in love with Mary. It was that I couldn't help it. What use is mind against the overwhelming passion of the heart?

That was July. In the first week of August, something happened. Our director became suddenly very busy with plans for a big fall production. He rushed into town for conferences. He called the company together, and handed us our parts for the next week's play, and announced that an important producer and a backer would come to the opening night.

Naturally, we were thrilled. But pretty soon we were stumped as well. The di-

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rector was so busy grooming the principals that he had little time to give to coaching us small-timers. So we had to learn our lines as best we could, and iron out major difficulties in rehearsal.

Mary and I went into a huddle. "Gee Bill," she told me, "I'm so peeved I could scream. I'm driving myself nuts, making my speeches to the back porch posts. And how am I to know how responsive they are?"

I had a hunch. "Suppose," I suggested, "you try your lines on me. I'm better than a post."

"You, Bill? But you've got your own part to slave over!"

I said, "Well, we can hear each other, act our scenes. Let's try it, anyway." Without another word she handed me her script. Grimly, we went to work. All morning, we rehearsed her part.

Later, we ran through mine, and then rehearsed the scenes we had together. It was so sweet! Sweet to have her all to myself awhile.

There were some love scenes—not my own, alas! I criticized, I made suggestions, until Mary said, a bit surprised, "Gee Bill, you're a big help!" And it was the greatest reward she could give me.

After that, I remember saying, "No, Mary, you're not doing this right! Remember, you're in love. You're yielding! Now let's see you yield!" And, just as the script called, I took her into my arms. She looked up and smiled. But she didn't say the lines her part called for.

Instead, she said, "Still the same old Bill! Still the good old standby!" Teasingly, gayly, she held up her lips.

It wasn't the first time we had kissed. Just the same, I couldn't sleep all night, for thinking of that kiss. The next morning, I could hardly get through breakfast fast enough.

Our reward came at dress rehearsal. Mary was swell. I remember that director saying, "Hey, Lee, who you been working with to be that good?" I felt strangely proud and happy, happier than if I'd scored in my own part.

Dress rehearsal had been in the afternoon, and the opening was scheduled for that night. In the meantime, we had about three hours to kill. I asked Mary to have dinner with me in a grill down the road.

We got into the rickety roadster I'd bought for the summer. I drove slowly, keenly aware of the beauty of the sunset.

Mary said, "Bill, go pick me some of those tiger lilies. I want them for my hair."

Obediently, I stopped the car and got out. When I came back, Mary's delicate beauty against the vivid blossoms suddenly drove me wild.

I gathered her in my arms, there in the crazy old car. I whispered, "Darling, darling, oh, I love you so! Mary, do you remember that night on a roof last Spring? Do you remember what I asked you—the things I planned for us?"

She did not answer. I went on, "Mary, listen, Mary! Marry me!"

"Today has shown us what we can do together! There'd be no holding us! We'll be another Lunt and Fontanne some day! Another Kit Cornell and MacClintic! Oh, darling, please say you will marry me!"

FRESH mown hay and the heady fragrance of tiger lilies. The memory of love scenes warm and vibrant between us. Play-acting scenes, but so real and tender none the less. This time, Mary did not warn me she'd make me a bad wife...

She simply smiled. "Why not, Bill? It might be such fun, getting married to you!"

At first, I could hardly believe I had

heard right. I stammered, "D-do you really mean that? You're not just kidding?"

She laughed. "No silly! Tell you what! I'll marry you tonight right after the show."

"You'll..." I still couldn't believe it. Then suddenly, "Not after the show, darling! Before! I wouldn't dare wait—you might change your mind!" With a jerk, I started the car and doubled back to our house.

We picked up the first two persons we could find for witnesses. We tore off to the marriage license bureau. It was all done in the spirit of a dare. Before it was time to dress for the show, Mary and I were man and wife.

Perhaps you will say that was no way to contract a marriage. But if you had told me so that day, I'd have said you were crazy. I'd have said I had won the most wonderful girl in the world, and all I asked was to be worthy of her.

Oh, I believed that! Especially when the show went on, and I could watch my wife. For right in the first act Mary stole the show. Her youth, her grace and her freshness, the excitement of the day's happenings, the lilting sureness with which she spoke her lines, made her stand out from the rest of the cast.

As she took curtain calls, I knew that she was made. Later, the Broadway manager rushed up and pumped her hand. He hinted at a part in his production in the fall. That night, we knew Mary's big break had come. What a beginning to our married life!

Those weeks in the country—carefree, happy-go-lucky, easy-going days. The happiest, perhaps the only truly happy days I have lived. Never again was I to know a time like this.

I shall not speak of it, for it belongs with memories too sacred and too poignant to be touched. But it left me with a hunger for happiness that has never slackened. It made the loneliness that was to come later all the more terrible to bear. For, of course, my marriage did not pan out at all. No sooner were we back in town than I began losing Mary.

Early in the fall, she got that part of the ingenue in a comedy that became a famous Broadway hit. It meant, in the first place, that she was set for the season. In the second, that she had found a definite niche for herself among the promising young generation of stars.

We had not begun to dream of Hollywood, yet. But her success drew us as much apart as if she were spending her time in Hollywood already. For while she was definitely a success, I was still the hopeful boy trying to make good. I was still playing small parts, plodding through weeks of rehearsal without pay, opening in second rate shows and watching them close again.

That was, you remember, at the worst of the depression. Any play which wasn't a smash hit simply did not last. I was eternally low in funds while Mary drew a good income. It got so I could no longer squire my own wife around!

That did not seem to bother her. She just took up her own life where she had left off last spring. I was one of the boy friends, not really her husband. She was more popular than ever, always running around, and, of course, she was meeting too many important people for me to object.

She used to say, "Oh, for heaven's sake, Bill, I can't put on the home-wife act, and you know it! I'd be through in no time if I tried to do that. And anyway," she added airily, "who wants to be stuffy?"

Oh, no one, no one! I let her do exactly as she pleased. Or so I said. Actually, I

knew that if I didn't let her, she'd do it anyway. I thought that by being a sport, at least I could keep her friendship. For I couldn't keep her love—I had never had that!

When, in the spring, her company went on the road, we were both relieved. I hoped I might work out my problems better alone. As I took her to the station, I said, "Things will be different when you come back, my sweet! Perhaps by that time I will have made a smash hit, too."

She smiled at me over her rich corsage of orchids, which didn't come from me. "Sure, why not? Won't that be nice, Bill?" But even as she said it, I knew, with a terrible sureness, that Mary didn't really care whether I ever made good.

AFTER she was gone I attacked the producers' offices with double energy. I had nothing to do but work—or try to work. I lived quietly. I wrote long, passionate letters to my wife. From her manager I got the exact itinerary of the road company she was with and used to telegraph flowers to her hotel rooms and dressing-rooms on opening nights.

All I got in return were sketchy notes, picture post cards. After a while I got no news at all. I'd go wild, telephone her across half a continent, only to hear her laugh at me coolly.

"Don't be silly, Bill. Don't bother me. I'm much too busy to write!"

Then suddenly, when she was playing in Chicago, came a large business-like envelope from her by registered mail. I stared at it, unbelieving. That fat letter—from Mary! What could she be saying? I opened it. It was an official notice that she had divorced me!

She must have sued me by publication. The bitterness of that blow! For a long time I sat on my bed with that paper in my hands, stunned. How could she be so thoughtless, so cruel? Or perhaps she did not even know she was being cruel.

Life went on. Broadway went on. I spent another summer in stock, learning to act.

I told myself, "I'm going to make good! I'll get so far, make such a success, that I'll dazzle her! No wonder she had no use for a failure like me. But I'll win her back!"

Even when news broke in the papers that she had got her first Hollywood offer, I didn't give up. Rather, I put so much of my hopes and my ardors into my work that suddenly, incredibly, I was given an important part in an important show. My break, too, had come! I was catching up!

We opened on Broadway. I made a personal hit. The critics all noticed me. For the first time in months I felt high. "Who is this young newcomer, Bill White? Where has he been until now? I wished passionately Mary could be there.

Next morning, I woke up feeling I had conquered the world. I would write Mary at the Coast! Surely she would be glad to hear my news! I phoned for all the morning papers—I'd send her clippings. At last I would show her real proof.

But when I picked up the papers my spirits vanished. For there, smiling up at me from the printed page, was Mary. "Youthful Mary Lee, glamorous Hollywood find, in surprise elopement with Stanley Grey, her director."

No use climbing to heights in hopes of winning her, now. No use in living. Suddenly, darkly, the world around me crumbled. At the time of our divorce I hadn't really believed that I had lost her. But now, irrevocably, she belonged to another man.

Something happened to me that day. I think that my youth died. I think despair



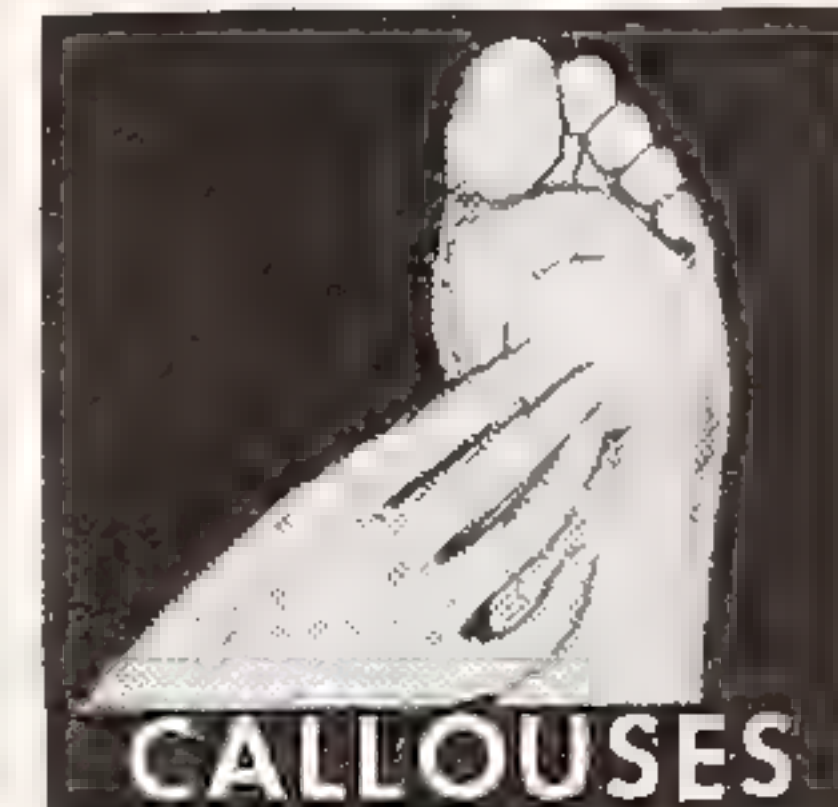
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must have made a different man of me. For, all at once, I seemed empty of all feeling. I could have sworn I could never feel anything again.

The show went on. My success went on. Almost, I began to hope my love for Mary was dead. When her first picture came to town, I permitted myself the exquisite torture of seeing it. I watched her, lovely and glamorous on the screen, and thought, this is the girl I once held in my arms. But it was like watching a beloved ghost. Mary no longer existed for me.

ANOTHER year slipped by. I, too, got my offer to go to the Coast. Well, Hollywood is a big place, I told myself. There'll be room there for both Mary and me. I started out, grimly determined to steer clear of Mary.

And at first I succeeded. My first picture part was that of a young country boy in an old fashioned setting. I loved that part. Moreover, I was playing with some of the screen's finest stars. It was so exciting, such hard work, so engrossing, that for weeks I hardly stepped off the lot. The only people I really got to know were those with whom I was working.

Among them was a charming and beautiful "starlet" whom I shall call Sybil Fane. She was a simple, clean-cut child, and we got very chummy. Now and then, I used to take her out.

One night, we decided to make it a gala evening. We got into evening clothes and went to the Brown Derby. And there, for the first time in almost two years, I caught a glimpse of my former wife.

She was the center of a gay, brilliant group. As in the old days, she was the life of the party. She hadn't changed that way. The only thing that was changed about her was that she wore exquisite clothes, and had acquired that sleek, perfect grooming which Hollywood always gives its stars.

She waved to me, and I smiled. But I asked the headwaiter for a table for two. I did not accept Mary's invitation to join her party. Give me credit for that!

Well, perhaps Mary was peeved because I didn't. Perhaps just bored. Anyway, several times, on the beach in Santa Monica, at the Santa Anita race track, at the Cocanut Grove, Mary's path and mine crossed. At the same time, rumors of a rift between her and her director-husband started. And calmly Mary let it be known that she would not mind a date or two with her first "ex."

But it wasn't until the preview of my own picture that she made a definite gesture in my direction. It was such an easy and natural opportunity! What could be simpler than a meeting on such a night?

Well, before the showing was half over, I was a big-name-in-the-making, too. I knew it, with that instant sensing of audience reaction. Sybil, in the seat beside me, knew it. I had clicked.

Suddenly, as we came out into the lobby again, I was a celebrity. Sybil was more thrilled than I. Lights flashed around us as news cameramen got busy. People congratulated me. Shook my hand. And all at once, Mary was standing beside me.

She put her hand on my arm, as in the old days. "You've made it, Bill! I always knew you would!"

I managed to keep my head. I answered, "Did you, Mary? Oh, by the way, I want you to meet Sybil Fane."

The two girls smiled and after that Mary left us. Nothing more happened. Yet, oddly, Sybil asked on the way home, "You're still in love with your former wife, aren't you? Oh, God, couldn't she leave you alone tonight of all nights?"

I was shaken. It seemed strange that this young girl, with all the deep warmth

of a true woman's heart, should be concerned over my old wound that had been freshly opened. That she should be seeing me, not as the hour's new idol, but as the boy who today was no different from other days. . . .

I SMILED down at her as best I could. I said, "No, I don't really love her. Not any more. And she can't help herself. She reaches out for every new toy that glitters. I'm an attractive toy now. But that's over and done with for me."

We were driving slowly through the magic California night. This time, my car was a glittering streamlined affair. It should have been a happy night.

It wasn't. Sybil, wiser than I, said doubtfully, "I hope it is over, Bill. Look, if there's anything I can do . . ."

"There is," I told her. "Let's be play-mates for a while. Let's have such a good time no one else will matter."

I felt so sure that with her gallant help everything would turn out well! Besides, as I said, we worked on the same lot. It was so easy and natural that we should be together.

It wasn't long before the gossip columnists and fan writers picked up the drift of what was between us. And in that bizarre way in which things work out in the movie colony, two items appeared one day in a syndicated column that's read all over the country.

The first was this: "Despite persistent denials of a rift in the marital bliss of Mary (Southern Belle) Lee and Director Stanley Grey, the lady in the case is taking up Mexican residence." And, not more than an inch further down the printed page: "They say Bill White who is Mary's first ex, and Sybil Fane are that way about each other."

I read that column and so did Sybil. She was upset, of course. But I admitted frankly I was glad it had come to that. For weeks now, I had suspected that our playing was more in earnest than we dared admit.

We were having lunch, when we saw those items. I said suddenly, "How about making it more than a rumor? Sybil dear, let's slip down-town and pick you out a ring? Gee, it might have taken me weeks to figure this out by myself!"

She was sipping a glass of milk. I was munching a sandwich. It was as casual as that. Half a dozen of our friends on the lot could have heard us had they cared to eavesdrop. I know now that was no way to propose.

For suddenly I saw Sybil's young face grow serious. "Not—not yet, Bill. Bill, don't make this a spite marriage! Wait a while! There's always time to buy a ring. I want to be sure. And I want you to be sure."

I tried to speak lightly. "Not worried because Mary is free now, are you, dear? I told you before that's over and done with."

I said, "I want to take care of you. Just as any man wants to take care of his wife. The way I could never have taken care of Mary. She didn't need me. But you. . . Oh Sybil, don't you see, we need each other!"

Her lovely eyes were moist when she answered me. "Yes, I need you, Bill, oh, more than you know! But you see, I always will. I won't change. So there's no need of pledges and rings."

She made me drop it. Today, I wonder what would have happened to all of us if I had insisted. If Sybil and I had become formally engaged. Would it have made any difference in the course of our lives? Would we have bucked Fate? Who can tell the answer?

ANYWAY, for a few weeks nothing happened. Even when Mary came back from Mexico a free woman, I swore that wasn't going to disturb Sybil and me. But I had counted without Fate—or Mary. Who will ever know exactly what happened? Did Mary prod Fate a bit to have her own way?

I am not saying that is actually what took place. It might have been just coincidence, after all. Anyway, one day I was informed that I was being "loaned" for a picture another company was making. That I was being co-starred with my former wife!

How shall I describe my reaction to the news? I was aghast—but at the same time strangely thrilled. I told myself this was just curiosity. That I was pleased because it was one way to show her many things.

Yet once more I felt like the youngster of four years back, taking a blonde elusive girl on a date. Once more, my heart beat wildly, my hands weren't quite steady. I tried to tell Sybil this was just a natural reaction, but I didn't convince her—I didn't even convince myself!

She said quietly, the day before I was to start work on the other lot, "Bill, remember—whenever you need me, I'm here."

And I took her cold little hands in mine and pressed them hard. "Of course you're here! I don't for a moment intend to let you get away!"

It was false cheerfulness. Just as mine was a false security. The moment Mary and I faced each other, on the new set, I knew that. Suddenly, Sybil's tragic young eyes became dim in my memory. It was Mary who was real—Mary, smiling at me out of beckoning eyes.

I tried to be formal with her. I said, "Well, this is certainly a pleasure." But you can't be formal with Mary when she doesn't want you to be. She can disarm a stronger man than I've ever been.

That day, she simply said, "Come on, old standby, get off your high horse! You and I will be making picture-history together!" She linked her arm in mine and dragged me off to her bungalow. She said, "I want to talk to you. I've wanted for ages to have a talk with you."

I broke then. All the bitterness and the suffering in my heart welled up. "Oh, how could you have done the things you did?" I cried. "That divorce! Mary, Mary, how could you have acted that way? I was your friend as well as your husband!"

She put both hands on my arms. "Forgive me, Bill. I was thoughtless. We all make mistakes. Let's forget the past."

I thought of Sybil. "If ever you need me, Bill..." Oh, I needed her! Yet it was Mary in my blood. In the days that followed, as we rehearsed together, as we went through love scenes, I went mad with the heady warmth of her nearness.

I knew I was a fool. I knew I was playing with fire. Each night, I should have gone to Sybil.

I did not do it. The new picture progressed, and all the time I was seeing less and less of Sybil—and more of Mary.

Until, one night, I heard myself saying passionately, "Mary, do you think—some day—we may try again? Oh, Mary, Mary, I could love you so much..."

She did not say yes and she did not say no. A little gleam of triumph shone in her wide eyes. "Perhaps we might, Bill..." She did not send me away.

That's how things stand now. Mary would marry me again, now that I'm somebody, because it would be fun being married, or so she thinks today. Tomorrow, she might change her mind.

For Mary will never change. Deep in my own heart, I know it, I call myself a fool. And I no longer know what it is I must do.

What should I do? Should I gamble on love, take what I want so desperately, and hope that perhaps Mary will stay true? Or should I go back to faithful, loyal Sybil, who really loves me, force myself to forget the woman who has brought me so much sorrow?

Please write to me and tell me! Little Sybil, who deserves better, is waiting. Mary is waiting—playing a slow game of cat and mouse. And I'm going through torture. I'm at the end of my rope. Perhaps your letters will end that torture, one way or the other.

More Good News

(Continued from page 29)

much fun. Too bad, for Joan Bennett, the hostess this time, worked hard to make the party a success.

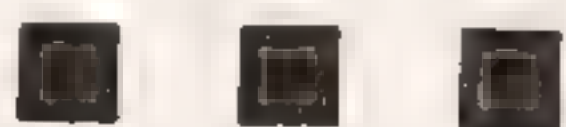


Early arrivers at the "One Rainy Afternoon" preview saw Frank Fay, sitting alone, watching the picture which preceded the preview showing. It happened to be "A Message to Garcia," which features a little lady named Barbara Stanwyck. Question: Did Frank attend the theatre to watch Barbara's performance, or did he merely arrive too early for the preview?



An unusual treat was handed the fans who waited outside Grauman's Chinese for a glimpse of the celebrities leaving "One Rainy Afternoon." Across the street at the Roosevelt Hotel, the picture's sponsors tossed a party for the stars and the press. No invitation was required, so almost a hundred fans followed their favorite screen sirens into the Roosevelt and on into the party, where they clicked elbows with the elect.

It was a golf holiday recently for the Otto Krugers and the Ralph Morgans. On a two weeks' tour of nearby golf courses, they played 36 holes a day, at the end of which the losers (the Krugers) entertained the victors at a dinner party.



Hollywood is noted for the bizarre manner in which its male citizens attire themselves, but the prize for the loudest coat-of-many-colors goes to Jackie Coogan. A few evenings after his return from a personal appearance tour with Betty Grable, Jackie stepped into the Brown Derby wearing the garment. Women swooned, and ordinary checkered-suited guys still have spots before their eyes.

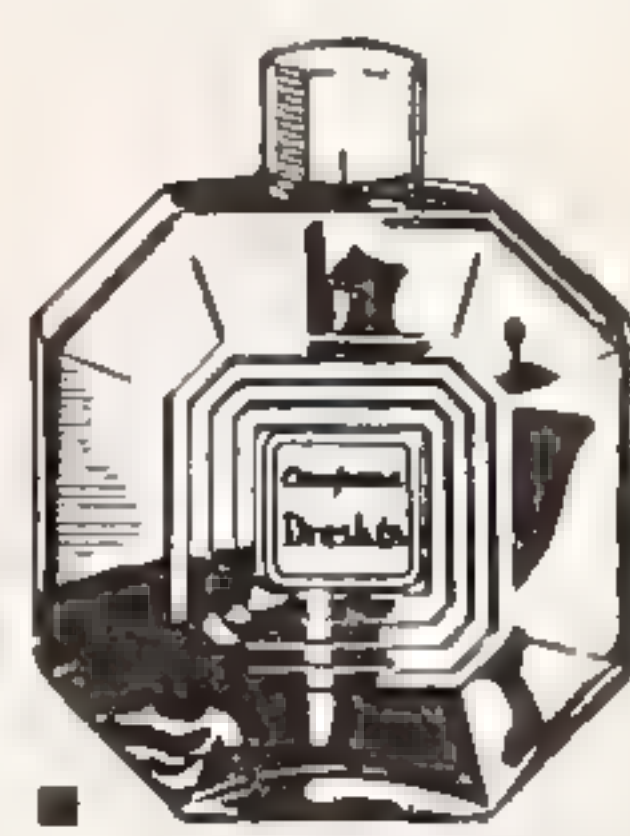


Fred Stone is a firm believer in the family circle, and to support his belief he has just bought a 6-acre ranch on which he will build a home for himself and Mrs. Stone, and one for each of his daughters. The daughters, however, don't get their homes until they're married. Which means



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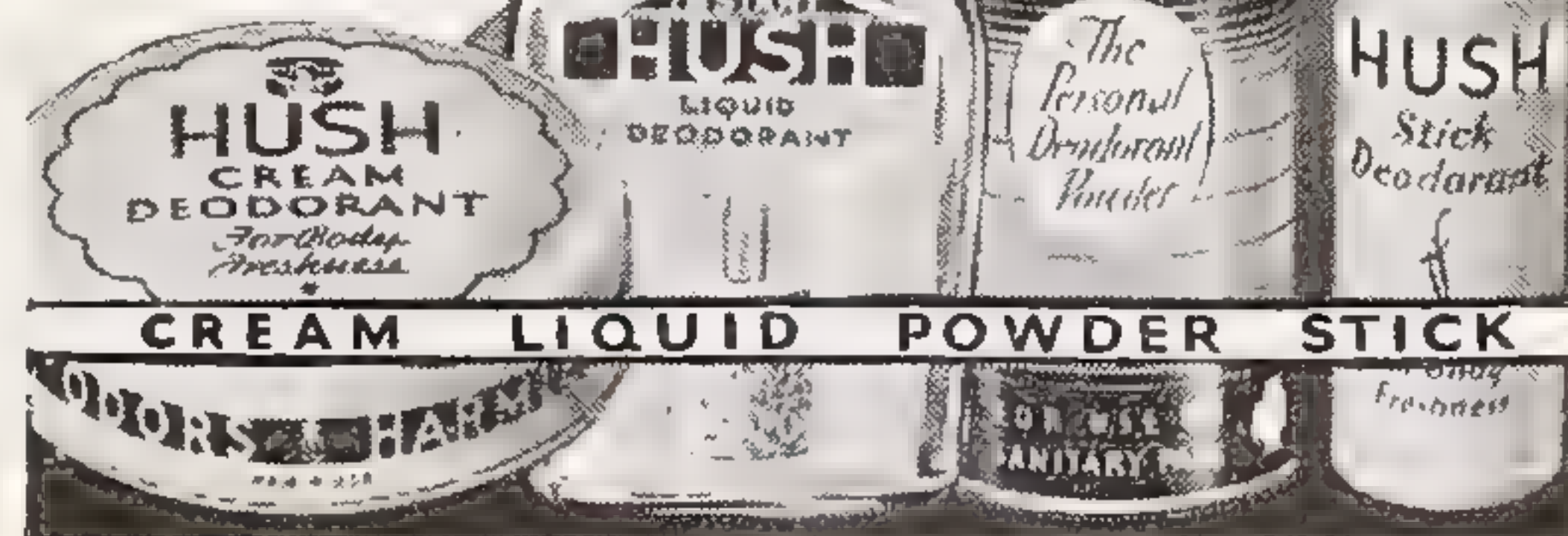
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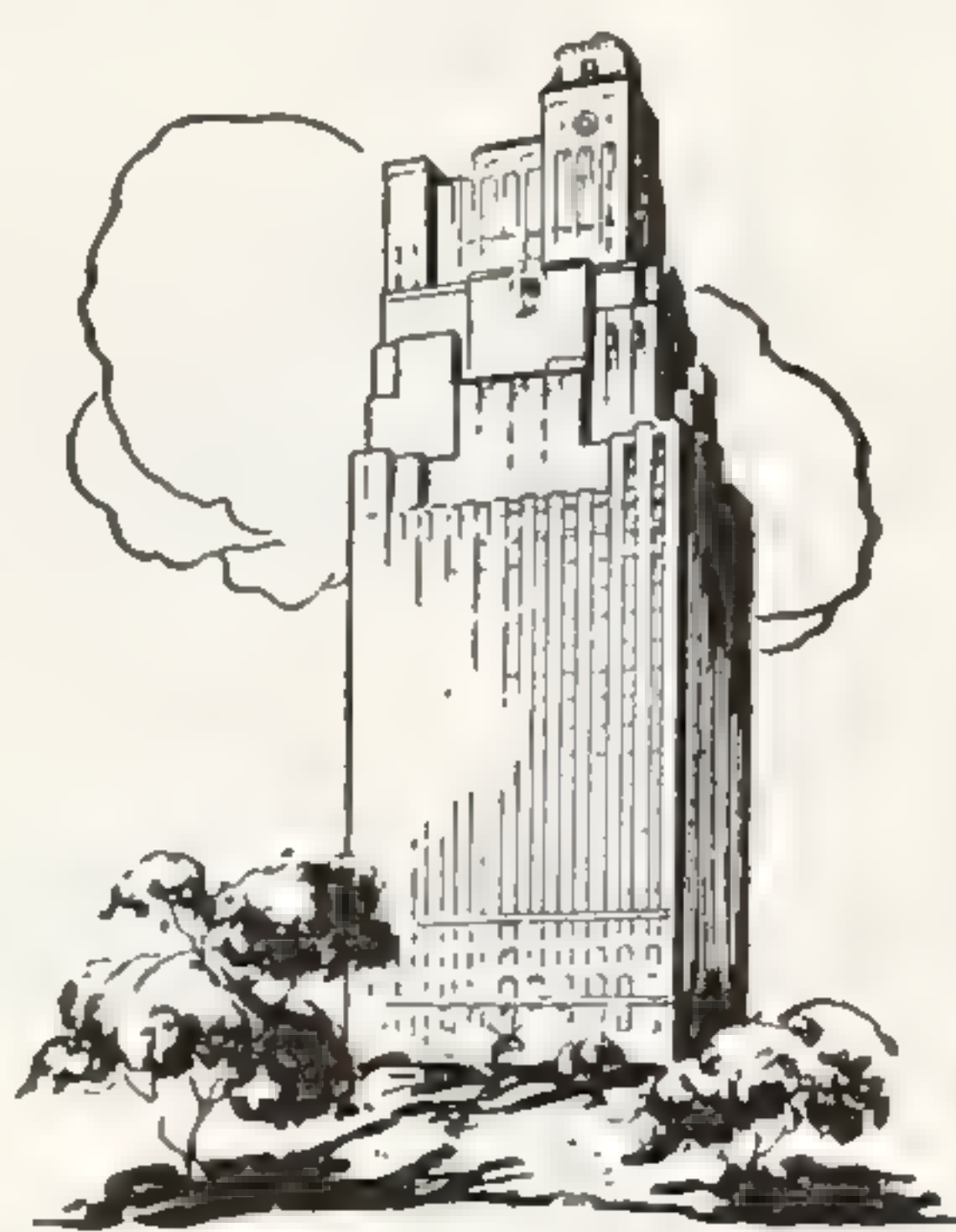
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that Dorothy, who is Mrs. Charles Collins, can move right in, but Paula and Carol may have to wait around for awhile.

Frances Drake and Howard Hughes must have reached the one-and-only stage, for just before one of his recent trips to New York they both agreed to a moratorium on dates until he returned to the hills of Hollywood. We know that Frances kept her end of the bargain, but our New York spies weren't able to keep track of Mr. H. New York is a big town, they say.

Lola Lane and her director husband, Al Hall, have gone rural on a grand scale. Their ranch boasts a 40-acre walnut grove, and the Lane-Hall hens turn out 400 eggs per day, which Lola sells to Hollywood restaurants. They call the place Hall's Nut Farm, and they like it so well they hate to come to town. Al had to put on his store clothes recently, though, to direct George Raft's new picture, "Yours For the Asking." First day behind the cameras he received a wire from Hall's Nut Farm saying: "We hope all this egg-laying will have no influence on the picture."

The tops in dressing-rooms is the one Columbia studios have just finished for Grace Moore. It's completely done in aquamarine and attar of roses (studio words for pink and blue), and it will remain locked until August, when Gracie—Columbia firmly trusts—returns to the Hollywood she's been denouncing to the press for the past several months.

Paul Cavanagh, making a picture in England, writes that a new drink has practically taken London by storm. It's called Black Velvet, and it's half champagne and half stout. Not being in the champagne class, we haven't tried it, so we'll have to take Paul's word for it. Paul also reports that London has definitely gone Hollywood. The other night in one restaurant he picked out Constance Bennett, Clive Brook, Nils Asther, Charles Laughton and Richard Arlen. And the final Hollywood touch is that London is beginning to call a first-night performance a "pre-meer."

The Show Must Go On, that hoary old tradition of stage and screen, was dusted off and polished up considerably by W. C. Fields. Fields, back on the Paramount lot after a several months' rest cure to star in "Poppy," was ill during most of the production schedule. He went through his scenes, but he had to spend in-between periods relaxing in an easy chair. By the time the picture was completed Bill was so tired of relaxing that he sent a note to the director demanding a sit-in for his next one.

Came across an old woman smoking a cigar on the M-G-M lot recently. Stopped for a second look and it turned out to be Lionel Barrymore, all made up for the title role in "The Witch of Timbuctu." The cigar wasn't part of the make-up; it was merely part of Lionel's between-scenes relaxation. Just before a crowd gathered someone told him he looked the picture of his sister, Ethel. For some reason or other

the statement didn't seem to please him one bit.

On the same day, Margaret Sullivan (who's still carrying her broken arm in a sling) divided her time between ex-husbands. She arrived at the tennis club with Henry Fonda, ex-husband Number One, and spent the afternoon with him. Later Willie Wyler, ex-husband Number Two, arrived, and took Margaret off to a preview. The pair saw "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford."

Newest gathering spot for movie celebrities is the West Side Tennis Club, which debuted to a group which included practically all of Hollywood a few Sundays ago. In addition to tennis courts, the club has a swimming pool, dance floor and a bar. If you can't get to Palm Springs, join the West Side Tennis Club (adv.).

Anita Louise's romance with Ross Alexander was nipped in the bud when Anita's Mama packed up her trunks and her daughter and tripped off to Europe, leaving a disconsolate young man back home in Hollywood. But Anita will soon be back, and there may be developments. We'll keep you posted.

Jean Harlow is all set for the Academy Award for 1936. She has it all doped out, and she told us about it on the set of "Suzy," which she's doing with Franchot Tone and Cary Grant. "Bette Davis got the statuette for making 'Dangerous' with Franchot. 'Suzy' is the third picture I've done with him. I'm a cinch." Simple, isn't it?

Kitty Carlisle, who sang a couple of swell operatic numbers in "A Night at the Opera," really means it when she says she's studying for a debut at the Metropolitan. Right now she's in New York in serious pursuit of voice training. Also, in New York, composer George Gershwin is in very serious pursuit of one Miss Carlisle.

'Way out in the wilds of a Hollywood suburb is Ken Maynard's Diamond K Ranch. Ken, being one of the most solvent cowboys in these parts, recently bought himself a circus and installed it on the ranch. A few weeks ago he invited a number of his friends out to look things over and sample a portion or two of barbecued buffalo. Ken introduced a touch of the old west when he appeared for a brief session of trick riding with his horse, Tarzan. A couple of elephants named Sally and Queen did things we didn't think elephants could do, and a band of Indians in full regalia, plus sun glasses, stepped off a war dance. Then everyone tried the barbecued buffalo. Barbecued buffalo, in our opinion, will never replace the horse.

Onslow Stevens and his wife, the former Ann Buchanan, wanted to move out of Onslow's home in Pasadena and into Hollywood, but they couldn't decide which apartment house they preferred. So they're spending a week-end at every available place in town. When they finish the list they'll settle down in the place they liked best.

(Continued on page 114)

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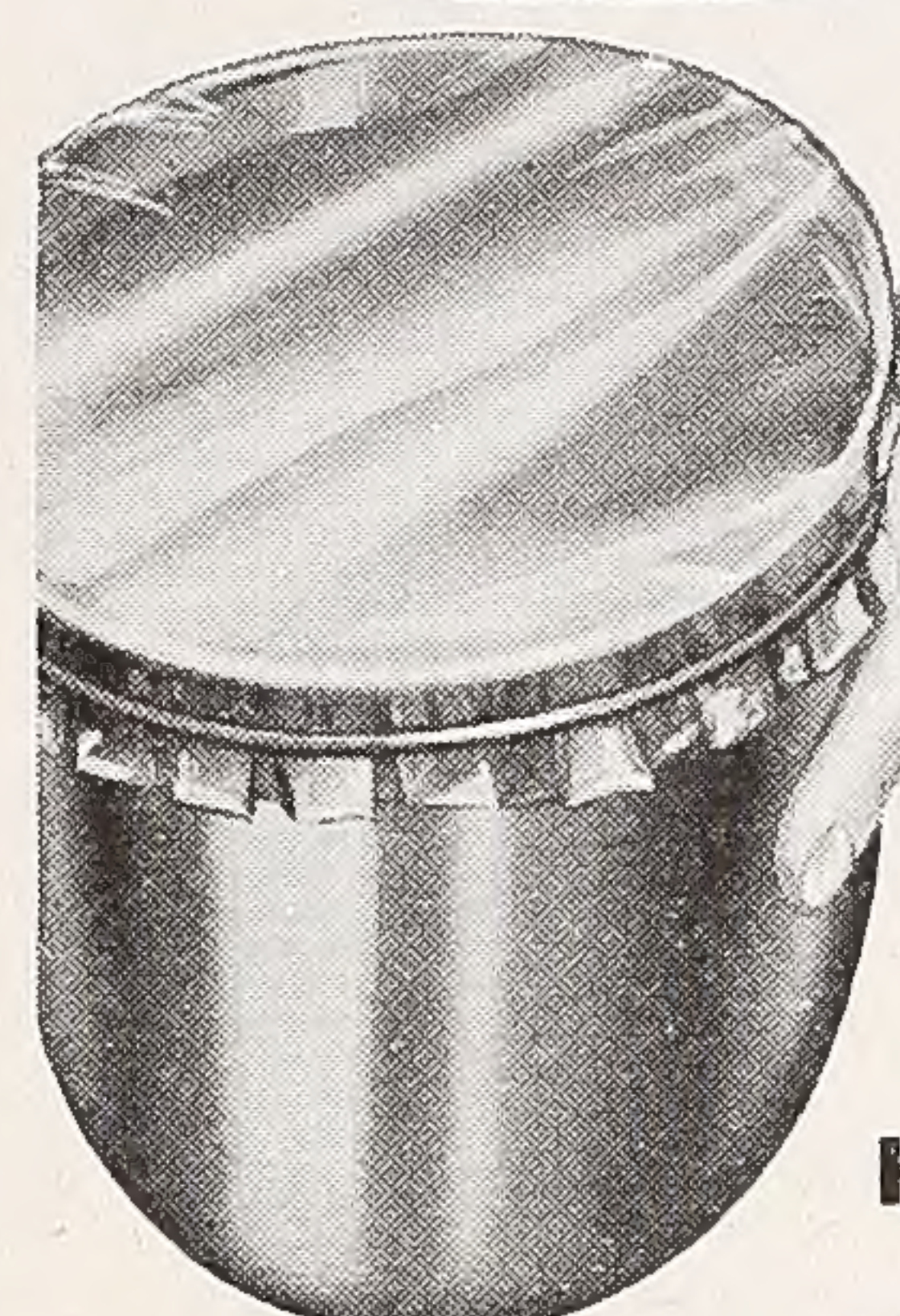
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Anne Shirley, left, and Marsha Hunt, right, show that young charmer, Marcia Mae Jones of "These Three" fame, the tennis matches.



A quartet at the new West Side Tennis Club, left to right, Henry Fonda, Virginia Bruce, Betty Furness, and newcomer James Stewart.

more good news

(Continued from page 112)

A Hollywood cab driver owes his recent marriage to Allen Jenkins. Coming out of a restaurant one night, Allen hailed the cab and when the driver asked his destination he said, "Ensenada." Ensenada happens to be in Mexico, practically a sleeper jump from Hollywood, but the cabbie drove on without batting an eye. After a quick look at old Mexico Allen ordered his man to return to Hollywood. The tariff was terrific, and so the driver got married.



During the shooting of "The Great Ziegfeld," everyone wondered how Billie Burke would feel about being portrayed on the screen by another actress. After the premiere a newspaper man asked Myrna Loy if Miss Burke had commented on her work in the picture. Myrna showed him a photograph of Billie Burke taken when she first knew Ziegfeld. On it was inscribed: "To Myrna—when I was you . . . Billie Burke."



Betty Furness is a fiend for auctions, but she never found anything really valuable until last month when she bought an old trunk for ten dollars. The trunk once belonged to a former burlesque queen and it contained, among other things, eight letters written by Marie Dressler, who was a good friend of the dancer. Since then Betty has been offered \$100 for one of the letters, but she is refusing all offers. The Dressler letters are going to remain in Betty's possession.



Gene Raymond has had so much success with his song, "Will You?", that he's decided to go in for musical composition on a larger scale. Singing "Will You?" on his personal appearance tour skyrocketed the sales of the song, and Gene has a profit of

over \$5,000 on it to date. So now he's working on some new songs with his brother, Robert Marlowe, who is in Hollywood hoping to become an orchestra leader. Since Gene's going musical, perhaps he can coax a voice lesson or two out of Jeanette MacDonald.



Do you wonder what papa and mama Dionne thought of "The Country Doctor"? We talked to a newspaper woman who sat with them while the picture was unreeled. Mrs. Dionne liked only the brief part in which the quints appeared. Excited, she pointed them out to her friends and called each by name. Papa Dionne was incensed at his screen character, for which one can hardly blame him. When the picture ended the Dionnes shook their heads sadly and said, "What will the neighbors think?"



Basil Rathbone, who probably has been about the meanest of the screen's arch-villains, has had a change of heart. Called upon to poison a dog in a scene for "Private Number" at 20th Century-Fox, Basil refused, and the script was rewritten so that someone else drew the assignment. "I'll menace the heroine and I'll torture the hero," said Basil, "but black as I am, I won't poison a dog."



Bette Davis is just completing a long vacation, and she claims the whole thing was merely to rest up from the excitement of the Academy Award. As part of her vacation she packed up her gold statuette and sailed to Hawaii. Harmon Nelson, her husband, waved a sad goodbye, for he couldn't make the trip. He's playing the piano and doing a bit of vocal entertaining at a Hollywood night club.



Top to bottom: Ann Sothorn and Rosalind Russell show off some new finery. However, in Miss R's case, the outfit is a little surprising. The hat's a bit Charlie Chan, dontcha think? Ralph Forbes with Heather Angel (Mrs. F.).

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